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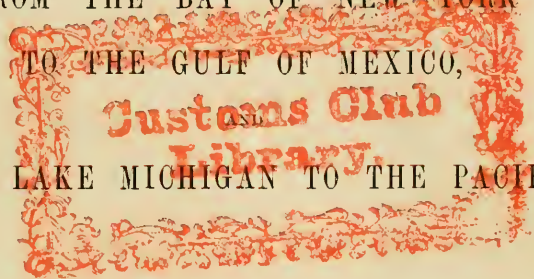


DURING THE OLD DAYS IN THE SOUTH.



AMERICA REVISITED:

FROM THE BAY OF NEW YORK
TO THE GULF OF MEXICO,
FROM LAKE MICHIGAN TO THE PACIFIC.



By GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA,

AUTHOR OF "A JOURNEY DUE NORTH," "PARIS HERSELF AGAIN," "AMERICA IN THE MIDST OF WAR," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED

WITH NEARLY 400 ENGRAVINGS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

VIZETELLY & CO., 42, CATHERINE STREET, STRAND.

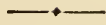
1882.



LONDON :
BRADBURY, AGNEW, & CO., PRINTERS, WHITEFRIARS.

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THE MORNING TOILET IN A PULLMAN SLEEPING CAR.

AMERICA REVISITED.

I.

THE CRESCENT CITY.

New Orleans, Louisiana, Jan. 26.

I HAVE, since my arrival on this continent, made several discoveries, certainly infinitely of less moment to humanity at large than the discoveries of that wonderful Mr. Edison, christened by the *New York Herald* "The Wizard of Menlo Park," who is said to invent something new every three-quarters of an hour throughout the week, save on Sunday, which the Wizard devotes (in the intervals between church hours) to the study of the writings of the Preacher who has warned us that all is Vanity under the Sun. Unimportant, however, as are my

discoveries, they are none the less personally interesting to myself; and among them is the consciousness of the peculiar condition of body and mind to which one is brought after spending, say, four nights out of the seven in a railway sleeping car. In the first place, you are apt to fall, mentally, into a fretful fractious, nervous, and irritable state, and you begin to question the wisdom and justice of the laws which decline to recognise as justifiable homicide the assassination of the Sleeping Car Baby, whose mission in life seems to be carried up and down the land as a howling warning to parents that if they do not have immediate recourse to Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup they and the strangers within the gates of the sleeping car will go raving mad.

In the next place you get so accustomed to making your toilette piecemeal, and to performing your ablutions in a marble pie-dish with the aid of a towel no bigger than a pocket-handkerchief, that you begin to wonder what manner of people those can be who indulge in baths and tubs and such things, and by whom a clean paper collar every other day is not always deemed a fully adequate sacrifice to the Graces. You also cease to think it startling if you find hairpins in your waistcoat pocket; and the presence of a "frisette"—I think that the reticulated black sausage in question is called a "frisette"—in one of your boots does not produce any marked effect on your jaded mind. There are no stay buses in these days, I am told; but were a "Duchesse" corset to turn up among my railway rugs in a Pullman I should not be very much astonished. Again, you are continually having your boots cleaned; and the Cerberus of the "sleeper" is always bringing you the wrong boots. You drift by degrees into a dubious and hazy state of incertitude as to whose boots are yours, or whether the little slippers with the high heels and the delicate black satin rosettes with the cut-steel buckles may not have belonged to you in a previous state of existence.

Finally, after three or four days' Pullmanising, two absorbing

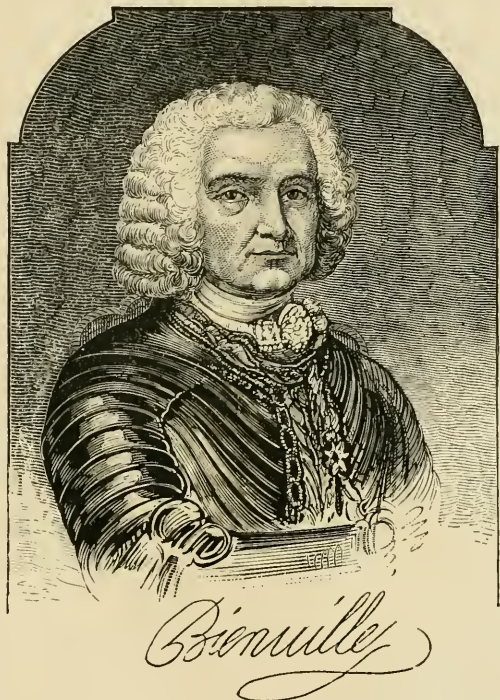
impressions take possession of you. The first is that this excessive sleeping accommodation may provoke an attack of insomnia which will have to be combated by musk pills, hydrate of chloral, Batley's solution, the perusal of "Alison's History of Europe," *cannabis indica*, or the hypodermic injection of morphia; and next that the Pullman car is either a gipsy's or a showman's caravan. At one moment your distraught imagination leads you to believe that you must belong to the Rommany Rye, that your business in life is to sell brooms and baskets, to tinker pots and kettles, and to clip horses; that you have one mortal and inveterate enemy, whose name is Mr. George Smith of Coalville; and that the lady who is travelling with you is an adept at telling fortunes. The next moment your fleeting fancies induce the assumption that you have passed into the service of Mrs. Jarley, and that the people around you are waxworks—including an ingenious clock-work baby; and then you diverge at a mental tangent, now opining that you are Doctor Marigold, and that the little fair-haired girl in the corner is Uncle Dick's Darling; now feeling that the spirit of Artemus Ward is coming over you, and that yours is the most Moral Wild Beast Show on the American Continent; and now that the Armadillo is your brother, the Pelican your uncle, the Spotted Girl your sister, and the Pig-faced Lady your mother-in-law.

On the whole, I was very glad last Thursday, at about half-past seven in the morning, after journeying from Atlanta through West Point, Montgomery, and Mobile, to find myself in New Orleans, a city which the Abbé Prévost, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, the late Mrs. Trollope, and the yet extant General Benjamin Butler have done their best, from their several points of view, to immortalise; but which, all things considered, may be, with tolerable safety, left to immortalise itself. To me it is the most interesting city that I have yet set eyes upon in this vast continent—more interesting than Philadelphia, more interesting than Quebec. American readers of these letters will smile when I state a few elementary facts in

connection with the topography of New Orleans; but, looking at the fact that it is not a place of habitual resort for English people whose avocations are neither commercial nor seafaring, I need not hesitate to remark that the capital of Louisiana is situated on both banks, but chiefly on the left, of the river Mississippi, the "Father of Waters," and about a hundred miles from its mouth. The older portion of the city is built along a great riparian bend, from which circumstance it derives its familiar name of the "Crescent City." Almost every American town, by the way, has its distinctive *sobriquet*. That Arrogant Atlanta, for example, of which I lately spoke, is called the "Gate City." In the progress of its growth up stream New Orleans has now so extended itself as to follow long curves in opposite directions, so that the river front on the left bank presents an outline somewhat resembling that of the letter S. The statutory limits of New Orleans cover an area of nearly 150 square miles; but the actual town, structurally considered, is comprised within a space of about forty-one square miles. Astonishingly progressive in its population and prosperity as it is, New Orleans offers topographically the unusual spectacle of a city sinking downwards and backwards: since it is built on land gently sloping from the Mississippi to a great marshy tract in the rear, called the Cypress Swamp, at the extremity of which is Lake Pontchartrain.

The city is 162 years old. In 1718 Bienville, Governor of the Colony of Louisiana for the Mississippi Company, on whose managing director, John Law, extraordinary powers over the new settlement had been conferred by the Crown of France, became dissatisfied with Biloxi, the early capital of the dependency, and began to "prospect" for a more suitable locality for the seat of government. Sailing along Lake Pontchartrain, just as night was overtaking his company Governor Bienville discovered a small stream leading inwards, and he proceeded up this stream until he reached a ridge suitable for a camp. Here he landed and bivouacked for the night. The boating-houses of a

New Orleans rowing club are now at this ridge; and the stream which Governor Bienville ascended received the name of the Bayou St. John. You have heard of the "dark bayou" ere now, have you not? It is as frequent a term in the topography of the South as "cañon" is in that of the Rocky Mountains, and "prairie" in the West; and "bayou" may recur more than once ere I have done with Louisiana and Florida. Bienville left a detachment of fifty Frenchmen to clear the ground for the infant city which he intended to found on the banks of the Mississippi, and which he named New Orleans as a compliment to the exemplary Regent of France, and bosom friend of the equally exemplary Cardinal Dubois.



It was not quite a waste place which Bienville had chosen, part of the site of the present New Orleans having been the site of a large Indian village called Tchoutchouma. Governor Bienville was no doubt a most estimable man, and his memory is still revered as the Father of Louisiana; but it is a pity that his education as an *ingénieur des ponts et chaussées* should have been, to all seeming, neglected. He built his new city at from two to four feet below the level of the River Mississippi at high-water mark. In 1719, only one year after the settlement had been planned, the river rose to an extraordinary height; and, as

the settlers were too poor to protect themselves by means of dykes, the nascent New Orleans was for a while abandoned. The principal offices and warehouses of the Mississippi Company were not removed from Biloxi until November, 1722, and in the following year the French traveller Charlevoix, who came from Canada by the way of the Mississippi, described New Orleans as consisting of about one hundred cabins irregularly placed, two or three dwelling houses of the better class, and a wooden storehouse, which on Sundays was converted into a chapel.

The present population of New Orleans is estimated at about 220,000 ; and the people tell you that but for the Great Civil War, from the effects of which they are only just recovering, the Crescent City would by this time have 350,000 inhabitants. As it is, the wharves are crowded with shipping from every part of the globe ; and not unfrequently from 1,000 to 1,500 steamers and flat boats may be seen lying at the Levée. This Levée is a prodigious embankment fifteen feet wide and fourteen feet high, constructed for a long distance along the river bank, and forming a delightful promenade. In a certain sense, then, we must consider New Orleans as the American Amsterdam. Pardon the audacity of the comparison between the Father of Waters and the modern Zuyder Zee ; but if you will look at the map of the Dutch capital you will find that Amsterdam is, after a manner, also somewhat a crescent city. To my mind Fate seems to have quite as much to do with the selection of a capital as questions of convenience have. A site on the sea coast, and provided with a natural harbour, of course, suggests itself at once and unanswerably as the place for a city. When Hendrik Hudson first set eyes on the bay of that which is now New York he turned to his chief mate and briefly remarked, " See here ; " and when the famous skipper ascended the beauteous river which now bears his name, he observed, with equal brevity, to his second in command, " Stay heré." The future of New York, the Empire City, was then, and there settled.

Liverpool, Dublin, Plymouth, Halifax, Nova Scotia, Marseilles, Naples, Leghorn, Constantinople, all seem to have been equally designated by Nature as the places where great cities should be founded ; but where, may I respectfully ask, is the topographical *raison d'être* of Rome? Anything else beyond the Seven Hills. One can understand the natural fitness of Barcelona and Cadiz ; but why Madrid. St. Petersburg, again, has not one natural feature that renders it appropriate as the site for a capital ; and looking at the periodical overflowing of South Lambeth by the Thames, and the Embankment which even the ancient Romans were constrained to construct along the riparian border of St. George's-fields, I am not at all certain that a modern surveyor, were London destroyed by an earthquake, and it were not deemed advisable to build it up again in its present position, might not fix upon Gravesend or Ramsgate as the most eligible site for the new capital of the British Empire. Or suppose we say Sheerness?

Meanwhile New Orleans, although sorely tried during some seven or eight generations by inundations and hurricanes, has not the slightest intention of disestablishing herself. *Elle y est, et elle y restera.* She is the chief cotton mart of the world. In 1874, one of the darkest years of her political and social depression—for she, like all the cities of the South, has suffered fearfully from the depredations of the “carpet-baggers,” who have now, happily, become all but an extinct race—New Orleans sent abroad sugar, flour, rice, tobacco, pork, and other products to the value of \$93,715,710. The imports in the same year, 1874, amounted in value to \$14,533,864.

The approach to New Orleans at early morn is eminently striking and romantic. You remember the strange feeling which came over you on the first occasion of entering Venice by railway ; how, when the train had left the station at Mestre, it put out to sea, literally, so it seemed to you, but in reality traversing the broad lagoon on a solid causeway of stone, guarded in the midst by a fortress, which in my time was named

after that famous lady-killer, Field-Marshal Haynau, but which has since, I should say, been rechristened by a more Italian and less ferocious name. So when you enter Cadiz by way of San Fernando, does the train pass through miles of desolate-looking salt marshes, until at last the white walls of the "Ship of Stone"—the city where the deeds of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, are yet held in remembrance—appear in sight.



But the causeways across the lagunes and the salt - marshes are handsome and imposing viaducts, standing high and dry above the backwaters of the Adriatic and the Atlantic. Between Mobile and New Orleans, on the contrary, the train seemed to be

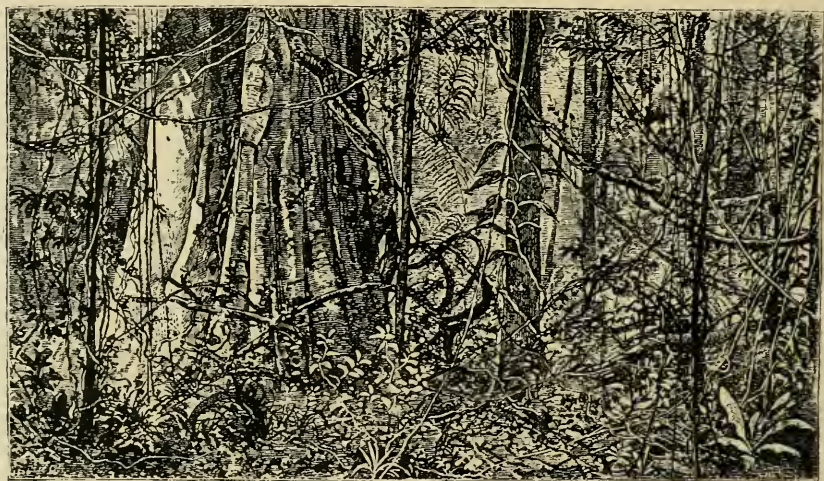
travelling not *over* but *in* the water. I began to feel amphibious, and tried to recall the lines in Hudibras Butler's Miscellanies, in which he remarks that

in Holland a herring appears at table—"not as a fish, but as a guest;" and that you do not land in a Dutch town, but "go on board." Certainly I would not have been much astonished had our Pullman been invaded by numerous contingents of widgeon, ptarmigan, teal, bitterns, herons, and kingfishers; for when we had left the open sheets of watery waste,

we plunged into the swamps. Such swamps! Long ago I ventured to warn you that most of the stories told about the Great Dismal Swamp in Virginia were the merest of myths, and that the region of which the unfortunately sensational name furnished Mrs. Stowe with a title for a story which did not quite equal "Uncle Tom's Cabin" in popularity, was in reality a well-wooded and well-watered region, giving employment to hundreds of tree-fellers as vigorous and as healthy as Mr. Gladstone; but the swamps through which you splash as you enter New Orleans are dismal in reality as well as in name.

For miles and miles your progress is by the side of stagnant-looking creeks and great pools of purple-brown water, fringed by fantastic jungle which might be pollard and alder grown into strange shapes, but which may be vegetation peculiar to the district. The frogs, I should say, must have a "high old time" of it in these very moist morasses. Anon the train is engulfed by the forests of the swamp. The clumps of pine and cypress cluster round you, threatening baleful embraces. Most uncanny are they to look upon. It is one of the caprices of landscape gardening in the South to cut trees and shrubs into quaint and grotesque shapes, just as we in England during the Georgian era used to snip and shave and pare the yews and box trees in our gardens into whimsical forms outrageous of all the canons of good taste. Between London and Epsom, passing through Sutton, you will notice many amusing though irritating examples of this perversion in arboriculture. But they are the forces of Nature, and not the disciples of Le Nôtre and "Capability" Brown, that have bestowed the strangest of embellishments on the trees in the swamps about New Orleans. I was told by an American gentleman at Atlanta to "look out for the morse"—so he pronounced it—as I neared the Crescent City. I was not quite certain as to what the "morse" might be—a bird or a beast, a variety of the mosquito, a political shibboleth, or something to drink; but at daybreak I discovered that the so-pronounced "morse" was, in reality, the moss. Some kind of

lichen clothes the swamp-forests in mantles of unwholesome richness. It hangs in festoons and pendants; it droops, or forms itself into jagged projections; it enlaces the tree-branches and hangs to them, and winds round the trunk, and at last, so they tell me, kills the tree.



No painter, I take it, could imagine the effect produced against the pale silvery sun-rising sky by these dark trees tortured into a thousand phantasmagoric forms by this libertine lichen. Trees that are dragonish; trees that are like bears and lions; trees like great vultures with outspread wings; trees like the 'Three Witches' in "Macbeth" grown to colossal stature, and commanded to stand there, in the midst of the Louisianian wilderness, with their skinny arms outspread, and their mossy rags fluttering in the chill morning air, to breathe strange curses and prophesy horrible things, for ever. I confess that I did not feel comfortable as the train rattled through these funereal groves, the moss clinging to trunk and branch or flaunting in a listless drooping way, like the ostrich plumes on a hearse which has been caught in a storm of rain. The cypress, the pine, and the moss combined induced a wretched depression of spirits,

which the prevailing and clammy moisture did not tend to alleviate. Although the breeze was chilly, it seemed to be passing through the temperature of a tepid bath. You felt alternately unpleasantly cold and unpleasantly warm. "Beshrew thee, swamp!" you felt at last inclined to cry. Frogs! toads! newts! for aught you knew, alligators might be lurking in some of these dark pools of purple madder-coloured water! But your journey through Swampland came to an end at half-past seven, when you found yourself at the railroad depôt on the Levée in the Crescent City of New Orleans.





II.

ON CANAL-STREET.

New Orleans, Jan. 28.

You enter New Orleans just as you begin the "Iliad," plunging at once *in medias res* ; only instead of

Achilles' wrath, to Greeks the direful spring
Of woes unnumbered—

your ears are simply half-deafened by the shrieks of hackmen contending for your patronage and the shrill *cantabile* of small black boys chanting the popular ditty :

When the butcher went around to collect his bill,
He took a brace of dogs and a double-barrelled gun.



PARADE DAY, NEW ORLEANS.

Ah, me ! When the butcher comes round to us in England with his bill, it is not he, but we who should be provided with the brace of dogs and the double-barrelled gun. To the noise made by the hackmen and the negro boys should be added the jingling of the mule-bells, the rattling of the horse cars, the warning grunt of the locomotive's steam horn, and the rumbling of innumerable drays bearing the rich products of Louisiana to the Levée for shipment to Europe and "the Golden South Americas." It is not such a very wide world after all. Take the first turning to your left to the mouths of the Mississippi, and you will find yourself in the Gulf of Mexico ; whence, by Cuba, Florida, and the Bahamas, it is plain sailing or steaming to New York, to Queenstown, to Liverpool, to Wapping—to wheresoever you may choose to go or to send your merchandise, and you have money enough to pay the necessary freight or passage-money. It cannot be more than four thousand miles from Euston-square terminus. What are four thousand miles in these days of ocean steamers and express trains ? There are no pirates ; there is no "constraint of Princes" nowadays to delay or imperil your journeyings. Truly, there are the dangers of the sea ; but has the land no dangers ? To be drowned afloat, or to be run over by a railway-van in Cheapside, or flung out of a hansom cab, on your head, in Wellington-street North ? There is not much difference, perhaps.

At all events, when you are turned out of the train on the Levée at New Orleans, in the midst of a labyrinth of sugar hogsheads, cotton-bales, coffee-bags, and barrels of pork and flour, it occurs to you very strongly indeed that the London Docks, or the East River, New York, or the Port of Commerce, Constantinople, are only "just over the way." Sailors of every nationality, sailors' boarding-houses and groggeries—here the dram shops are called "exchanges"—slop-shops, or "one-piece stores," overflowing with guernseys, pea jackets, sou'-wester hats, and overalls of oilskin ; warehouses full of junk and jute, and sea-going tackle generally, and a pervading odour of pitch and

tar, tobacco and garments saturated with salt—all bring to your mind the fact that Jack Alive in the Gulf of Mexico does not



materially differ from Jack Alive at Galata, or at Cronstadt, or on the Quai de la Joliette at Marseilles, or the Common Hard at Portsmouth. In two circumstances only does the great seaport of

Louisiana differ from the maritime cities of the Old World : first, in the abundance of black faces ; next, in the almost utter absence of any official uniforms, naval or military. Not an epaulette, not a sword, not a shako is ordinarily to be seen. In process of time and by dint of persistent observation you may descry a policeman ; but the New Orleans municipal has little in common either in stature or costume with his colossal brother in New York or Philadelphia. Still less does he resemble the stalwart “peeler” of London streets, or the well-brushed, well-girthed, trim-



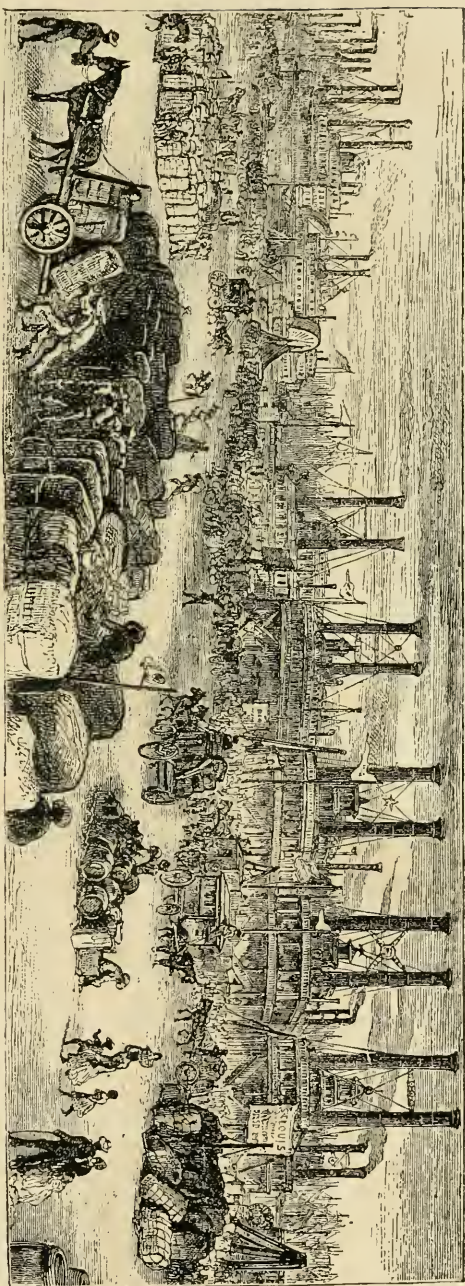
moustached *sergent-de-ville* of Paris. The New Orleans policeman is apt to be young and slim, and to be attired on the "go-as-you-please" principle. It is true that his clothes are blue and his buttons metallic, and that he wears a black "pot" hat with a slouched brim, somewhat similar to the head-gear affected by brigadier-generals during the Civil War. Still it is the business of a policeman to inspire awe; and how can you expect to be awe-stricken by a personage who wears a turn-down collar and a Byron tie, who carries a gold watch and chain at his fob, and who smokes a cigar while on duty?

The New Orleans hack-drivers are a race who will listen to reason. For two-horsed barouches the fares are high—two dollars an hour—but there are one-horse shandrydans, a kind of compromise between the Parisian victoria and the Cuban *volante*; and I made a bargain with one of the "shay" drivers to conduct us to the St. Charles Hotel for the sum of one dollar. Four shillings and twopence for a five minutes' ride is perhaps a rather enormous tariff; but I did not grumble, seeing that only the other day I paid five dollars, or a guinea, for a drive through the streets of Augusta the Prosperous. The St. Charles Hotel, at New Orleans, is in structure and decoration one of the handsomest on the American continent; indeed, no Transatlantic hotel that I have yet seen can equal the architectural magnificence of the exterior of the St. Charles, with its clustered Corinthian columns and great open *loggia* where you can sit and smoke and gaze upon the scene of almost incessant bustle and activity in St. Charles-street below you. The house is in the American quarter of the city, "up town," to the left of Canal-street, as you follow the course of that spacious thoroughfare from the Levée in the direction of the Cypress Swamp and Lake Pontchartrain; and it occupies about three-quarters of the immense square formed by St. Charles, Carondeletet, Common, and Gravier-streets.

Touching these thoroughfares, let me digress for a moment to remark that the street nomenclature of New Orleans is the most

miscellaneous and the most picturesque to be found in any American city. How weary you grow, in the practical and business-like North, of "West Ninety-fourth" and "East One Hundred and seventh" streets. How you long for a little variety, a little imagination, a little eccentricity or absurdity, even, in the designation of the thoroughfares! In New Orleans you have almost an *embarras de richesses* in the way of variety and imaginativeness. Here are a score of street names culled at random from a map of the Crescent City. What do you think of Mandana, Annunciation, Bacchus, Bagatelle, Bolivar, Dauphine, Morales, Lafayette, Izardi, Dryades, Duels — sanguinarily suggestive this—Napoleon, Morse, Mystery, Peace, Rampart, St. Ferdinand, Tchoupitoulas, and Virtue streets? I confess that I like them

THE LEVEE, NEW ORLEANS.

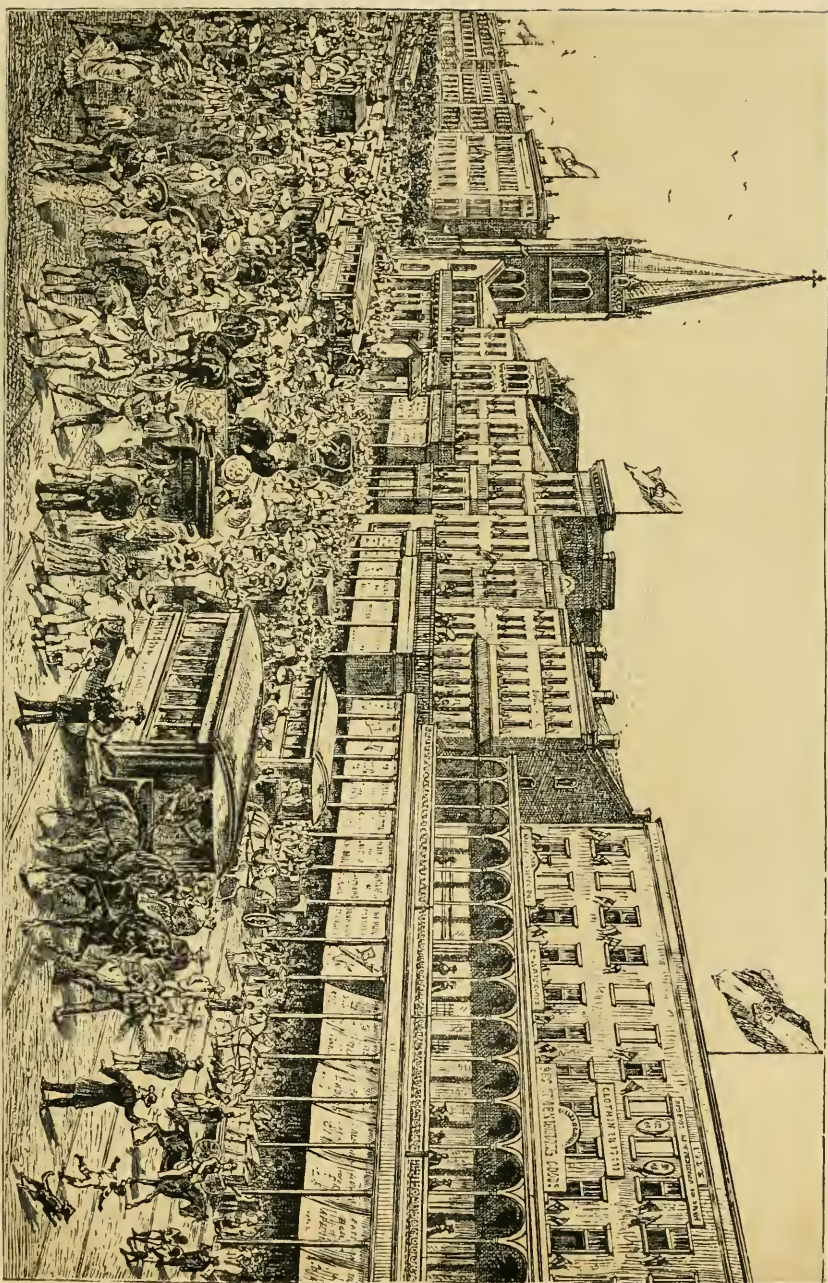


better than West Ninety-fourth and East One Hundred and seventh.

Returning to St. Charles, or "our well-beloved San Carlos," as it is grandiloquently called in the proclamations of Rex, King of the Carnival, I shall have occasion anon to refer to the arrangements of the establishment as typical of a first-class hotel in the South.

So, after breakfast—a meal enlivened by the juiciest oranges and the most aromatic coffee that I have yet enjoyed in America, and the finest fish that I have tasted out of the Bay of New York.—I travelled into Canal-street, which was, for the nonce, my chief objective point. "See Naples and then Die," says the proverb. My view of things is that you should see Canal-street, New Orleans, and then try to Live as much longer as ever you can, striving, meanwhile, to discover how many points of resemblance there exist between the chief thoroughfare of the Louisianian city and that of the capital of Magna Græcia. So far as I am concerned, I aver that Canal-street reminded me very strongly and very pleasantly indeed of that wondrous Neapolitan street called the Toledo. Why? you may ask. Have but a modicum of patience, and you shall know why. As a matter of plain, prosaic fact, Canal-street is the main business thoroughfare of the bustling city, the most fashionable of its promenades, especially on Sunday after morning church, and containing many extensive stores and handsome private residences. The street is nearly two hundred feet wide—think of this, Augusta the Prosperous; your Broad-street can only boast of one hundred and sixty-five feet of span—and is bordered by two rows of fine trees. It boasts a grass plot, too, running through its entire length. If the grass were green and it were mowed it would be very pretty; but the herbage is rather grey than green, and appears to be wholly unused to the contact of the lawn-mower.

The foot-pavement is very broad and very commodious; but the kerbs are fringed by deep gutters full of water, and bridged



CANAL STREET, NEW ORLEANS, ON THE EVE OF THE CARNIVAL.

at intervals by large flagstones. I should say that New Orleans must be a very perilous city to be perambulated at night by a person who has partaken too freely of the particular kind of whiskey known as "tangle-leg." I should say that, if a drunken man missed one of the flagstone bridges and fell head foremost into one of the deep stone gutters he would fracture his skull to a certainty. But there is a Providence, we are told, which watches over benighted bacchanalians. The gondoliers and "long-shore" men of Venice get tipsy sometimes; but they don't tumble into the canals, often. The roadway of Canal-street is flagged with huge boulders, somewhat after the manner of the old Spanish *chaussée* which stretches from Vera Cruz to Mexico city. I am reminded of it, for I am but a day and a night's journey from what was once part of Mexico. The pavement of the roadway is simply abominable; and, indeed, some of the finest streets in the city are not paved at all; but that trifling fact does not affect the New Orleans people much: almost every thoroughfare in the city being sected and intersected by lines for horse-cars. I should like to know the man—if he be yet extant—who invented tramway cars. I should like to present him with a mural crown and an address illuminated and engrossed on vellum in recognition of his merits as a Benefactor of Humanity. After that I should very much like to lodge the contents of a six-shooter in his stomach, or to strangle him, or to administer to him an imperial pint of prussic acid, in vengeful remembrance of his ruthless interference with the private comfort of people who do not want to ride in tramway cars. In New Orleans you *must*. There is no other way out of it. Gentlemen go out to dinner; ladies go to balls per horse-car. It is the great leveller. It is the Temple of Equality on wheels—and be hanged to it, and its wheels, and its bells, and its plodding mule to boot!

In justice, however, I should mention that the horse-car system in New Orleans is perhaps more complete than any to be found throughout the length and breadth of the United States. Starting from the Central-avenue, Canal-street, the

tracks radiate to all parts of the city and suburbs; and passengers are carried to any point within the city limits for the ridiculously small charge of five cents, or twopence halfpenny—the very sum, by the way, which you have to pay for a box of matches, which in England costs you one halfpenny. But in America each box of matches pays a tax—hear it, Right Hon. Lord Sherbrooke, author of the “Low Match Tax” a ditty which did *not* become popular—of one cent to the Government; and I suppose that wax, and sulphur, and pasteboard, and emery-powder, and colours for the meretricious little “chromos” which



THE CUSTOM HOUSE, NEW ORLEANS.

adorn the sides of the box, are all heavily handicapped by the “All Industry-Crippling Tariff.” As for the New Orleans horse-cars, they are “down upon” you at any instant, almost, of your existence. An extended system of switches enables the vehicles to pirouette with a nimbleness which is positively distracting, and which perpetually exposes the foot passenger to the contingency of being run over.

The New Orleans Custom House is in Canal-street, to which

it presents a frontage of three hundred and thirty-four feet. Its "Long Room" is one hundred and sixteen feet in length, and is lighted by fifty windows. The Post-office occupies the basement of the Custom House, and is considered to be the most convenient in the country. The whole noble structure is built of Quincey granite, brought from the Massachusetts quarries, and next to the Capitol at Washington, is the largest public edifice in the United States. Round about the Custom House cluster the many-storeyed warehouses and stores devoted to the chief business industries of New Orleans. Coffee and rice, sugar and cocoa, nails and spikes, tin plates and copper tubes, wines, spirits, groceries, pickles and preserves, condiments, and "relishes" from Europe are piled high in huge repositories resembling far more the "fondaci" of the Levant and the bazaars of the East than our own cosy and well "dressed," but somewhat diminutive shops. Everything is *en grande*, everything is wholesale. That remark I know I have made before; still it is one which will bear repetition. The side-walk is cumbered by huge bales and packing cases, and barrels of goods. Porters pass you and repass you at every step, back-burdened with fardels the magnitude and gravity of which might arouse the emulation of a Constantinopolitan *hammal*.

Yes, you may say, this is all very well; the same features are visible in a score of great commercial centres. Yes, and New Orleans is, without doubt, an extremely busy city; but in what manner, if any, does Canal-street resemble the Toledo at Naples? I will tell you. Over almost every towering building there flaunts a great silken banner, a tricolour of green, white, and purple, in diagonal stripes. In the centre of this gonfalon is a Royal crown, surmounted by a cross—"pattee" gules. What is the meaning of this regal emblem? Can this be the banner of Rex, King of the Carnival? Yes. He is approaching. He is imminent. Seven days since I saw his proclamation at Atlanta, in which he announced the commencement of his reign, and amicably, but sternly, bade all railway companies within his

jurisdiction provide transportation at reduced rates for his loyal subjects bent on enjoying the delirious festivities of Mardi Gras in the Crescent City ; Rex's ukase was surmounted by an elaborate achievement of his Royal arms, with effigies of Hercules and, I think, Lycas, both duly masked, as supporters ; and the document was countersigned by "Bathurst, Lord High Chamberlain." At the present moment Rex's banner is all-puissant in New Orleans, and counterparts of his proclamation are on every hoarding. We are promised the very gayest of gay doings on Shrove Tuesday. Crowds of masquers will fill the streets from an early hour, and will be finally marshalled into the grand procession of his Majesty the King of the Carnival. But prose is insufficient to recount the glories of Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and I must have recourse for a moment to the lyre of a local poet. Thus sings the bard of the Carnival :

"To portray half of the characters seen on this day,
 Fantastic, grotesque, classic, solemn, or gay,
 Would be just such a hopeless and intricate task
 As to tell who the persons are under the masks.
 Here are kings, queens, and princes in gorgeous attire,
 Knights, pages, and Cupids with hearts all afire ;
 And birds of the air, and fish of the deep,
 Proserpines, Plutos, Robin Hoods, and Bo-Peeps,
 Pompous Sambos and Dinahs without stint or limit,
 Ugly imps with long tails which they whisk every minute.
 Their tastes and conceptions are faultless and true ;
 And there's only one drawback—between me and you—
 To their festivals, chaste as fire-worshippers' flames ;
 None know where they come from and none know their names
 And whither they go we cannot even guess ;
 But there is a sly rumour among the members of the press
 That they're not men at all, but wonderful sprites
 Who visit us yearly on Mardi Gras nights."

If this is not poetry, Byron was a writer of doggrel and Tennyson is the merest of ballad-mongers.

It is the real or assumed mystery surrounding the individuality of the chief masquers in the Saturnalia which lends half its zest to the Carnival of New Orleans. Its motto might be the old Spanish one, "Nobody knows anybody." The public believe—

or make believe to believe—that the personality of the “Knights of Momus,” the “Mistick Krewe of Comus,” and Rex himself is an impenetrable secret. For example, I am just now the



CARD OF INVITATION TO THE REVELS OF THE MISTICK KREWE OF COMUS.

honoured recipient of two heart-shaped cards of invitation, gorgeously printed in silver and colours, and enclosed in hotpressed envelopes decorated with costly monograms, to the Sixth Representation of the Knights of Momus at the Grand Opera

House on the 5th of February next. The invitations are simply signed "Momus." I have not the slightest idea who Momus is, or to which of his knights I am indebted for this act of courtesy to a stranger. I expect to be in the neighbourhood of San Antonio, in the state of Texas, about the 5th of next month; but I hope to be back in New Orleans in time for the grand processional entry of Rex on the 10th—a gala which will be followed by the midnight revelries of the "Mistick Krewe of Comus." Who is Comus? Who is Rex? Once only, I have heard it whispered, the name of the Carnavalesque sovereign was revealed; and the revelation took place under very melancholy circumstances. The fatigue and excitement of the procession and the reception were too much for the poor Monarch of Mummers, who suffered probably from predisposition to disease of his heart, and on the morning of Ash Wednesday he was found dead in his bed. Then the veil of his incognito was rent asunder. Poor Rex!

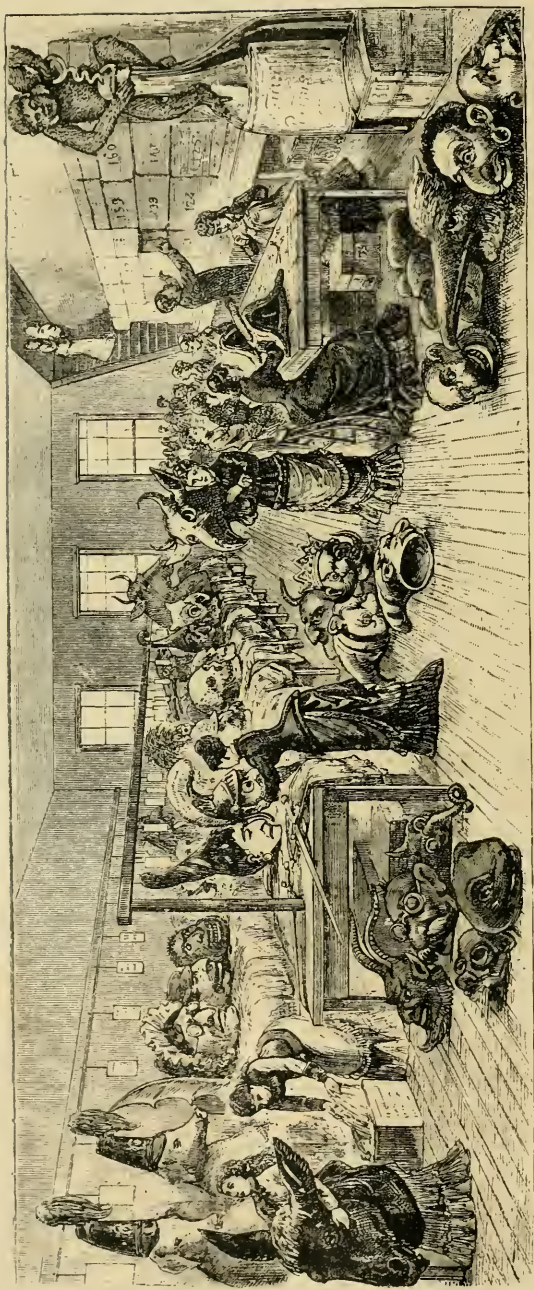
The general consensus of opinion touching the promoters of the Shrovetide festivals amounts to this: That Rex, Momus, Comus, and the rest, are certain frolicsome gentlemen belonging to "the first families" and members of the leading clubs. New Orleans shines especially in clubs, and the Boston Club would do honour to Pall-mall, and that the "close" nature of some of the clubs—the Pickwick, for example, does not admit strangers within its gates—is due mainly to a desire to afford time to the members to organise and prepare the pageants of the Carnival in undisputed privacy. The merry-making is a very cheerful, innocent, and humanising one. The glittering shows and parades throw the whole population of the city, Americans, creoles, and coloured people, into ecstasies of delight; and the grand masquerades at the two Opera Houses afford intense pleasure to the ladies. It is, in short, a festival in which young and old, rich and poor, alike participate; but it is Comus, Momus, and Rex, their knights and their Krewes, who supply the necessary dollars. The sports of Mardi Gras must cost a vast sum of money, but they are undoubtedly "good for trade."

Did you doubt the accuracy of my judgment in this respect I would that you were with me in Canal-street at this present moment. I mentioned the Toledo at Naples. Imagine it to be made of india-rubber, and so stretched to about five times its normal length; but retain all the premonitory signs of Carnavalesque gaiety which it should surely present towards the end of January. There is an eruption, a lava-flow, a *scoria* inundation of masks. Highly-coloured pasteboard will soon be



THE GRAND TIER OF
THE NEW ORLEANS OPERA HOUSE
DURING THE CARNIVAL.

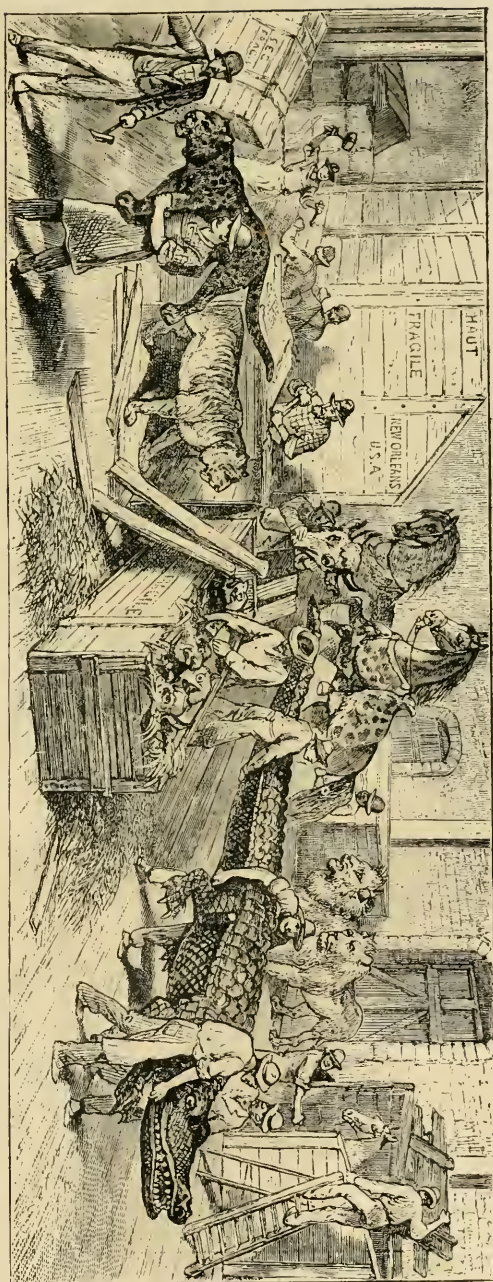
the only facial wear. Slawkenbergian noses dangle in the air. Bottom the Weaver in his transformed state, Reynard the Fox, the Wolf that ate up Little Red Riding Hood, the Good-natured Bear, confront you—in pasteboard—at every turn. Numbers of alligators seem to have crawled in from the neighbouring Mississippi, to have washed the mud from their scaly sides, and to be weeping hypocritical tears or grinning equally untrustworthy



grins in the shop windows. The display of Chinese lanterns in the fancy stores is tremendous. They are outnumbered only by the white satin boots and slippers. How they will dance merry Shrovetide out and dismal Lent in, to be sure!

Strangers by thousands will pour into the Crescent City — from Georgia and Alabama, from Charlestown and Savannah, and especially from the ancient city of Mobile, which claims, indeed, to have been the prime mover of the Louisianian carnival and the nursing mother of Rex. The Mobile "Cowbellians," I am given to understand, are some years the seniors of the "Mistick Krewe;" but this is a moot point which, as a stranger in the land, I will not venture to discuss. In any case

this section of the sunny South would seem to have been for a great many years past more or less under the dominion of a Monarch of Merriment—a compeer of our “Rig-dum Funnidos,” whose motto was, “In hoc est hoax.” An esteemed legal gentleman in this city lately showed me a printed proclamation dated so far back as the 28th of November, 1796, and emanating from a potentate styling himself “Robert I., Lord Chief Joker and Grand Humbugger of all the Regions West of the Apalachian Mountains,” greeting his well-beloved son, W. C. Claiborne—a name illustrious in the history of Louisiana—and appointing him to be “Domine Fucari Generali,” whatever that may be, of all the country west of the Apalachian and east of the Camberland Mountains. This document is countersigned by J. M. Overton, Attorney-Gener-

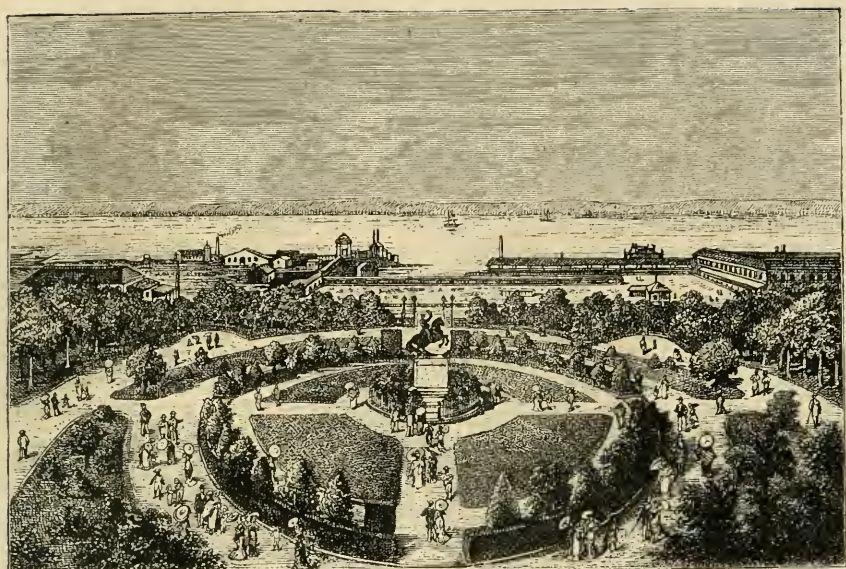


ral to Robert I. This relic of bygone badinage possesses, it will be seen, some philological interest. "Humbug," it will be noted, was a term current on the American continent as far back as the year '96.

So mirth and jollity are to remain triumphant in New Orleans until the 10th of February. But, what said the preacher, who wrote a sermon called "Vanity Fair?" "Who has not his hobby, or, having it, is satisfied?" We have summer weather here; and the gentlemen of New Orleans are positively complaining that if the warm weather holds, the masquers who wear chain armour during the Carnival will be put to much inconvenience. Think of this, you English Hyperboreans shivering in your ulsters in the middle of February!



A NIGGER DISPUTE, NEW ORLEANS.



JACKSON-SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS.

III.

IN JACKSON-SQUARE.

New Orleans, *Jan. 30.*

GAUL, according to General Julius Cæsar, was divided into three parts. The capital of the whilom dependency of Louis XIV. of France, the development of which, his Majesty was assured by the Managing Director of the Mississippi Company would make "Le Roi Soleil" the richest monarch in the world, but from the possession of which Ludovicus Magnus never derived one sou's worth of profit, is divided into two parts—the Great Divide being Canal-street. The demarcation is not only topographical and municipal, but lingual, social, and ethnological. The two civilisations, England and France, are not more distinctly separated by the Straits of Dover than are Anglo-Saxondom and Gaul by Canal-street, New Orleans. On one side is Young America, continually extending its dimensions "up town"—lively, enterprising, noisy, and somewhat feverish ;

on the other side is Old France, "down town" staid, polite, undemonstrative, dignified and somewhat drowsily quiet.

In this newest of new continents one has a passion for seeking out the slightest vestige of what is old and time-worn; and I had not been many hours in the Crescent City before I fled from bustling St. Charles and pushing Carondelet streets, and plunged headlong and haphazard into "La Bonne Vieille France." Of course, ere long, I lost my way; and then I ventured to ask a passing gentleman, in a broad-brimmed hat and with a sandy "goatee," in what part of the city I might be. He replied, in a strong Northern accent, that he guessed I was on Charters-street. This did not sound very Gallic, and I felt slightly discouraged. Proceeding a few paces forward, I again plucked up heart of



grace, and addressed another gentleman, who certainly looked very French, for he was black-eyed and black-bearded. He wore an embroidered velvet *calotte*, and a short blue linen blouse by way of vest; and he was sitting on a cane-bottom chair on the side-walk, attentively perfecting the heel of a lady's pink satin boot, and whistling melodiously the while an air from "Giroflé-Girofla." "Mais, Monsieur," he made answer to my inquiry, "vous êtes en pleine Rue de Chartres." I was overjoyed. Yes; and I was likewise *en pleine Régence* and *en pleine Dix-huitième Siècle*. In the twinkling of an eye Young America disappeared; and above the Stars and Stripes, the "glorious gridiron" of Orator Pop, loomed in my mind's eye a dim mirage of a white flag, powdered with golden lilies. Succeeding streets recalled memories of Versailles and Marly, of the Cour de Marbre and the Œil de Bœuf, of Madame de Maintenon and the Demoiselles de St. Cyr.

I must not run the risk of wearying you by enumerating in anything approaching regular succession the names of the thoroughfares in the French quarter, from Chartres to Royale, from Bourbon to Dauphine, from Rempart to Esplanade. This is not a guide book to New Orleans; and, in all human probability, the vast majority of my readers will never wander to the shores of the Gulf of Mexico. Besides, the municipality of the fair city of New Orleans have not—presumably for some wise but inscrutable reason—thought proper to affix the names of the streets to the corners thereof. At some remote period of time their titles may have been inscribed on the street lamps; but these *graffiti* are not visible to the human eye, either naked or decently attired, now. Perhaps you are expected to make yourself thoroughly conversant with the street nomenclature of the city during the time which you pass at one of those admirable common schools which are among the chief glories of the American Union, North and South; and if you have not been educated at a common school, why, *tant pis pour vous*. You will never be a Senator of the United States; you will never

be president of a bank or a railroad, nor pastor of a Brooklyn Tabernacle. You are out of the pale. There is no hope for you. You will never be anything; not even a member of the Pickled Clam Club of Communipaw or the Church Oyster Stew Union of East Armageddon.

Satisfied with being nothing but a wandering alien, I took the streets in old France as they came, and derived ineffable delight from their contemplation. I should warn you that Young America is far too energetic and go-ahead to consent to be wholly excluded from the Creole section of New Orleans. Occasionally in the French quarter, you are forcibly reminded of the all-dominating influence of the Anglo-Saxon language, institutions, and character. The German element also makes itself very conspicuously and very strongly felt from one end of the city to the other; and every now and then Ireland asserts herself in that pleasantest of forms, the American Irishman, who works hard, behaves as a law-abiding citizen, and makes plenty of dollars. Still, square after square, block after block, and street after street are French, and Old French. Of course, remembering how and by whom Louisiana was settled, it is as absurd to feel astonished at finding so many reproductions in an American city of French life and manners as it was for the Englishman, who landed at Boulogne, to express his surprise at finding the little children prattling French so fluently; yet I do not scruple to own that I grew to be lost in pleasant amazement when I surveyed a genuine French *pharmacie* in the Rue de Chartres. It seemed to have been transported bodily from the Rue du Bac—stay, or from the Rue St. Louis au Marais. A delicious *pharmacie*. None of your new, fashionable impertinent chemists' shops, glaring with parti-coloured bottles as big as locomotive lamps, garish with carving, gilding, and plate-glass, and distracting you with advertisements and specimens of the newest adjuncts to the toilet and the most favourite quack nostrums.

I detest fashionable chemists' shops in England, and for the matter of that, in the Atlantic Cities, as much as ladies seem to

love those cash-absorbing establishments. I do not want to have my hair dyed pea-green, or my eyeballs rose-pink. I have no faith in Ninon de l'Enclos tooth paste; and I do not care to have my face painted with Madame de Pompadour's Peri Enamel. I decline to believe in the Patent Bourbon Whiskey Cough Lozenges, or in Old Doctor Peter Funk's Liver Twister, or in the Nicaraguan Set-you-up Stomach Bitters; and I would rather not try the Mammoth Cave of Kentucky Consumption Plasters, the Bonanza Bowie-Knife Blood Purifiers, the Sea-Slug Pectoral Syrup or the Big Bear of Arkansas Antibilious Pills. At English watering-places I fly from the chemists' shops. I am afraid of the gentlemanly assistants; and in the United States the gentlemanly assistants at the drug-stores wear diamond pins in their scarves and cameos of *pictra dura* as sleeve buttons. They have all been educated at common schools; and I am afraid lest they should find fault with my grammar when I ask for ten cents-worth of Epsom salts. But here in this old French *pharmacie*, all was subdued, composed, and serene. No doubt you could obtain *sinapismes* and *vésicatoires* and *tisanes* enow, if you asked for them; but nothing was advertised in an obtrusively alluring manner. In the dim recesses of the store, you could discern rows of shelves laden with tall old white gallipots; and about the whole place there was a gentle soporific odour of aromatic drugs—just such an odour as that which pervades the Egyptian drug market in the Bezesteen at Stamboul—a perfume of henna and haschish, of frankincense and myrrh, of benzoin and gum tragacanth, with just the slightest suspicion of rhubarb. And yet there are people who shudder at the smell of rhubarb! A grave and bald-headed gentleman sat in a rocking chair at the door of the *pharmacie*, reading the *Abeille de la Nouvelle Orléans*. His equally grave spouse was enthroned, spectacled, behind the counter perusing the *Propagateur Catholique*. I entered and made a trifling purchase of Spanish liquorice as a pretext for converse in a tongue well beloved by me. It was consolatory to hear cents spoken of as “centimes” and to find a



dollar called a "piastre." Surely I was very far indeed from the land of "notions" and dry goods, of corn cakes and cock-tails.

Next in interest to the *pharmacien* was the *épiciér*. I need scarcely say that the "corner grocery" is a very notable institution indeed in every American town, be it a rising village of five thousand inhabitants or an empire city of half a million souls. In its nascent state the corner grocery is often no more nor less than a corner groggery dispensing very bad liquors, the source of woes unnumbered to the brains and stomachs of the imprudent; but when the corner grocer grows prosperous, he generally becomes proportionately respectable; and his store develops into a great emporium of "wet goods" rivalling our Fortnum and Mason's and Barto Valles in amplitude and variety of stock. At a first-rate grocer's in America you may purchase

the most expensive Havana cigars, the most favourite brands of champagne, the most delicate French preserved fruits and *con-serves*, and the costliest *liqueurs*, together with all our bottled ales and stouts, our Scotch and Irish whiskeys, and so forth. At the New Orleans grocers', in the French quarter, I found also a plentiful supply of things alcoholic; but the products of France *la bien-aimée* pleasantly predominated. Chartreuse, green, yellow, and white, absinthe and cassis, vermouth and parfait amour—all the alcoholic frivolities of the people who are continually sipping stimulants, and who never get tipsy.

The *denrées coloniales* at a New Orleans *épiciér's* were, of course, in full force; although in France itself these *denrées* are apt to be somewhat delusive in their extraction. There is nothing very colonial in beetroot sugar, roasted chicory, and haricot beans, *sardines à l'huile*, and Huntley and Palmer's biscuits. But here you are at once reminded that the tropics are over the way, or round the corner, so to speak. The coffee made in New Orleans is the most aromatic and the most grateful to the palate that I have ever tasted; and I am told that it comes from the *tierra caliente* about Cordova in Mexico. Still there is a large variety of other coffees—Java, Puerto Rico, Rio, Jamaica, and Hayti among the number—from which to choose. I may just mention for the benefit of English housewives that the cheapest sugar that I have seen priced is seven and a half cents a pound. In England very good moist sugar can be sold retail for three pence a pound. Louisiana is, to a great extent, a sugar-producing State; and as such, although, like all the Democratic States, averse to the Tariff as a whole, she acquiesces in an import duty on foreign sugar as protective to her own industry in that direction. From which I infer that if political economy be a science at all—and that is very seriously questioned just now—the science is one essentially of selfishness.

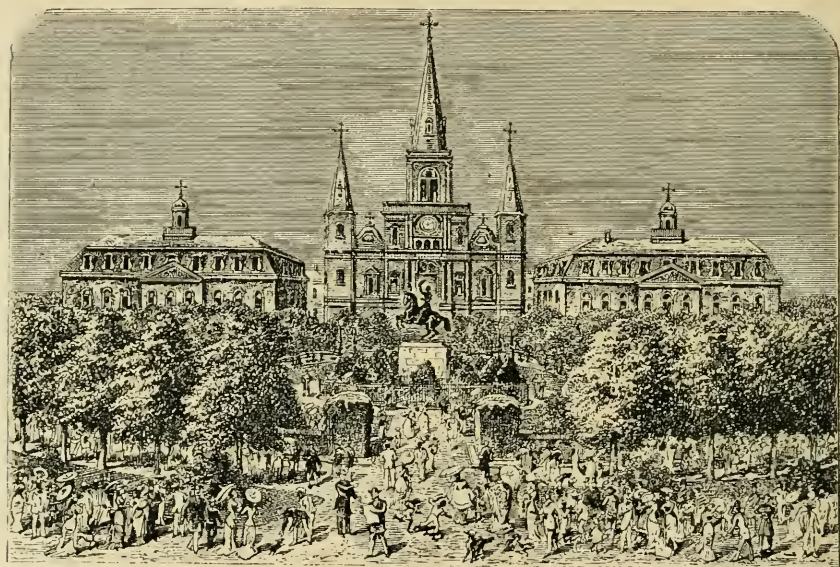
Modistes and *couturières*—French to the backbone—I mean to the staylace and the back hair, abound in the French quarter.

"Céline" hangs out her sign in connection with "robes." "Alphonsine" proclaims the Parisian elegance of her "dentelles et fleurs artificielles." "Pauline" announces that she has a "magasin de blanc;" and "Léopoldine" simply says, on a pretty *pancarte*, "chapeaux." Chapeaux! Word of mystery and dread. Bonnets are bonnets in New Orleans. I have been to the fountain head. I have obtained information from a leader of fashion on this most momentous of points; and I am sorrowfully enabled to state that nothing fashionably wearable in the shape of a bonnet can be purchased in the Crescent City for a smaller sum than thirty-seven dollars, say seven guineas sterling. A handsome "Gainsborough" hat, fully trimmed, will cost from forty to fifty dollars; and in this eminently "dressy" city the ladies come down in Gainsborough hats and feathers to the late dinner at the hotels. On the whole, I am inclined to think that the most inexpensive female travelling companion that a tourist in the United States could positively take with him would be a Black Nun of one of the barefooted orders. Those black robes and veils are so very becoming. But then nuns, black or white, and barefooted or otherwise, do not marry. It is not, I apprehend, from the "little people of the skies" in the French quarter that the grand visiting bonnets are procured. In Canal-street, nearly opposite the Grand Opera House, where M. Maurice Grau's French Opera Troupe, with Capoul as *primo tenore*, have lately been performing, I have noticed a *magasin* of austere splendid aspect. It has but two modestly-sized windows, in which are displayed, with studied carelessness, some parcels of rich tissues, some loosely floating lace, and a dainty fan and trailing feather or two. In the background I see some lace curtains and wire gauze blinds, with the single word "Olympe," inscribed in golden letters. Is Olympe the High Priestess of the Temple of Visiting Bonnets? I know not; nor knowing, would I dare to say. *Guarda e passa*. I would as soon think of calling on the Sibyl, and asking her the price of one of her Books, as of paying a visit to the mysterious Olympe.

Returning to Old France, deeper and deeper into the French quarter do I dive. The friendly *pédicure*, with the effigy of a human foot highly gilt, invites me to enter his establishment. I almost wish that I had corns in order to have them cut *à la Française*. In almost every "block" or "insula" of houses there is a French *café* or an *estaminet*. The clicking of billiard balls is continuous. The *cafés* lack Parisian splendour; but they are trim and neat, and very different in their appearance to the groggeries. In many, alcoholic beverages do not seem much in request; and the customers quench their thirst with *orgeat*, *bavaroises*, *sirop de groseille*, and other non-intoxicants. Even *eau sucrée* is in request among these primitive folks. There are numbers of little French stationers' shops and *cabinets de lecture*, all charmingly suggestive of the land beyond the "silver streak." The very pencils and pens are French; the ink is the "encre de la Petite Vertu." Little cheap French chap-books and *livres d'images* abound; you renew your acquaintance with "Rominagrobis" and the "Petit Chaperon Rouge;" with the "Chat Botté" and the "Belle au Bois Dormant." The terrible "Croquemitaine" and his frightful spouse flourish their virgal sceptres to the terror of insubordinate juveniles—French juveniles be it understood; young America would laugh "Croquemitaine" and all his following to scorn. And so firmly have old French manners taken root in this old corner of a new continent that at the doors of some of the stores you may see hanging those little *martinets*, or leathern cats-on-nine-tails, which still hang *in terrorem* in French nurseries. The shops for the sale of votive offerings—*immortelles*, *billets d'enterrement*, *lettres de faire part*—and "objets religieux" generally, are numerous. Gaily-painted plaster images of Madonnas, saints, and angels are intermingled with rosaries and scapularies, holy water fonts, electro-plated shrines, oratory lamps, and *parvoisiens*; and these at last became so plentiful that I fancied myself in the *parvis* or close of some old Continental cathedral.

Nor, indeed, was I very far out in my reckoning. I was in

the rear of a vast ecclesiastical edifice, which an obliging old negro lady who was selling oranges and bananas at a street corner told me in "gumbo" French was the Cathedral of St. Louis. I passed down a narrow flagged passage, full of the offices of "avocats" and "notaires," and found myself in presence of the



THE CATHEDRAL, NEW ORLEANS.

Cathedral, the third erected on the same site. The first basilica of Louisiana—a structure of timber and sun-burned brick—was erected so far back as 1718; but in the very year of its erection a fearful hurricane swept over the infant settlement, and carried away the cathedral as completely as the first Eddystone lighthouse was swept off. The second edifice was built of brick, about 1725; but this was also destroyed by fire on Good Friday, 1788. In 1794 yet another cathedral was built by the pious care and at the cost and charges of Don Andreas Almonester y Roxas, a Spanish noble, colonel of the provincial troops, and perpetual *regidor* of the dominion. To this beneficent grandee New Orleans is also indebted for the St. Charles Hospital and

that of the Lazarines, the Ursuline Convent, the Girls' School, and the Presbytery adjoining the cathedral. The good deeds of Don Andreas, with a *requiescat in pace*, are recorded on a marble slab in the pavement of the edifice which he built, in front of the shrine of St. Francis. The ashes of the pious *hidalgo*, who came from Mayrena, in the kingdom of Andalusia, moulder in a vault beneath. There is another memorial in front of the altar of Our Lady of Lourdes to three of the members of the Marigny de Mandeville family who lie buried here.

Another notable personage lies at rest under the pavement of St. Louis—Don Antonio de Sedilla to wit—who, towards the close of the last century, was expelled from New Orleans by the enraged Spanish population for attempting to set up the abhorred Inquisition in their midst. This, I apprehend, is the only spot on the existing territory of the American Union where the Holy Office has held even momentary sway. Yet we are told that Don Antonio came back to Louisiana after the province had become a State of the Great Republic, and died there in 1837, at the age of ninety, in the odour of sanctity, idolised by the women and worshipped by the children. Time assuages most things and heals most sores. Did I not read once in a London newspaper of the end of King William's or the beginning of Queen Anne's reign this necrological announcement; "At his lodgings in Jermyn-street, deeply lamented and highly respected, Lieutenant-General Kirke, formerly of the Tangier Regiment"? This deeply-lamented and highly-respectable gentleman had been the ferocious commander of "Kirke's lambs," and the principal butcher under Jefferies of the Bloody Assize.

Virtually the Cathedral of St. Louis may be called the fourth of its race, since nothing of Don Andreas Almonester's fabric remains with the exception of the foundations. The old 1794 edifice was "restored" in 1850, and the existing fane is a mass of pinnacles and turrets, columns and buttresses, in no particular style of architecture, and in brown stone, which material gives the entire mass the appearance of a huge raised pie. This

unsightly pile—we have a great many uglier churches in my own beloved country—is flanked by two of the most delightfully quaint and venerable looking edifices that I have seen out of France, and especially out of the peculiarly quaint and venerable city of Nancy, in Lorraine. These are the Court Houses, built under the regidorship of Don Andreas, with Corinthian attics on Doric basements, and crowned by high mansard roofs with dormer casements. The pediments are full of emblematic bas-reliefs in the late eighteenth-century style—casques and cuirasses, banners, drums, spears, cannon balls, and what not; but in the centre you see a carved embellishment, evidently added at a much later period to the original design, and wholly undreamt of by the original sculptor. This is Mr. James Russell Lowell's "bird o' freedom soarin,'"—the American eagle, with out-spread wings, prepared to "whip" all creation, and then, but not till then, to repair to his home, which is in the Setting Sun.

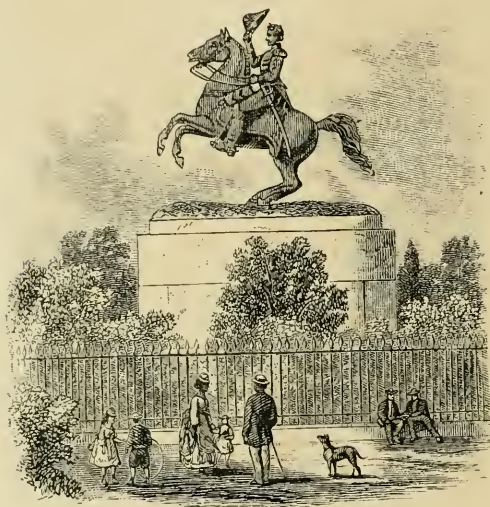
But what was there graven there in old time, when the great Eagle was still a most diminutive chick—nay, before the portentous bird had chipped the shell at all? Surely on that pediment must have appeared the semblance of the Lion of Castile or of the Pillars of Hercules, with the proud motto "Plus Ultra." The Bourbon Lilies have never had a place there, for the French monarchy had fallen ere the Spanish domination had ceased. But, between 1801 and 1803, there may have glittered among the bas-reliefs a hastily-executed Cap of liberty, with the fasces, and the device "Liberté, Égalité, Fraternité." Fate is an extremely ironical Power. Napoleon, First Consul of the French Republic, was forced, by the fear of Louisiana falling into the hands of the English, to sell the magnificent dependency to the United States for some sixty millions of francs. Had he been enabled to "hold on" he might have set up the Napoleonic eagle and the Napoleonic bees over Don Andreas's court houses; he might have established a mighty branch of the French Empire in the New World; he might have added Texas and California to his American Empire. But ironical Fate said No. Trafalgar,

by annihilating the naval power of France, indirectly aided the American Union in establishing itself at the mouth of the Mississippi, acquiring Florida, and annexing as much Mexican territory as it suited its purpose to secure.

At least, but for Trafalgar, and with a treaty offensive and defensive with America, New Orleans might have been French, and Imperially French, in 1815—that year 1815 when England—the commanders of her troops being ignorant of the fact that peace between the United States and Great Britain had been signed in Europe—made a blundering attack on New Orleans, and met with a most inglorious repulse at the hands of a slender force of American riflemen and Baratarian smugglers. I often wonder whether the beaten and beggared Napoleon, brooding at the Elysée after Waterloo, ever despairingly murmured to himself, “Why did I sell Louisiana?” The French Creoles were sorry that it was sold. They are loyal citizens of the Union now, of course holding by the Monroe doctrine, and proud of their affiliation to the greatest Republic in the world; but I fancy that were diligent exploration made among them some love for the old Lilies, nay, some veneration for that old Napoleonic legend of which the last line was written in Zululand might be found extant among them.

What have the Cathedral of St. Louis and Don Andreas Almonester’s old Court Houses, with their brick shell peeping through the cracked and peeling-off stucco, like the knee of the beggar through his ragged pantaloons, to do with Jackson-square? Everything. The Cathedral and the Court Houses form one whole side of the square. North and south, at right angles, extend two lofty rows of red brick mansions, called the Pontalba buildings, with broad verandahs, and the ground floors of which are occupied by stores and cafés. In their architecture and surroundings the Pontalba buildings indistinctly remind you now of the piazzas of Covent-garden, now of the Place Royal in the Marais, and now of the Plaza Mayor at Madrid. The houses look Spanish, the merchandise is American, the manners are

French. The fourth side of the square is open to the railway, the old French market, and the river. A massive railing of iron encloses the square, in the centre of which, on a granite pedestal, is the equestrian statue of General Andrew Jackson, who beat



our Peninsular veterans so soundly at the battle of New Orleans, who made such an honest and independent President of the United States, and on whom was bestowed the affectionately familiar *sobriquet* of "Old Hickory," from a stout walking-stick of that peculiar wood which he was wont to carry, and with which, when moved to wrath, he would smite,

and that smartly. The hero of New Orleans is in full military uniform, with very large epaulettes and very high boots. With his right hand he waves his tremendous cocked hat in salute, and by his belt hangs his celebrated crooked sabre. On the pedestal is graven the famous utterance, "The Union must and shall be preserved."

Diverging from the statue in every direction are walks laid with pounded shells, and bordered with the choicest flowers of the South. There are vines and evergreens which at every season of the year gladden the eye with their rich deep verdure. The wealth of oranges clustering in the trees seems inexhaustible; indeed, New Orleans, as a whole, may be summarily described as a Garden of the Hesperides, intersected by horse-car tramways, and guarded by a dragon hight Yellow Jack. I don't mean General Jackson. He continues to wave his cocked hat in the politest manner imaginable among the orange



groves, the stately magnolias, and the clustering bananas. Are you acquainted with the banana? My memory does not serve me as to whether it grows in that paradise of sub-tropical vegetation, the garden of the Casino at Monte Carlo, by Monaco. I think that the last time I visited Monte Carlo I was too much occupied with the cultivation of a plant called the Infallible Martingale—the colours of which are red and black—to seek after bananas. They might well flourish in the atmosphere of a gaming-house; for they are the most profligate looking vegetables I ever came across. A banana-bush just shorn of its fruit, with its gigantic leaves all torn, hacked, and slashed—some of them gaping with yellow wounds, and others stained to a hue of reddish purple—conveys to your eye and mind the impression that the plant has been out all night “on the loose,” and engaged in several free fights, in which bowie knives and revolvers have been freely used

after that the dissipated bananas have been liberally clubbed by the police; then they have been taken to the St. Charles' Hospital to have their wounds dressed; but the incorrigibles, to all seeming, have torn off their bandages and rushed into Jackson-square, where they stagger in a tattered and unkempt condition, with blackened eyes and sanguinolent noses, gasping for a "pick-me-up." After a violent rainstorm the aspect of the banana is even more disreputable and deboshed; and yet the fruit of this vicious looking vegetable is the softest, "sawniest," mealiest-mouthed esculent possible to think of. Fried it has a tolerable savour; raw it suggests what the taste of very sweet shaving paste might be like.

But those who would see Jackson-square aright should take pattern by the pilgrim to Melrose Abbey as advised by Sir Walter and visit it by the pale moonlight. Then, somehow or another, the valiant General Andrew Jackson, cocked hat, jack boots, crooked sabre, long-tailed charger and all, take unto themselves wings and flee away. Even the granite pedestal, with its stern monition as to the preservation of the Union, vanishes into thin air, and is replaced by a statue of Charles the Fourth, King of Spain and the Indies, with the Order of the Golden Fleece around his neck, the Star of Calatrava on his breast, and a pigtail. The oranges and the magnolias, the vines and the evergreens remain lovelier than ever; the old Court Houses still flank the Cathedral, but it is the unrestored church of St. Louis—the church that *Regidor* Don Andreas Almonester built. See, gliding along the shell walks in the pale moonlight, the phantoms of the past—phantoms in embroidered coats and monstrously flapped waistcoats, in silk stockings and buckled shoes; phantoms in bag wigs and full-bottomed perukes elaborately powdered; feminine ghosts with rouge and patches, in hoops and brocaded sacques. They wave phantom fans; and the apparitions of bygone beaux bow over their hands and whisper airy nothings in ears long since overtaken by the surdity of death! Come back, O ye

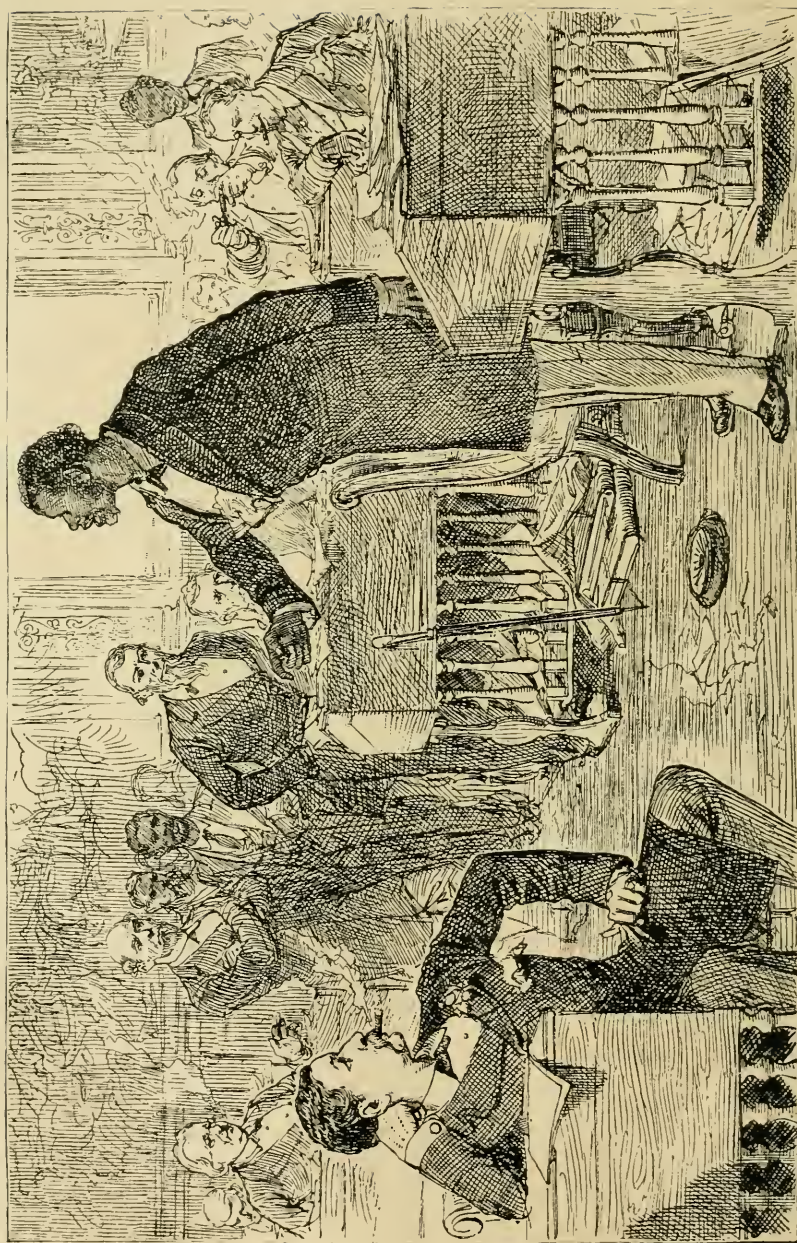
Dead ; Come back, doughty Hernan de Soto, first discoverer of the Mississippi. Come back, Fathers Marquet and Joliet, most pious of monks, most enterprising of merchants, come from far-off Quebec, down the St. Lawrence, through Lake Ontario, up Niagara, through Erie, by St. Clair, through Huron, by Mackinaw Straits, through the Fox river, to the Wisconsin river, to the Upper Mississippi. And the daring French soldier, La Salle, and the noble Canadian brothers, Herville and Bienville, have not their wraiths a right to mingle in the shadowy throng?

In fancy I seem to see the ghost of old Anthony Crozat, the wealthy East Indian merchant, to whom the Grand Monarque granted, doubtless for a "consideration," the exclusive right for fifteen years of trading to the country then known as Louisiana. Then comes the phantom of Governor Percer, then the Marquis de Vaudreuil, hero of desperate Choctaw and Chickasaw wars ; here are the governors under the Spanish domination, Ulloa, and Unzaga, and the stern O'Reilly. There is a Calle O'Reilly in Havana, and there was a General Count O'Reilly, who took Algiers, and, according to Lord Byron in "Don Juan," used Doña Julia vilely. Are these all one and the same phantom? How can I tell? Jackson-square transformed under the pale moonlight, and full of ghosts, is really a very confusing place. That narrow passage, for instance, might be the Rue Quincampoix, whither rich and poor are flocking to gamble in the shares in John Law's Mississippi bubble. And who come here? an old gentleman in clerical costume, a scapegrace in an embroidered coat, and a pretty but somewhat saucy young lady in a satin petticoat *à la bergère* and laced lappets. Upon my word, it is the worthy Abbé Prevost doing the honours to Manon Lescaut and the Chevalier Des Grieux. Jackson-square! There is no such name. This is the Place d'Armes of the French, the Plaza de las Armas of the Spanish domination. Idle fancies! The past is irrevocable. The horse car comes jingling along the Chartres-street track, and I return to Young America, telegraphing, telephoning,

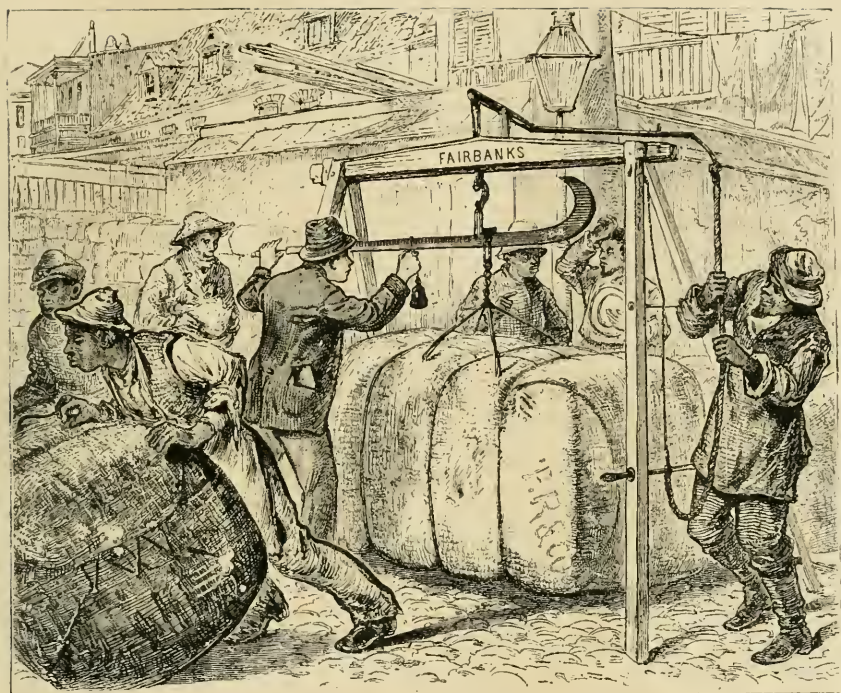
and phonographing, and electric-lighting the world out of its mind, knitting up the ravelled sleeve of care with an Elias Howe's sewing machine, "cornering" all the grain and all the pork in the Great West, and making dollars all day and all night long for ever and ever.



A CORNER OF JACKSON-SQUARE.



A SOUTHERN PARLIAMENT,



WEIGHING BALES OF COTTON.

IV.

A SOUTHERN PARLIAMENT.

New Orleans, *Feb. 1.*

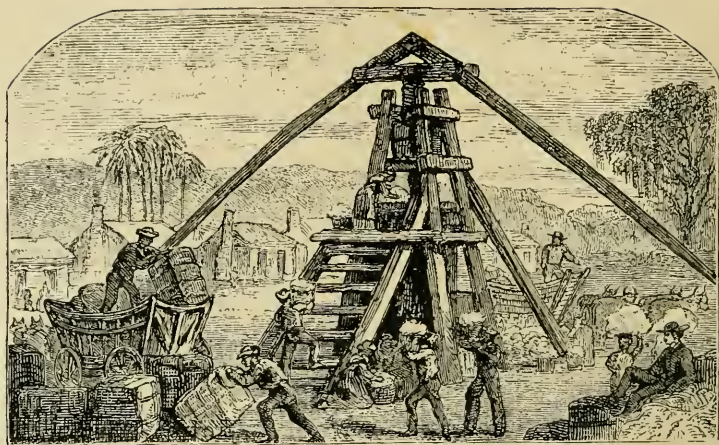
I know few spectacles more melancholy than that of a disestablished theatre. Naturally, you associate the place with scenes of gaiety and animation, with life and light and glitter, with the fanciful costumes of the players and the sparkling dresses of the ladies in the boxes and stalls. The great chandelier is a continuous delight; and the very fiddlers and pipers in the orchestra recall cheerful and soothing impressions not to be obliterated without sorrow. Yet theatres oftentimes fall into "the portion of weeds and outworn faces," if haply they escape becoming "habitations for bats and dragons." They

may be turned to other uses, and become wine merchants' vaults, co-operative stores, post-offices, and what not; or they may altogether crumble away through neglect into decay like that wonderful old worm-eaten Opera House at Parma. During the Franco-German War of 1870, many French theatres, both in Paris and in the provinces, were utilised as hospitals for the wounded; and the parts subsequently played in French legislative history by the Grand Theatre at Bordeaux, and the Salle de Spectacle at Versailles, are too recently notorious to need recalling here. But what do you say to an American Grand Hotel—one, indeed, of the grandest caravanserais in the whole South—converted into a Parliament House? That is now the case at New Orleans. The legislative capital of the State of Louisiana was formerly Bâton Rouge, and to Bâton Rouge the collective wisdom of the State will ere long return; but its present habitat is in the French quarter of New Orleans, "down town," within the walls of what was once the St. Louis Hotel.

This stately pile, although only built so recently as 1841, must in many respects be considered an historical edifice. At the St. Louis in 1842 the people of New Orleans entertained the famous statesman Henry Clay—whose prodigiously ill-modelled statue continues to affright the artistic eye in the centre of Canal-street—in a style commensurate with the wealth and refinement of the prosperous and hopeful Crescent City. In the ball-room of the St. Louis, in 1843, met the Convention for the framing of a new Constitution for the State—a convention numbering among its members the well-known Pierre Soulé, a Frenchman by birth, and sometime United States Minister at the Court of Madrid. The immense rotunda of the St. Louis was long used as a chamber of commerce, a board of brokers, a cotton exchange, and a place for political meetings of the Democratic and Whig parties. But as an hotel pure and simple the St. Louis must be ever memorable in the *fasti* of New Orleans. The hotel was for years the resort of the wealthiest

planters of the South. The stateliest Creole belles here condescended to join in the mazy dance with the young gentlemen of "the first families;" splendid hospitality was dispensed at St. Louis. dinner parties; at night the dazzlingly-lit corridors were thronged by fair women and brave men; and it may be that within the precincts of the elegant private parlours of the magnificent structure a few thousand dollars occasionally changed hands owing to indulgence in the merry games of poker, faro, euchre, and boston. Those days, they tell me, are for ever gone and past. The once affluent Southerners are ruined hip and thigh; and "first families," who once delighted to entertain their guests on chicken gumbo, venison, turtle, canvas-back ducks, washed down by Château Lafite and Heidsieck's extra dry, have now scarcely sufficient pork and hominy for themselves.

These disconsolate assurances notwithstanding, it strikes me that the New Orleans of February, 1880, is an extremely prosperous city, and that somebody must be making an immense deal of money. The New Orleans Cotton Exchange, for example, was opened in 1871 with a roll of one hundred members. It has now upwards of three hundred. And the association spend no less than \$30,000 a year in obtaining and arranging information relative to the movement of the great staple and its collaterals, bullion and exchange, throughout the world. The cotton presses of the city—that is, the mechanism for compressing by steam power the raw cotton into bales—alone represent a capital of seven millions of dollars. Perhaps it is the planters in the interior who are steeped to the lips in poverty. That very many magnificent Southern fortunes have utterly collapsed owing to the Civil War, and to the confiscations, carpet-bagging, spoliations, and general misgovernment which came as *sequelæ* to the great struggle, is indubitable; yet it should not be forgotten—and I am indebted for my information to Southern gentlemen who have themselves been slaveowners, and who have fought bravely in the Confederate ranks—that multitudes of negroes who were once bondmen are doing very



PRESSING COTTON INTO BALES ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.

well indeed as cotton farmers—proving, by the way, the most merciless niggerdrivers imaginable to their own children, so soon as ever they are old enough to work in the field—and that the creation of an industrious and thrifty negro proprietary class has been of vital benefit to the poor white population of the South—formerly contumeliously stigmatised as “mean whites” and “poor white trash”—who were unable to compete with slave labour, but now find a new field opened to them as factory hands, while the women and girls obtain domestic employment. The only conclusion at which a traveller who sincerely desires to be impartial can with safety arrive is that the sum of individual suffering in the South since the war has been immense, but that such suffering has greatly diminished, and in all human probability will continue to diminish; whereas, on the other hand, a great river of prosperity is rolling onwards, fed by a hundred sources, which were hitherto either arid or artificially dammed up.

But, if the traveller wished to be partial, and desired to find an *ad captandum* argument as to a prosperity that had passed away and an affluence which existed no longer, he might meet with such outwardly striking, although inwardly fallacious evidence in the aspect of the New Orleans State House, erst the St.



PICKING COTTON ON A SOUTHERN PLANTATION.

Louis Hotel. I have seen Venice in her worst days of dilapidation and desolation. I have seen the Chapter House at Westminster prior to its restoration, and when its beauteous Gothic proportions were marred and masked by hideous pigeon-holes bursting with musty parchments, the bygone processes of the law courts. I remember—who does not?—the scandalous condition of Leicester-square ere Mr. Albert Grant swept and garnished it, and gave it away in frank-almoign to the public; but these bygone abodes of melancholy were positively trim and coquettish in comparison with the forlorn appearance of the colossal pile which had once been the resort of the wealthy planters, their stately spouses, and their beautiful and accomplished daughters. To enhance the dinginess of the view, these Balclutha-like walls were not by any means desolate. Every floor in the State House was crowded with people—earnest, eager, shrewd-looking people—smoking desperately, and who, on occasion, would expectorate. A curious throng, but not cheerful, mainly attired in sad-coloured garments, and with “soft” hats, inordinate of brim but exiguous in crown. *Tchorni Narod*—a Black People—the Russians would term them. Wheresoever you turned there the Spirit of Dismalness seemed to have laid his grimy hand.

New Orleans, I have more than once remarked, offers, among all American cities, pre-eminently a feast of picturesque form and bright and varied colour to the European eye; but within the walls of the State House a universal monochrome pitilessly reigns; or rather, the negation of all colour—black and white. The great rotunda—supported by noble pillars, and the cupola of which is adorned by splendid medallions, the work of famous American sculptors—is spoiled, but, happily, not irremediably spoiled, by an abominable corkscrew staircase of wood, giving access to the various floors. Some seven or eight hundred guests at a time must have been entertained at the St. Louis in the days when it was a grand caravanserai. Now committees of judiciary, finance, commerce, and education meet in its guest chambers,

and its once luxurious private parlours are converted into offices for the Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Louisiana and their secretaries, and for the officials of the different departments of the Legislature. I was so fortunate as to have as a guide and "open sesame" proclaimer the Hon. Randall Gibson, one of the members for the State of Louisiana in the House of Representatives at Washington, and who had just been unanimously elected in joint session of the two Louisianian Chambers a Senator of the United States for the Congressional term commencing in 1883. To General Gibson and to his colleague in the House of Representatives, General King, I am mainly indebted for a hundred acts of graceful kindness and courtesy extended to me during my stay in New Orleans; nor shall I miss this opportunity of tendering my grateful thanks to Senator Bayard, of the State of Delaware, who kindly enabled me to enjoy the privilege of "the floor" in the Senate of the United States in that Capitol at Washington which I hope yet to describe.

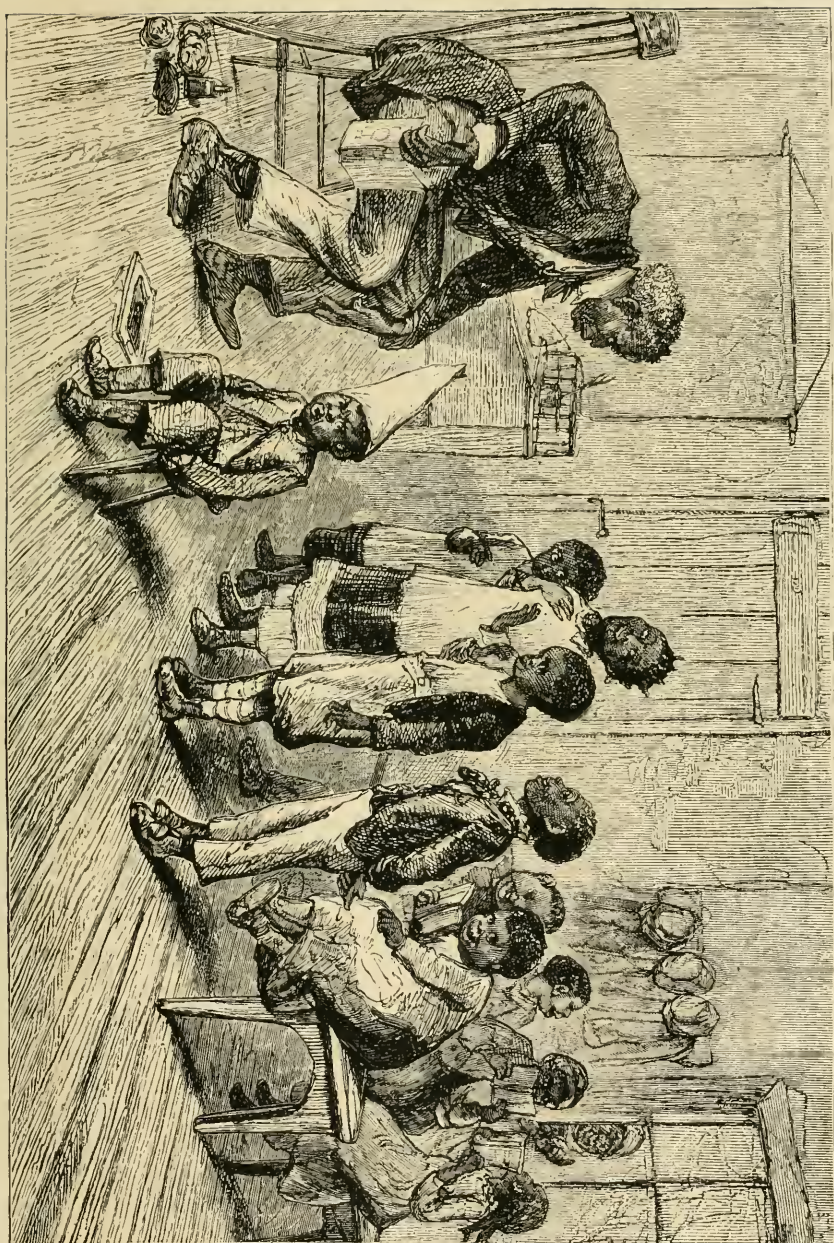
The Senate Chamber at the disestablished hotel had adjourned, and all that my guide could do was to take me into the Chamber and introduce me to some of the Senators. But the House of Representatives, or Delegates—I am not quite certain as to which is the precise legislative designation of the Louisianian House of Commons—was in full session. The hall of debate was a capacious apartment which had once been either the ball-room or the dining-room of the defunct hotel. Pale phantoms of once elegant frescoes loomed faintly on the walls. I glanced instinctively at the floor, as though expecting to find it littered with the champagne corks of Piper, Heidsieck or Veuve Clicquot—with faded bouquets, time-worn white satin slippers, cards of invitation to radiant belles long since widowed and childless, to gallant gentlemen whose bones have mouldered these seventeen years past in the graveyards of the Confederate Dead. But I was aroused from my reverie by the voice of a gentleman who was addressing the House. It was somewhat of a variable and

capricious voice—at one time hoarse and rasping, at another shrilly treble, and the orator ended his periods now with a sound resembling a chuckle, and now with one as closely akin to a grunt. So far—being rather hard of hearing—as I could make out, the Honourable Legislator was remarking “dat de gen’lm’n from de Parish of St. Quelquechose was developing assertions and expurgating ratiocinations clean agin de fuss principles of law and equity. What was law and equity? Was dey verities or was dey frauds? Kin yer go behind the records of law and equity? Kin de gen’lm’n from St. Quelquechose lay his hand on his heart and the Constitooshun of de Yurnited States and say dat dese votes had been counted out rightfully? An’ if dese votes had not been counted out rightfully, where, he asked the gen’lm’n from St. Quelquechose, were de fuss principles of law and equity? Where was dey? From de lumberlands of Maine to de morse-clad banks of de Chefunetee Ecker answered dat de hull ting was contrairy to de standing order of dis House.” Upon which the orator sat down. There were no cheers nor counter cheers—only a rippling murmur of voices such as you hear at a public dinner between the port and sherry ceasing and the champagne beginning to go round. What was the precise mode of catching the Speaker’s eye I could not exactly discern, but more than one honourable gentleman seemed to be on his legs at the same time. When the contingency appeared to be imminent of everybody addressing the House at once, the dull, measured sounds of the Presidential hammer, or “gavel,” as, in masonic parlance, the implement of order is called, was audible. It would be a vain task to strive textually to report what the legislators said; but the debate, so far as I understood its purport, related to a contested election.

Ere the orator who had apostrophised the gentleman from the parish of St. Quelquechose resumed his seat, I had ample leisure to make a study of his facial outline, for there was a window close behind him, against which his profile was defined as sharply as in one of those old black silhouette portraits which

they used to take for sixpence on the old Chain Pier at Brighton. The honourable legislator had a fully-developed Ethiopian physiognomy; but when he sat down I found that in hue he was only a mulatto. There were more coloured members in the House:—some of them “bright” mulattoes and quadroons, very handsome and distinguished looking individuals. As yet our dark brother as a legislator must to most intents and purposes be considered as in an infantile condition, and great allowances must in fairness be made for him. A Southern gentleman pointed out to me one of the coloured Representatives or Delegates who, prior to the war, had been his, the gentleman’s, slave and body servant. He was a very useful member of the House, my informant said, especially on questions of finance. As regards Parliamentary procedure, the coloured members are very often not only on a par with, but superior to, their white colleagues. They set themselves with grim earnestness to study and learn by heart all the rules and regulations of the House, concerning which the white members are often careless; and they are continually rising to that which they term “p’int of order.” When they address themselves to set speech making, they usually gabble a quantity of intolerable verbiage; but please to bear in mind that the majority of the coloured members in the Southern legislatures have either been slaves, or are the sons of men who once were slaves.

What the coloured sons of freemen may do in the next generation is the grand problem. At present they are eagerly availing themselves of the educational advantages offered by the common schools; and it remains in the future to be seen whether there be any truth in the assertion that it is possible only to educate the negro up to a certain point, but no further. He cannot be taught, so some say, to argue reasonably. This assertion applies of course to the full-blooded negro. As regards the coloured man with only a slight admixture of black blood in his veins, I see no reason why he should not—if he avail himself of the facilities for culture now open to him—



A NEGRO VILLAGE SCHOOL.

become as intellectually distinguished as Alexandre Dumas. But the ranks of the "bright" mulattoes and quadroons will not be recruited. The abolition of slavery arrested the continuity of the offspring of the children of white fathers and coloured mothers; and what is known or rather darkly whispered about as "miscegenation" is only a dream, and a very wild dream of the coming era. For the present it is simply a social impossibility; and the coloured man who is audacious enough to practise "miscegenation" by cohabiting with a white woman is immediately and ruthlessly lynched. Two such "miscegenators" have been hanged by the mob in Virginia within the last month.

The arrangement of the Lower House in one respect reminded me more closely of the French Chamber than of our own House of Commons. The members' seats were arranged in semi-circular rows, just as are the streets of the city of Amsterdam, the topography of which has been familiarly likened to the section of an onion. The arc of the semi-circle is occupied by the Speaker's desk, a kind of raised rostrum, canopied with some green drapery, and on either side of which is a raised platform. Below the Speaker sit the clerks and other officers of the House. That there is a Sergeant-at-Arms I am certain, since I had the honour to be introduced to the functionary in question; but I saw no symptom of a mace. With the exception of the coloured gentleman's animadversions on the contested election case in the parish of St. Quelquechose, there was very little speechmaking, and not much of what could be properly termed debating. The business transacted seem to be mainly of routine character, consisting in the reading of papers by the clerks, and the presentation of reports from various committees; and, indeed, in the Federal Congress at Washington, as well as in the State Legislatures, nine-tenths of the business about which our Lords and Commons talk in open session, are discussed and settled by the permanent committees of the two Houses. There are, of course, grand field days, when exciting debates take place, when

measures are advocated or opposed, clause by clause, and when brilliant displays of oratory are made ; but neither at Washington, at Richmond, nor at New Orleans have I been fortunate enough to witness so important a *funcion*.

In the Louisianian as in the Federal capital every member has a comfortable arm-chair and a desk before him, with lockers and drawers for his books and papers. One of the honourable gentlemen in the New Orleans Legislature was so obliging as to give me up his desk and arm-chair, which I occupied with great inward fear and trembling for some five-and-twenty minutes. Several divisions took place during that space of time, the House dividing on the "aye" and "no" principle ; and I can only express a conscientious hope that I did *not* vote. The entire proceedings were, I have not the slightest doubt, quite tranquil and orderly ; but, to the eye of a stranger, the scene was one of curious confusion. The citizens of the State of Louisiana *en masse*, white and coloured, had standing-room at the back of the apartment, which was only separated from the House itself by a wooden barrier ; but on the floor of the House there seemed to be as many strangers as legislators, and there was a continual running to and fro of messengers and telegraph boys.

I have said that to the general monochromous dinginess of the disestablished hotel there was a solitary exception. I found it in a vast upper chamber adjoining the office of the Lieutenant-Governor of the State, Mr. M'Enery, to whom I was duly presented. It was a bare, desolate room, with a raised wooden platform at one end, and on the wall behind this platform there hung a really splendid painting in oil. The National Capitol does not, certainly, possess a finer work of art. The subject is one not altogether calculated to gratify the national pride of an Englishman, representing, indeed, the, to us, disastrous engagement on the plain of Chalmette, on Jan. 8, 1815—an engagement in which between six and seven thousand troops, the flower of the British army, were repulsed by some thirty-six hundred Americans, of whom very few were regular troops, the rest being militiamen,

Creole volunteers, and hastily-armed smugglers—the notorious “Baratarians,” commanded by the brothers Lafitte. I find it stated in Mr. John Dimitry’s “Lessons in the History of Louisiana” that, a short time before the battle of New Orleans, John Lafitte, the elder of the two Baratarian brothers, was offered by Colonel Nicholls, the officer commanding the Forces of King George III. at Pensacola, the rank of Captain in the British army and a reward of 30,000 dollars if he would join our side. The patriotic contrabandist, who was somewhat of a pirate to boot, replied that he would take time to consider the offer, which meanwhile, he communicated to the American Governor Claiborne, who, with the advice of his council, declined to have anything to do with M. Jean Lafitte. But the patriotic desperado’s services were afterwards gladly accepted by General Jackson. The Baratarian battalion highly distinguished themselves at Chalmette, and, in consideration of their bravery, at the conclusion of the war, the Lafittes and all their merry men received a full pardon from the Congress of the United States. Perhaps like Mr. Gilbert’s “Pirates of Penzance” the Baratarians were only noblemen—or, rather, patriots—who “had gone wrong.”

To return to the picture in the State House, in which the death of the British General, Sir Edward Pakenham, is very dramatically depicted, and in another portion of which General Jackson stands, surrounded by his staff, I may observe that the painting bears the signature of Eugene Lamy, whom middle-aged persons may remember as the executant of a number of beautiful water-colour drawings, illustrating fashionable society in England some forty years ago. M. Eugene Lamy was much petted and caressed in English aristocratic circles; and lo! here he turns up at New Orleans as the pictorial recorder of one of our saddest reverses. This brief sketch of a Southern Parliament should not be concluded without note being taken of the fact that the great majority of the honourable members were vigorously smoking cigars or cigarettes throughout the debate. Why not?



V.

SUNDAY IN NEW ORLEANS.

New Orleans, *Feb. 3.*

ON more than one occasion I have taken the liberty to observe that the American Sunday, so far as I had had the opportunity of observing it, was socially a day of tribulation. I am thoroughly well aware that foreigners from the continent of Europe are in the habit of making precisely the same remark with regard to our observance of the Seventh Day in England, and more especially in Scotland. At present, however, I am only concerned with things Transatlantic, and I have no need to mingle in the controversy between Sabbath fanaticism on the one hand and Sabbath licence on the other. In the Northern and Middle States, so it seems to me—but I am, of course, as in all things, open to conviction—the rigid Puritanical or Mosaic observance of Sunday is prescribed by the laws of the State.

Those laws are in the highest degree acceptable to a class, who by right and custom, are socially by far the most influential in the United States—I mean the ladies. Women do not frequent bars or barbers' shops; they are not given—in this country, at least—to driving fast-trotting horses; they do not smoke cigars; and they are extremely fond of going to church, of wearing their finest clothing thereat, and of listening to emotional music, and to preachers who are either emotional or comic and sometimes both. The sermons of the most popular of the New York clergymen are literally as good as a play; and with plenty of stirring music, and pulpit oratory appealing either to the risible or lachrymose faculties, there is surely no reason, so far as feminine New York is concerned, why the theatres should be opened on Sunday.

Thus, Lovely Woman, both from a devotional and a recreative point of view, hails Sunday as a sweet boon. The innumerable churches are not only places of worship, but they also fulfil the functions of the very largest and most ornate forms of bonnet-boxes; and the majority of the sermons preached are not only aids to Faith, guides to morality, and exhortations to repentance, but highly-spiced entertainments as well. Consequently, few seek to disturb the statutes which forbid people to enjoy themselves in a secular fashion on Sunday. All that that portion of the community care to do who are not church-goers, or who have no taste for the condimental prolusions of the Rev. Beecher and the facetious deliverances of the Rev. Talmage, is either to sit at home in dudgeon until the cheerless Sabbath be past, or systematically but surreptitiously to evade the laws made and provided in every possible way lending itself to evasion:—and the initiated say that there are a hundred such ways, from slipping in at the back doors of “sly groggeries” to openly purchasing alcohol disguised as stomachics and cordials at the drug stores. On the whole, the stringent enactments which in the Northern States forbid people to get shaved or to call for a tumbler of soda and sherry

on a Sunday are probably found, practically, to work very well. It is by the will of the majority that these enactments have been made, and that they are retained in the statute-book. The minority do not complain very bitterly, because their ingenuity supplies them with the means of procuring "on the sly" that which the law forbids them to consume in the open; and, as for the travelling foreigner, he has clearly no right to grumble under any circumstances about anything. He is in Rome, and he is bound to do as the Romans do.

In Pennsylvania and in Maryland I found Sunday kept with the strictness which, as in duty bound, I revered, but which I failed to admire, in New York. At Richmond I noticed a slight relaxation in the afflictive discipline of the Sabbath. The bars were all rigorously closed; but you could purchase newspapers and cigars, fruit, pea nuts, and candies on the Sabbath. I spent one Sunday at Augusta, in Georgia, and found the same latitude as to the sale of light refreshments existing. In the State of North Carolina I was told that a system of what is termed "local option," in result somewhat resembling that which Sir Wilfrid Lawson hopes to obtain by means of his Permissive Prohibitory Bill, prevailed. There are North Carolinian districts where, by consent of the voting majority, the sale of strong drink, not only on the Sabbath but on week days, is altogether prohibited. I come now to Louisiana. On arriving in the Crescent City I had fully made up my mind to undergo another Sunday of the approved Northern and Middle State pattern. The best way to undergo such a day of penance is to shut yourself up in your room and sleep away as many of the hours as you can. I was prepared for a New Orleans Sunday of the bitterest kind. There are more than a hundred churches in the city. The bells of the Roman Catholic places of worship begin to jingle at six o'clock in the morning; and I was informed that the scene of female beauty and loveliness, and richness of costume, in Canal-street about one p.m., when the ladies were returning from church, was almost distracting in its brilliance.



ALMSGIVING ON THE WAY TO MASS.



HOLY WATER FOUNT.

But I was also favoured with another item of courteous information. Markets abound in New Orleans, as, indeed, they do in most American cities. New Orleans may justly pride herself on her Poydras, her St. Mary's, her Magazine-street, her Keller, her Second and Ninth, her Claiborne, and her Carrollton markets; but I was especially warned that I must not fail to visit the old French market, which is in its "fullest bloom" on Sunday mornings, and which has always been considered as one of the most characteristic sights of New Orleans. I could scarcely, it was added, be at the old French market too early. I remember the tolerant provision in our own Lord's Day Acts, which permitted the vendors of mackerel to cry those fish in the street early on Sunday morning: the perishable nature of this particular commodity warranting such an exceptional concession of public outcry. Now, the Gulf of Mexico abounds in fish of the most exquisite flavour, and similar motives of toleration had, I doubted not, prompted the permission to hold market overt for

the benefit of benighted people of French extraction, for a brief period on Sunday morning. Good Protestants, of course, do not require fresh fish on the Sabbath. I learned that the old French market, the pioneer of all existing establishments of the kind, was "first located" under the Spanish supremacy. *Lucus a non lucendo*. The original erection was destroyed in the hurricane



A BOUQUET SELLER IN THE VEGETABLE MARKET.

of 1812. The ground plan of the present market is irregular; it having been constructed at different periods, and structurally may be described in general terms as a very plain specimen of the Roman Doric order, supported by high pillars, plastered, and crowned by a slate roof. It is situated on the Levée, almost at the foot of Jackson-square, the beloved.

Three distinct emporia are comprised in this one mart, namely, the Meat market, the Vegetable market, and the Bazaar market. In the first, butchers' meat alone is exposed for sale; in the second are sold vegetables, fish, fruit, flowers, and game; while in the middle, or Bazaar market, almost every conceivable article in the dry-goods line may be procured. Each market is separated from its neighbours by a broad avenue; and these thoroughfares are, during business hours, crowded with stalls and baskets of itinerant vendors filled with commodities for domestic use, ornament, and edible and potable consumption. Thus this old French market substantially represents a combination of Billings-

gate, Smithfield, Covent-garden, the Temple in Paris, the Gostinnoi Dvor at St. Petersburg, and Leather-lane, Holborn, on a Sunday morning *minus* the Sabbath-keeping action of the officials of the Local Board of Works who were in the habit of deluging the wicked Sabbath-breaking costermongers with diluted carbolic acid. With what face can I gird at the Americans for making Sunday penally disagreeable to all but the Pharisees, when we still retain on our statute book the Act of Charles II., and when the Sabbatarian pranks of the Rev. Jon. B. Wright are yet fresh in the English memory. If the Northerners worry and exasperate strangers by their intolerant Sunday edicts, may they not fairly plead that they have learned intolerance from us? But they manage things otherwise—I will not presume to say that they manage them better—in New Orleans.

I contrived to oversleep myself a little on Saturday night; and it was half-past seven on Sunday morning ere I found myself afoot. It is a good twenty minutes' walk from the St. Charles's Hotel to Jackson-square; I paused for a few minutes in the Cathedral of St. Louis; and eight o'clock had chimed before I reached the old French market. It was in full swing. With respect to the crowd, I had been counselled, in the outset, to "put my corns in my pocket;" but I found circulation, although slow, to be easy enough; and if anybody did happen to tread on your feet, or to dig the sharp angle of a market basket into your ribs he or she was prompt to ask your pardon, and to hope that he or she had not disturbed you. It is not often that you hear, "Pardon, m'sieur," or "Bien fâché de vous déranger," on the North American continent. As for the confusion of tongues in the market, it was simply delicious. French, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, Dutch and "Gumbo" contended with each other for supremacy; but French predominated.

There are French and French, of course, among the Creole population of New Orleans; and the Gallic tongue, as spoken in the market, is certainly not very pure either in its grammar or its accent. In this the French Creoles of Louisiana differ from their



IN THE FRENCH MEAT MARKET, NEW ORLEANS.

congeners in Lower Canada, of whom a bishop from old France, who had visited the banks of the St. Lawrence, once publicly declared that there was not a French-speaking country in the world where the lower classes spoke French so well and the upper classes so ill as in Canada. Assuming Monseigneur to have been correct in his dictum, there would seem to have been a reason for the discrepancy which he noticed. The upper classes of French Canadians mingle freely in English society; as a rule they all talk English fluently; and it is possible that a certain proportion of Anglicisms or Anglo-Americanisms has entered into their own speech. On the other hand, the working classes in Canada of French extraction keep themselves aloof both from the English

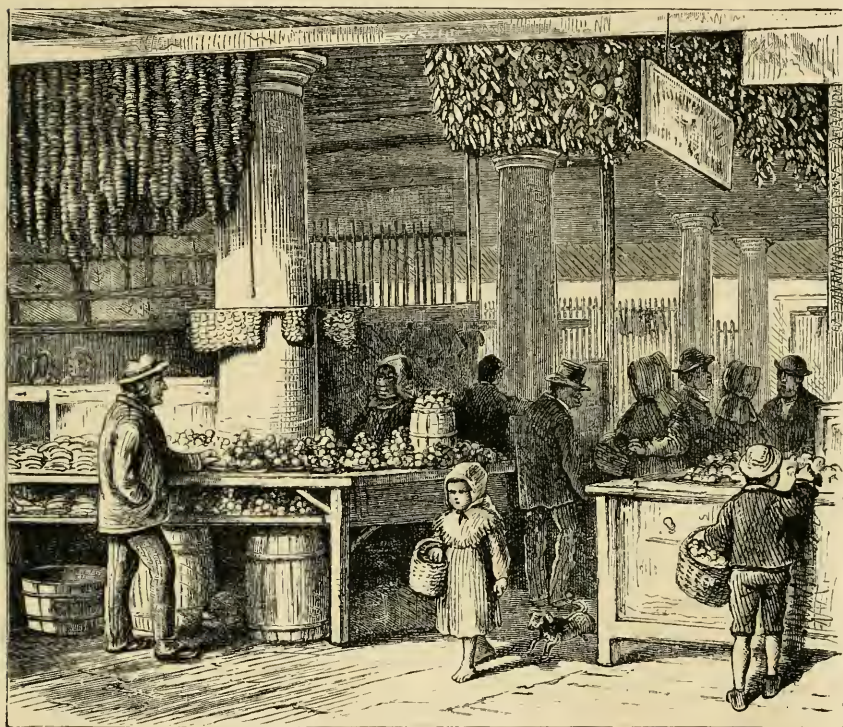
and the Irish, and there is but a very feeble negro element to corrupt the speech of the whites. In New Orleans, although there are many Creole gentlemen who have taken and who continue to take a distinguished part in public affairs, and who speak the two languages with equal purity and fluency, and although most of the store-keepers in the French quarter are as voluble in Anglo-American as they are in French, there are, so they tell me, numbers of high-class Creole families who remain, in language and manners, resolutely and exclusively French, and who bring up their children in persistent ignorance of the Anglo-American tongue. They are all, of course, patriotic American citizens; but there their sympathy with the institutions of the Great Republic ends. The industrial classes, on the other hand, although they live in the French quarter, and speak much more French than they do English, can scarcely help falling into a loose and incorrect way of parlance. They are jostled at every turn by Spaniards, Italians, and Germans, and especially by the coloured people, who gabble a wondrous *salmagundi* of a patois, made up of French, Spanish, and indigenous African, which is known as "Gumbo." Whether "Gumbo"—which is also the generic name, by the way, for a very delicious class of soups—be an abbreviation of *Mumbo Jumbo* is a philological question too nice to be debated in this place. "Gumbo," however—and a most barbarous lingo it is—seems to be very prevalent among the peripatetic vendors, mostly negroes, in the avenues between the market blocks. The regular salesmen in the market itself speak French and English, for all commercial purposes, fluently enough.

The Meat market on the Sunday morning of my visit seemed to me very plentifully stocked; and in the matter of beef the meat looked as of excellent quality. On the whole, I am inclined to think that America beats us in the tenderness and juiciness of what, in her excessive modesty, she terms beef, but which we more bluntly call rump steaks. With us a "beef" steak is not a first-class steak; but under this title the Americans

comprise all "tender-loin," "porter-house," under-cut, and fillet steaks. The Châteaubriand, likewise, emperor and king of steaks, can be obtained at New Orleans in greater perfection than I have found it in any other portion of this continent. With respect to the fish and the game with which the French Market abounds, I am chary of entering into details, since I am ignorant of the names of fully three-fourths of the birds and of the finny creatures which are brought to market. I know that I have eaten blue-fish, trout, "pompanon," red-snapper, sheep's-head, and some congener—a magnificent one—of the Spanish mackerel; but there are at least half a score more fish from the Gulf, of ample size and exquisite flavour, of the appellations of which I have not the slightest inkling.

So is it with the game, the nomenclature of which is, even when acquired, bewildering to the foreigner; and the confusion of the two tongues makes confusion worse confounded. What at the French restaurant is called a "perdreau" looks like a large quail; in fact, the Creole waiter will gravely tell you that the English for "perdreau" is quail; of the bird termed in European French "caille," he does not seem to have any definite knowledge. The New York quail, again, is as large as a good-sized English partridge, with very plump white meat; while the New York partridge is a pheasant. More than once I have been told here that the French for grouse is not *coq de bruyère*, and at length, in despair, I have ceased to strive after accuracy, and have allowed the *garçon* to bring me what he would in the way of game. That is the wisest plan to adopt. The Creole restaurant waiter knows infinitely more about local matters edible than you do. He is generally a very good fellow; and if you leave the selection to him he will bring you that which is in season and most toothsome. Still, for the sake of convenience, it might be desirable for an independent system of nomenclature—say an Indian one—to be applied to game and fish. I would not mind if a duck were called a "catahoula," a pigeon an "oshibi," a pheasant a "caccassar," a partridge a

“tangipahoa,” a quail a “chefunctee,” a snipe a “lanacoco,” a woodcock a “tickfaw,” or a snipe an “atchafalaya.”



THE FRENCH VEGETABLE MARKET.

Of fruit and vegetables there is not such an astonishing profusion as you might expect in this almost perennially sunny land. I mind well that we are only in the first week in February; but it strikes me that the winter yield of fruit and market gardens in Louisiana does not excel—even if it equals—that of the Riviera and the Levant. There are some green peas and strawberries grown in the open, the latter small and somewhat wild-flavoured. I have not seen any asparagus. The oranges are innumerable; and two or three thousand of the delicious fruit must be consumed every day, I should say, at the St. Charles alone. Among the green vegetables spinach takes the

lead. Lettuce and chicory are most conspicuous among the salads. But I have met with no huge cabbages and no prize cauliflowers. Bananas abound, plantain is plentiful enough, so are pine-apples; but the last are brought from the Antilles. You see few of the tropical fruits—shaddocks, mangoes, guavas, and a host more with Spanish names which have slipped my memory—which so tempt you, to your stomachic peril, in the markets of Havana and Vera Cruz. But the old French



A SKETCH IN THE OLD FRENCH MARKET.

market is very great in onions, leeks, and eschalots, and especially in that esculent inestimable in Provençal cookery, and which by a famous English essayist has been unjustly stigmatised as “the rank and guilty garlic.”

That essayist—all honor to his memory, but Homer nodssometimes—had evidently never tasted *saucisse de Lyon* nor *gigot à l’ail*, nor the imperial *bouillabaisse*, the last of which is con-

cocted in New Orleans in a style yielding nothing in the way of excellence to be surpassed at the Restaurant de la Reserve at Marseilles. It was the lot of William Makepeace Thackeray to draw the first inspiration for his “Ballad of Bouillabaisse,” from an eating house in the Rue Neuve des Petits Champs, Paris. There he quaffed the “chambertin with yellow seal”; there he conjured up the smiling and the sorrowful memories of the past,

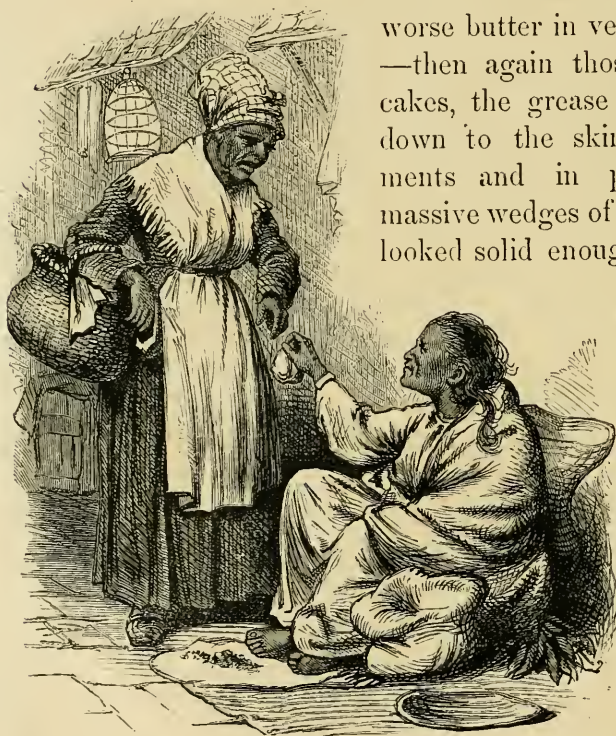
But Fate decreed that Mr. Thackeray should come afterwards to New Orleans; and the Creoles yet proudly assert that the illustrious author of "Vanity Fair" hastened to avow that the *bouillabaisse* which he had eaten at Miguel's restaurant was as good as any on which he had regaled in "the New Street of the Little Fields." And where would *bouillabaisse* be, I should like to know, without your "rank and guilty garlic," quotha?

When you are tired of watching the cooks and *bonnes* of the Creole households making their purchases of meat and game, fruit, and vegetables—not forgetting good store of pot herbs for soup and "okra" for "gumbo"—you will find no more interesting field for contemplation than the Bazaar market, which may be broadly qualified as a kind of Lowther Arcade on a large scale, with the stocks of all the cheap hosiers and haberdashers and fancy good sellers of High-street, Whitechapel, turned loose into it. The goods are indifferently American and French. Whatever has to do with art usually proceeds from Gaul: thus you see plenty of cheap lithographed portraits of the First Napoleon, of the poor Prince Imperial, of the Empress Eugénie, of Notre Dame de Lourdes, of Marshal McMahon, and of the late Pio Nono, Captive of the Vatican. Neither Victor Emmanuel nor Humbert, King of Italy, seems to be popular among the orthodox Creoles.

Finally, when you have explored all the recesses of the Bazaar market, it may occur to you that you have not breakfasted, and that, although you are invited to a French *déjeuner à la fourchette* at eleven a.m., you would like something in the way of a *café au lait* as a *desayuno*. Your wishes in this direction can be swiftly and cheaply gratified. The coffee stalls of the old French Market are celebrated throughout the New World. Many and many a time, in days long since departed and when young men occasionally stayed out all night—the existing generation, I am given to understand, invariably retire to rest after a light supper of cocoa-nibs and a boiled onion at eleven p.m.—have I breakfasted at one of the early coffee-

stalls under the piazzas in Covent-garden market. I mind the coffee now; if it *did* contain an uncertain proportion of chicory and burnt beans, it was very hot and very sweet. It was as wholesome as rum and milk—and more moral. Those prodigiously thick slices of bread and butter, too—never mind if the butter was “Dosset” and the bread made of “seconds”

flour: I have tasted very much worse butter in very palatial hotels—then again those immense hot cakes, the grease from which ran down to the skirts of your garments and in particular those massive wedges of plumcake. They looked solid enough to pave King-street and Henrietta - street withal. And how many of the good fellows who gathered round the early breakfast-stalls under the piazzas, and ran the gauntlet of chaff from the market gardeners, are dead!



SELLING GUMBO.

I remembered the old days, when I halted at a coffee stall in the old French market at New Orleans, and ordered *café au lait*. The phantoms of Peter Cunningham, of Alfred Dickens, of James Hamay, of Robert Brough, of William M'Connell, of Charles Bennett rose around me. But the old familiar faces disappeared amidst a motley crew of sailors and fishermen, negro women with fantastic yellow turbans twisted round their heads

“Dagocs” and longshore men, Creole *ouvriers* and Creole *grisettes*. They gave me deliciously aromatic coffee, dark as “cassareepe,” beautifully crystallised sugar, plenty of hot milk, the purest of bread, the freshest of butter; but the memories of the old Covent-garden piazzas had the best of it at last, and I left my *desayuno* all but untasted.

So I came back through the French quarter, thinking that, market hours being over, New Orleans would subside into the silence and the gloom of an orthodox American Sunday. Not a bit of it. They have ideas of their own as to the observance of the Sabbath on the banks of the Mississippi. The Roman Catholics go to mass; the Anglo-Americans go to church or to meeting; and, after that, all who have a mind for enjoyment proceed to enjoy themselves to the very fullest extent allowed by custom, and, I suppose, warranted by law. *Fay ce que voudras* would appear to be the device acted upon here; and, if you have read your Rabelais aright, you will remember that the Monks of the Abbey of Thelemé, when they took advantage of the permission to do as they pleased, were careful only to do things which were right as well as pleasant. *Fay ce que voudras*. The ethics of a New Orleans Sunday are, just now, foreign to my province. I only know that the Louisianians do, in the matter of Sunday-keeping, that which has been done from time immemorial by the inhabitants of every capital in Europe with the exception of Great Britain and Ireland. All the cafés and liquor bars



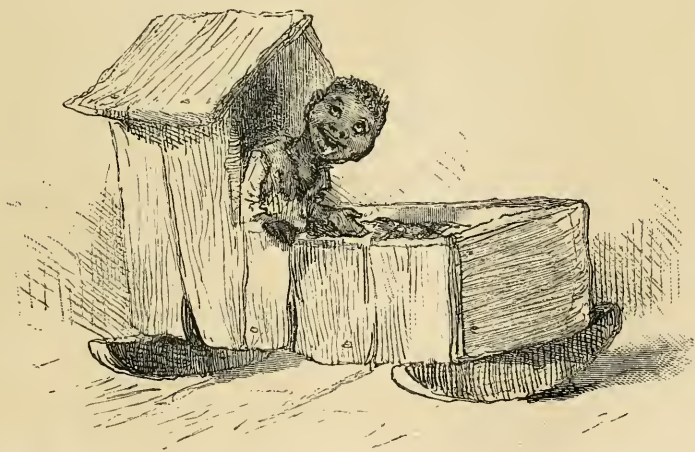
HOT COFFEE IN THE BAZAAR MARKET.

were open throughout the day and evening, precisely as they are in Paris and Brussels; all the beer gardens were open precisely as they are in Vienna and Munich; all the theatres and music-



halls were open precisely as they are in Berlin and Copenhagen—and please to remember that Berlin and Copenhagen are Protestant cities—and, in addition, people played at billiards and ten-pins, and otherwise diverted themselves in

the manner most suited to their own individual inclinations. There was no law, so it appeared to me, to prevent people from going to church; but on the other hand, there was nothing to hamper and shackle, to fetter, gag, and cripple people who did not want to go to church. *Fay ce que voudras*. I did not notice any drunkards staggering about New Orleans on Sunday; nor, on the following morning, did I notice that the *Picayune* or the *Times* or the *Democrat* recorded an abnormal number of shooting or stabbing cases. It strikes me that if a man wants to get drunk or to shoot or to stab his neighbours, he will indulge in these little diversions quite as freely on week days as on Sundays, and that even in the cities where Sunday closing is most rigidly enforced, and the law makes the most stringent provisions to prevent people from amusing themselves, the amusements of Sunday evening will not always bear the reflection of Monday morning. With respect to New Orleans I have merely recorded that which I saw.



“GIV’ US A SMALL COPPER, BOSS.”



A CARNIVAL GROUP.

VI.

THE CARNIVAL BOOMING.

New Orleans, *Feb.* 6.

"DÉCIDÉMENT ça boume. Puisqu'on a boumé à Philadelphie au mois de Décembre, y a-t-il une raison pourquoi nous ne boumassions pas à la Nouvelle Orléans au mois de Février?" Were the verb "boumer" as an equivalent for to "boom," admitted into the vocabulary of "Gumbo" French,* I fancy

* "Gumbo" English, or rather Americanero, is being largely imported into colloquial French. In a recent debate in the French Chambers, M. Andrieux, ex-prefect of police, qualified certain statements, which he declared to be exaggerated, as "des barnums absurdes." Esteemed Phineas T. Barnum, you have much to answer for.

that it might be in such terms as those quoted above that Jean-Marie Chicot, of the Rue Peanut, might address Hippolyte Hardshelloss, of the Carrefour des Jambes-enclavées (Tangled-Legs-place), New Orleans. The thoroughfares mentioned are manifestly as imaginary as the personages and their conversation; but It is booming, nevertheless. What? The Carnival. The Knights of Momus have made their appearance, by torch-light, in the flesh, or rather in armour of plate and armour of chain. I have seen Momus himself on a white horse, stately, magnificent, and strictly anonymous. Who is Momus? Sooner ask who killed the man in the claret-coloured coat, and ate the puppy-pie beneath Marlow bridge. Momus and Mystery are synonymous.

I very much regret to add that the malicious spirit of Alliteration might have suggested, these two or three days past, the association with Momus of another proper name beginning with the letter M. That name is Macintosh. The complaints of those who were going about murmuring that the wearing of chain armour during the Carnival would, owing to the sultriness of the season, be uncomfortable, have been listened to—and with a vengeance—by the Clerk of the Weather. It has been pouring what we in England vulgarly term cats and dogs, but which on the politer shores of the Mississippi might be called racoons and alligators, at intervals, since Sunday last. The temperature is cold and raw; and in the hall of the enormous St. Charles, the loafers, whose name is legion, cluster around the two huge stoves, like small boys round an empty sugar cask, and toast the soles of their boots against the incandescent flue. The ladies come down to breakfast in ermine and sable and silver-fox-lined mantles; and after breakfast they sit in the wilderness-like drawing-room and shiver. I say they shiver, for the reason that in the palatial *salon* in question there is only one fireplace; and round that fire four old ladies—presumably from the State of South Philaouthia—persistently and closely sit, excluding the other ladies from the benefits of the cheerful blaze. We have an English equivalent for the state of

South Philaithia. It is called Takecareofnumberoneshire. So inclement, indeed, has been the weather—it is true that we have had neither frost nor snow—that within the last eight-and-forty hours dark and distant rumours were current that the Knights of Momus would be reluctantly compelled to postpone, if not altogether to abandon, their torch-light procession through the principal thoroughfares of the city; restricting their display to a representation of *tableaux vivants* and a ball at the Grand Opera House.

Happily, these gloomy forebodings were not realised. Meanwhile, all the streets had been much embannered, and many of the houses were richly illuminated with Chinese lanterns and devices in gas and coloured lamps. On Canal-street tiers upon tiers of seats had been erected on those pillared verandahs which in fine weather form such delightful arcades for lounging in front of the stores; and especially handsome accommodation was provided at all the clubs for the friends of members. We were so lucky as to be able to secure a capital view of the entire parade from the window of our own apartment at the St. Charles—a chamber overlooking a side-street between Carondelet-street and St. Charles-street; and down this side thoroughfare the procession debouched on its way to Canal-street, where is situated the Grand Opera House, which was to be the scene of the *tableaux vivants* and the ball.

It was about ten minutes past nine when the Carnival began to boom in the form of a most tremendous clamour of brass bands. Shawm and pipe and psaltery and, loud bassoon, and ophicleides blown louder than ever were trumpets in the New Moon; cymbal and triangles, and especially that very old friend of mine—bless his heart!—the Big Drummer. There he came along in the blazing light of the torches, drubbing away at the parchment as though for dear life. I know that big drummer well and of old. Last night he wore a splendid military uniform, and had on his shoulders epaulettes of red worsted, as bright and big as prize tomatoes; but I was aware of him many years

ago, when he wore a leopard skin mantle, and a brazen Roman helmet, with a white plume as portentous as the *panache blanc*



of Henry of Navarre. Then he was the attendant to Mengin, the lead pencil man. I was aware of him at the Feria at Seville, when

he was in the service of a travelling dentist, and when he always administered a thundering whack to the drum simultaneously with the extraction by his patron of a patient's double tooth. The whack drowned the patient's yell of agony. I have known him in the ranks of the British Volunteers; I have met him at Foresters' and Odd Fellows' *fêtes*; he is associated in my juvenile reminiscences with Wombwell's menagerie, Richardson's show, and the Crown and Anchor booth at Greenwich Fair; and only last year I renewed my acquaintance with this *tambour des tambours* at the *Foire au Pain d'Épice*, in Paris.

Ah, you democratic Republics! You are all very grand and fine with your universal suffrage, your equal rights, your contempt of old-world rank and dignity, and the rest of it; but you can't get on without the big drum. That and the blazing away of gunpowder in the form of salutes are the first clause in the Universal Magna Charta. They are an everlasting Act of Parliament, secularly speaking, that cannot be revoked. The naked African savage bangs his tom-tom and fires off his Birmingham "trade" musket to show how glad he is. Can we do much more, save in degree of noise and splendour, when Cæsar is to be acclaimed or a Carnival ushered in? Yonder drummer with the tomato epaulettes is but cousin-german to him whom I saw the other day making all Broad-street, Philadelphia, resound to his reverberations. Then he was drubbing in the interests of the Third Term; and now he drubs in the cause of Mirth and Tomfoolery. To-day, in front of a balloting booth. To-morrow, in front of a Punch's show. But always the same drum, meaning neither more nor less than it always does: a self-assertive and congratulatory Noise. For my part, I think Punch much more entertaining and much more instructive than politics.

I had never before seen a torchlight procession on the American continent, and had pictured to myself that illumination would be afforded by ruddily glowing brands of pitch-pine, or by those glaring links of old junk plentifully smeared with tar which

the "running footmen" of the English aristocracy used to carry when their lords and ladies went out to nocturnal revelries—you may still see the link-extinguishers garnishing the railings which flank the hall doors in some old streets and squares in London—and which continue to make a fitful appearance, through some magic of which only street-boys and "odd-men" eager to earn a few pence have the secret, on foggy days and nights in the British metropolis. The Americans have vastly improved on these primitive *flambeaux*. Their so-called torches are capacious arrangements of *lampions*, set in rows, and carried on tall poles, fed, I should say, by petroleum, or some other preparation of naphtha, and the illuminating power of which is increased by immense reflectors, resembling in form so many "Original Little Dustpans" set on end. The result is that a light as broad as daylight is shed on the procession itself, while the great height at which the torches are carried pleasantly illumines the faces of the spectators in the balconies, and at the same time casts into the darkest and discreetest of shade the torch-bearers and the animals which draw the pageant-covered platforms.

The former were, last night, I opine, chiefly negroes, whose costume would not have borne the strictest scrutiny. The latter were strong but humble mules, uncapparisoned save with the simplest harness. So is it—to paraphrase Douglas Jerrold's *mot* about Crockford's gaming-house in St. James's-street—with that remarkably stately bird, the swan. You admire its loftily-arched neck, its white and glossy plumage; but you don't see the black legs which are propelling it through the water. Better perhaps, as a rule, not to peer about too inquisitively for the *dessous des choses*. The philosopher who was always seeking after Truth found her at last, at the bottom of a well. But he tumbled into the well and was drowned. So I riveted my gaze alternately at the moving platforms—cotton wains or brewers' drays their substructures may have been in the daytime—and on the fair faces of the ladies at windows opposite.

The senior and junior pupils at Miss Frump's Seminary for Young Ladies, Clapham-Rise, could not have been in rarer ecstasies at the sight of the calvacade to the Derby than the belles of New Orleans at the sight of Momus and his Knights. Poor Augustus Mayhew used to say that the most delightful sound in the world was that of the laughter of women. How merrily did the Dianas of the Crescent City laugh last night—how they clapped their dainty palms and waved their pretty Parisian fans and their diaphanous cambric *mouchoirs*—duty five-and-thirty per cent. on imported goods—in response to the courteous salutations of Momus, splendidly mounted, carefully but not grotesquely masked! What was he like? Well, imagine Edward the Black Prince entering London after Crecy—stay, the Prince's captive, King John of France, was better mounted than the victor—imagine, rather, Harry the Fifth landing at Dover after Agincourt; amalgamate with Charles V. riding into Antwerp; add a touch of the Chevalier Bayard, the Admirable Crichton, Sir Bevis of Southampton, Guy Earl of Warwick, Henry Irving in Othello, and Masaniello at the close of the Market Scene, and you may form a faint—a very faint idea of Momus in all his glory. And to think that, next Tuesday, New Orleans will see a King of the Carnival even more glorious than he! To think that, on Mardi Gras, Rex is coming!

I may be excused for indulging in rather a confused *galimatias* of historical comparisons; for, to tell truth, last night's torchlight procession was, historically and allegorically, "a little mixed." In past years the parades of Momus and his Knights have successfully illustrated the Crusaders, the Coming Races of Mankind, Louisiana and her Seasons, the Dream of Hades, and the Panorama of the Divinities of Fairy-land. For the Carnival of 1880 a Tennysonian chord had been stricken, and the pageant symbolised a Dream of Fair Women. What do you think of Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, with Ninus, and Madame Alboni—I mean Arsace—and a whole host of subjugated Medes and Persians, Libyans, and Ethiopians, "joggulating and woggu-

lating" on a peripatetic platform, on which the art of scene-painting had exhausted itself in building up simulacra of temples, palaces, bridges, and hanging gardens? What do you think of Dido, Queen of Carthage, on another car, not sitting at her palace gate, as the profane jester in "Bombastes Furioso" has it, "darning a hole in her stocking, oh," but preparing in superb serenity to immolate herself on a funeral pyre in consequence of the conduct of the perfidious Æneas, who had eloped to Dakota with a female cashier from a Variety Saloon in the Bowery, New York? What do you think of Dalilah cutting off the shaggy locks of Samson at a moment when he was overcome by excessive cocktails, and delivering him over to be clubbed by Captain Williams of the New York police, and other Philistines? What do you say to Sappho enthroned in a Grecian chariot of burnished gold, drawn by fiery steeds of basket-work, and canvas well whitewashed? What do you think of that conceited Phaon, most supercilious of Hellenic "mashers" ogling the unhappy Lesbian poetess, whose too sensitive heart he had won at a Connecticut church oyster stew?

But hither comes Aspasia in a car all to herself, surrounded by the most eminent men in ancient Athens—congressmen, presidents of banks, collectors of ports, Pirates of Penzance, city editors, popular preachers, Brooklyn tabernaclers and presbyters—hotel landlords, Chicago pork-packers, Nebraska cattle kings, discoverers of electric lights, and prominent members of the New Orleans Cotton Exchange. Behold her alternating the performance of the newly fashionable "heel-and-toe" dance with the assistance of Pericles in the administration of public affairs. But room for Judith cutting off the head of Holofernes as ruthlessly as though he were a Government official at the beginning of a new Presidential term. The noble Cornelia follows—Cornelia, who preferred her children to all Mr. Tiffany's stock-in-trade. Behold Cleopatra, in the most gorgeous of gorgeous galleys, with her waiting-women like the Nereids, and Mark Antony lying, in a hopeless condition of "mash"—the "masher" is the

superlative of a "spoon," and one of his most graceful attributes is to pour the maple-syrup over the buckwheat cakes which Beauty eats at breakfast—at the feet of the "Serpent of Old Nile." Stay, surely a serpent cannot, any more than a pickled eel, have feet. But let that pass. It is Carnival time. Behold Fair Rosamond in her Woodstock bower, with the infuriated Eleanor, holding a skein of Berlin wool in one hand, and in the other a bowl containing equal portions of nux vomica, Schenck's Mandrake pills, prussic acid, ipecacuanha, "Moonshiners" whiskey, and the Rising Sun Stove Polish. Behold Joan of Arc in a full suit of armour, mounted on a prancing steed, to which the charger of General Jackson, on the *ci-devant* Place d'Armes, is very "small potatoes" indeed. Alas! here is Mary Queen of Scots, dressed in raven black (duty on imported textile fabrics forty-five per cent) and escorted by gloomy guards, descending the staircase of Fotheringay Castle on her way to execution. Observe the wicked Earl of Shrewsbury, the brutal Earl of Kent, and the bigoted Dean of Peterborough. Observe the Hon. Lewis Wingfield as he appeared in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Strange to see this old-time scene revived in far-off Louisiana! Only last summer, in a museum at Tunbridge-wells, I was looking at a glass case containing, all faded and tarnished, the veritable peer's robes worn by a Lord Abergavenny at the trial of Mary Queen of Scots. Little did I think then that the next time I was to be reminded of the sad tragedy at Fotheringay should be on the verge of the gulf of Mexico. *Sait-on où l'on va?* Where shall I be three weeks hence, I wonder? But here is Maria Theresa of Austria "orating" to the Hungarian Diet, with her babe in her arms; while the loyal and chivalrous Magyars draw their swords and shout "Moriatur pro Rege nostro." There is another car with the Empress Josephine, crowned and sceptred, and sitting on a throne, before which descends a veil of filmy gauze not unlike what in this section of the country is called a "mosquito bar." Josephine was a Creole Empress. There is a street named after her here; and her

sweet memory is yet revered. But I must apologise to Zenobia, Empress of Palmyra, who, on a prodigious elephant, preceded Fair Rosamond, and whom I have as yet cruelly left out in the cold; and it strikes me also that the procession included a tableau of Queen Elizabeth and her Court, with Shakespeare reading "The Two Gentlemen of Verona," to the edification of Messrs. Robson and Crane, the delight of Lord Bacon, and the envy of Ben Jonson.

I did not avail myself of the courteous invitations which Momus had sent me for his *tableaux* and his ball at the Opera House. I have had some difficulty in convincing kind friends, not only in New Orleans, but in other American cities, that a ball is a ball all the world over; that my dancing days have long since been over; and that I did not come to this country to look upon ladies and gentlemen arrayed in the ordinary toilettes and the ordinary jewellery of an advanced state of civilisation, and otherwise comporting themselves as they would in ball-rooms in Belgrave Square, in the Faubourg St. Germain, on the English Quay at St. Petersburg, or in the Ring Strasse at Vienna, but to observe the aspect of strange places and the manners of strange people. The *al fresco* aspect of Momus and his rich and tastily apparelled cavalcade was quite enough for me; and I went to bed with the comfortable consciousness of having acquired a new experience and the cheerful hope of gaining another one on Mardi Gras. Meanwhile, at the St. Charles Hotel, the cry, in the matter of visitors, is "Still they come." The house is more than full; and every arriving train brings fresh applicants—and applicants in vain—for rooms. Respectable old gentlemen are wandering about, portmanteau in hand, in sorrowful quest of beds, and their spouses and daughters look disconsolate, even as the Wangdoodlum Mourning for her First-born.



THE CARNIVAL PROCESSION PASSING THE STATUE OF HENRY CLAY.

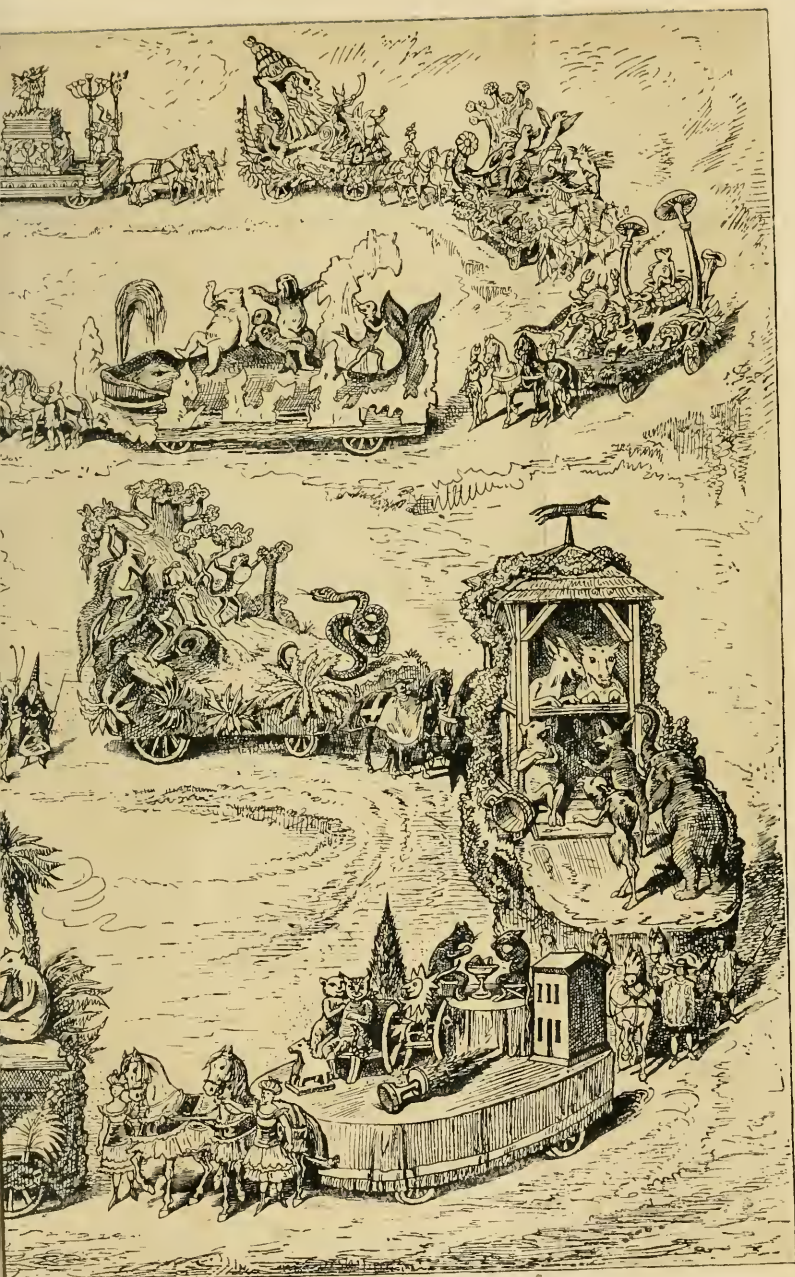
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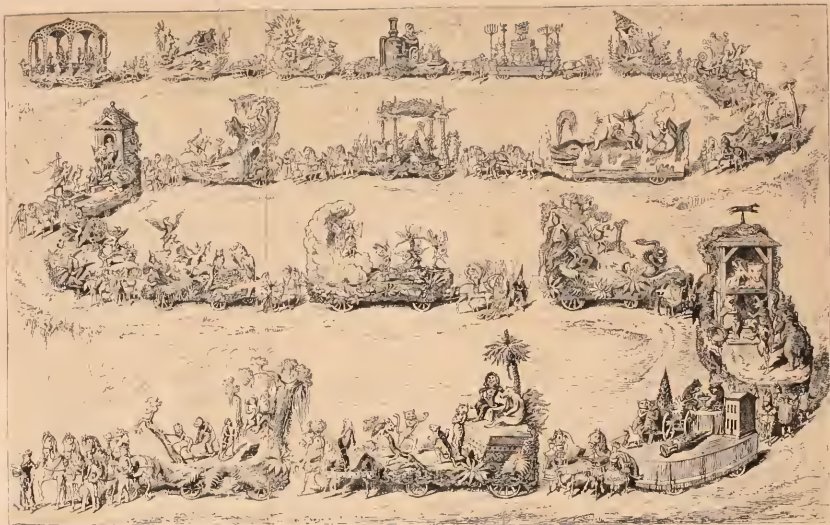
THE CARNIVAL BOOMS.

New Orleans, Ash Wednesday.

It is all over. Momus and his Knights have strutted and fretted their hour on the stage, and will not be seen any more until next Shrovetide. Comus and his Mistick Krewes have laid down their fantastic habits, and reverted to their normal states and conditions of life as cotton-brokers or bank-cashiers; the

thieves
petro-
have





PART OF THE NEW ORLEANS CARNAVAL PROCESSION.

“Phorthy Phunny Fellows” are as defunct as those Forty Thieves upon whom Morgiana so cleverly got up a “corner” in petroleum; the German Liedertafel and Karnival-Verein, who have



been permitted to co-operate with the haughty compeers of Mobile, are all "goned afay mid de lager-beer—afay in *die ewigkeit*;" and Rex himself, King of Tomfools and Lord of Misrule, has, after a brief but glorious reign, been peacefully dethroned, or has as peacefully abdicated, and is reposing his discrowned head on some well-earned pillow. The Carnival of New Orleans has boomed, and is no more. This is Ash Wednesday; there are to be no more cakes and ale, and ginger is not to be hot i' the mouth until Easter Day; the dour *régime* of salt fish and pickled eggs has set in; and devout Catholics will wear nought but sad-coloured garments: nor will they marry nor be given in marriage, for forty days. A perceptible despondency affects those who were yesterday among the merriest revellers. Not only Ash Wednesday, but likewise *le quart d'heure de Rabelais* has come. Yon Paterfamilias, with the grey "goatee" and the double eye-glasses, has come all the way from Chicago to see the Carnival. With him came a commanding spouse and three sylph-like daughters, to say nothing of a niece from Cincinnati and two female cousins from Buffalo. A very thoughtful Paterfamilias he looks, this morning. I apprehend that his board-bill at the St. Charles Hotel for self and family will "foot up" to something considerable.

The hotel itself, which, when I arrived here, twenty days since, was a very comfortable and almost sleepily quiet place, has during the last four or five days been a chaos, and almost a pandemonium. The Roaring Bulls of Bashan have taken possession of the vast marble rotunda; Stentor has it all his own way in the dining-hall as he bellows for more chicken gumbo; and the shrieks of the *ululantes*, in the shape of small children deliriously racing about the corridors, and affectionately "chivied" by coloured nurses, deafen the ears and distract the mind of him who is childless and loves peace. Such a one may love children, too, in their proper places; but close and frequent acquaintance with small juveniles in an American hotel is apt to induce the conviction that, all things considered, you would like the American child best in a pie. The rules of the hotel expressly prohibit

the conversion of the corridors into playgrounds for the children; but where else are the poor little creatures to go? Why do not their parents leave them at home? you may ask. It is just possible that their papas and mammas have themselves no homes beyond the enormous caravanserais in which married couples, in this country, often abide by the half-dozen years together. Moreover, it is, or rather it has been, Carnival time, and we must take the rough with the smooth.

I am myself a tolerably neat hand at grumbling, and there are several first-class hotels in mine own country and on the continent of Europe, in which I might hesitate to accept hospitality owing to a nervous remembrance of the verbal passages of arms which, in days gone by, I have had with landlords and head waiters; but during the ten weeks and odd which I have passed on this continent I have systematically endeavoured to conceal my natural soreheadedness, to look at the bright side of things, and to bear all the petty discomforts of travelling with a patient shrug. For example, the water which they give you here for washing purposes is of the colour, and nearly of the consistency, of pea-soup. That is the kind of tap which the magnificent Mississippi provides for you. Where is the use of grumbling about the water? Console yourself, rather, with the remembrance that from the Mananares at Madrid scarcely any water is procurable at all; and that the Mississippi is a river highly impregnated with alluvial matter, which fertilises the regions through which the Father of Waters passes. Perhaps after a long course of bathing in liquid mud you will find your skin pleasantly fertilised. I know that the pea-soup water has turned the linen fronts of all my shirts to a deep yellow. Well,



it is better to wear yellow shirts than to have the yellow fever. Why, again, should I complain because from day to day I have found it more and more difficult to obtain anything like an eatable dinner in an hotel where the charge for board is four dollars a day; so that, in despairing hunger, I have been fain to dine outside at Moreau's, in Canal-street? *

There have been many more guests in the hotel who have been worse off than I; and they have borne their sufferings with angelic patience. *The Americans, so far as social grievances are concerned, are the most patient people in the world.* They "put up with" or endure nuisances and extortions of which we should furiously demand the immediate abrogation; when they grumble in print it is humorously and not viciously as we do; and—good gracious! what is that fearful noise overhead? The violent and continuous concussion of heavy bodies is followed by what seems to be the oversetting of furniture and the smashing of glass and crockery ware. What *can* the disturbance mean? Has anybody gone raving mad? Did anybody come home very late from one of the Mardi Gras balls, and is he now, after swallowing the contents of many bottles of Congress-water and a course of cunningly concocted cocktails, making laborious attempts to rise? But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more—nearer, clearer, deadlier than before. It can scarcely be the opening roar of cannon. Can it be somebody whom the long-pent injuries of years has suddenly rendered frantic, and who has "gone" for his mother-in-law.

Who shall say? The American is, in his domestic relations, ordinarily the most placable and longest-suffering of mankind. But there is a point at which the trampled worm will turn, and the overburdened llama kick. At all times, indeed, you may gather from printed and graphic sources evidence of the latent

* A capital restaurant in every respect. Good to dine at: better to breakfast at. Fish and game abundant and delicious. A chateaubriand equal to anything of the kind at Delmonico's or the Hotel Brunswick, N.Y. The claret sound and comparatively cheap. A dinner for two persons, including a pint of excellent dry champagne, should not cost more than five dollars or one pound sterling. There is another admirable little French restaurant kept by a plump Creole lady in the Rue des Pélerines, down by the old French market.

vindictiveness with which the Americans regard the mammas of their spouses. The sweet and self-sacrificing matron, who in England is universally held in such passionate love and such deep veneration, is, on this side of the Atlantic, made the subject of the wickedest satire and the cruellest of aspersions. Josh Billings has not spared her, nor Mark Twain held his hand from girding at her. She is giped at in the "all sorts" and "brevities" items in innumerable newspapers; she is the butt of all the comic illustrated journals; she is the most conspicuous in the monstrous valentines which during the month of February make the stalls of the newsvendors hideous. Obviously there are valentines and valentines in the States; and the little maiden below, who, furtively watched by her schoolfellows, is posting her "First Valentine," has probably purchased the very prettiest one that her pocket-money enabled her to acquire. The other day I



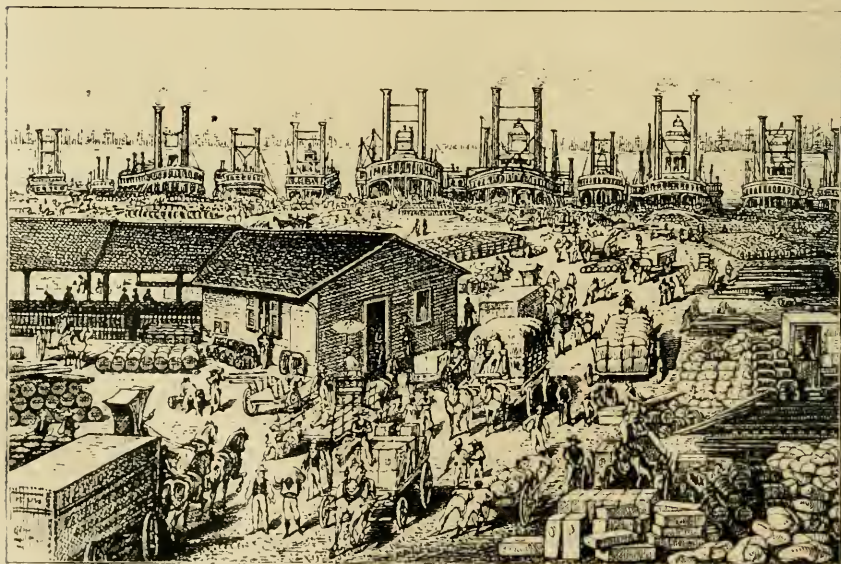
POSTING HER FIRST VALENTINE.

overheard this snatch of ribald minstrelsy from a small boy in Carondelet-street, who was cracking pea-nuts as he walked :—

Give me a hatchet, or lend me a saw,
And I'll cut off the leg of my mother-in-law.

My blood ran cold as I listened to the horrible aspiration. Thank the propieties, in England, we never fail to love—O don't we fondly love?—our mothers-in-law.

This is not a digression ; for during the Carnival there must have been at least a hundred *belles-mères* with their daughters and their sons-in-law in this hotel alone. Please to remember that the St. Charles, albeit it is the largest and the handsomest, is not the only big caravanseraï in New Orleans. There are the St. James, the City, the Perry, and a host of smaller houses. Here we have been lodging, they tell me, something like seven hundred guests ; and six hundred more have been turned away by the reluctant and urbane proprietors, for lack of space. New Orleans abounds in furnished lodgings ; and these, also,



have been crammed to suffocation. Some of the gigantic Mississippi steamboats moored at the Levée have been turned into impromptu hotels, and hosts of otherwise homeless wanderers have invaded their state-rooms. The resources of private hospitality have been strained to their utmost; and it is computed that in the aggregate the Crescent City has harboured within her gates full forty thousand strangers. Their mission has been simply that which led the party of dethroned kings described by Voltaire in "Candide" to come to Venice. They wanted to see the Carnival; but, unlike the dilapidated royalties in the wittiest, wickedest tale that ever was written, the visitors to the Carnival of New Orleans had plenty of money wherewith to pay for their suppers, and their dinners, breakfasts, and luncheons to boot. They came provided with stupendous Saratoga trunks—as big as the coffers which the Spaniards term *mundos*, worlds—full to bursting with radiant toilettes. They came down to breakfast arrayed in diamond earrings, and in bracelets glowing with barbaric pearl and gold. Why did I not bring some imitation brilliants from the Rue de la Paix, or some electro from the Burlington Arcade, with me? It is so hard to tell the difference between the real and the sham. They came from Mobile and Pensacola, from Biloxi and Tallahassee, from Jacksonville and Palatka, from Charleston and Savannah, from far-off Chicago and New York—ay, and from San Francisco and Denver City—with the sole object of seeing the Carnival. And, having seen it, I hope that they are satisfied. I know that I am.

Paris, Brussels, Cologne, Milan, Venice, Rome, Turin, Nice, are all very well in their way; but in the New Orleans saturnalia there has been to me a thoroughly new, original, and weirdly picturesque element which I have never seen before, and which, in all human likelihood, I shall never see again. When I say that the picturesqueness had a "weird" aspect, I am writing deliberately. The aspect which I mean was lent to the show by the conspicuous part which the negro population took in it. With

what infinite delight when we were boys did we not read of the masquerading junketings at Christmastide of the negroes in the West Indies, as described by Captain Marryat and the author of "Tom Cringle's Log"! Those were the saturnalia of slaves; and emancipation has brought to the coloured people of the South, under ordinary circumstances, a noticeable aspect of gloom and sadness. Where they were formerly jocund they are now often morose. In fact, they are slowly awakening to a sense



of individual responsibility. They have to solve that terrible problem, "How shall I provide for myself?" And many of them have given up the conundrum in sheer despair, and "loaf around," staring at things in general as though they were guests at the great table of Nature, for whom a knife and fork and plate and a beautifully folded napkin had been provided—but nothing else.

Still during the Carnival they have brightened up wonderfully. The festival has meant a plenitude of employment and an abundance of dollars for the coloured race. The hackney carriage drivers of New Orleans are nearly all—and I know not why—white people, but the negroes have been the chief torch-bearers in the nocturnal processions; and it is they who, clothed in *bizarre* gaberdines of glazed calico of many hues, have led the interminable trains of mules which dragged

the "floats" or wains on which the glittering pageants were displayed. In addition to the material services which the dark-skinned folks have rendered to Momus and his Knights, to the Phorty Phunny Fellows, to Comus and his Mistick Krewe and to the mighty Rex himself, the negroes have gone extensively into masquerading on their own private account. They have been capering about the streets arrayed in the most absurd dresses, and cutting the most ridiculous capers. Within the forty-eight hours I have met hundreds of Uncle Toms and Uncle Neds, Cuffees, Sambos, and Obis or Three-fingered Jacks, astounding in the ingenious ugliness of their travesties. Walking caricatures of the late Emperor Soulouque pervaded Canal-street; and it would scarcely have surprised me had I met the ghosts of Toussaint l'Ouverture, Dessalines, and Salnave in that eminent rendezvous of apparitions, Jackson-square. Be good enough to remember that Hayti is only "round the corner."

All the more picturesque and more fantastic, because unconsciously so, were the negresses, who had assumed their Sunday best in honour of the Carnival. The poor things revel in the possession of a little bit of finery, even at the worst of times; and the rags, which in the case of the male blacks are unredeemed by the presence of one single vestige of taste or tidiness, are, with the women, frequently relieved by some scrap of vivid colour or some device in arrangement suggesting the artistic instinct. The wretchedest old flower-women who crouch on the doorsteps in the streets attract the attention of the European traveller by the Oriental-like turbans of gaudy hues which are twisted round their grizzled heads, or by the skilful draping of a shawl—all in tatters as it may be—of some stuff of a tartan of which the pattern is wholly unknown among the Highland clans, and which is probably the product of no Scottish loom. But it was not in turbans and plaid shawls that the coloured ladies of New Orleans commanded notice and extorted admiration during the Carnival. They appeared in the height of

the fashion, as expounded by *Le Follet*, the *Gazette des Modes*, and *Myra's Journal*—but read generally, as witches' prayers are said to be, backwards. "Magnolious" and "spanglorious" are, perhaps, the most suitable epithets which hyberpole can supply to



A COLOURED LADY OF NEW ORLEANS.

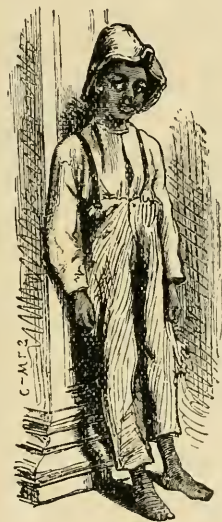
convey a notion of these astonishingly *outré* rigs-out. The much-bustled crinoline of twenty years ago was now and then employed to distend the "princess" robe of to-day, and the result was a liberal display of white cotton stocking. In some cases the hose had been "pinked," like unto the hose of an impecunious ballet-girl; and these, with a pair of white taffety boots, with high heels, produced a very "pleasing" effect. Laced petticoats, sometimes decorated with a fringe of quack advertisement bills, which during the whole of the Carnival were sown broadcast on

the pavement, were much noticed; and sunshades of pink, yellow, and sky-blue alpaca were much in demand. As a rule, the toilet of the coloured ladies did not run so far as gloves; but they "took it out," as the saying is, in pocket-handkerchiefs edged with cheap lace and in enormous reticules. And, dear me, what a perfume of patchouli there was on the side-walk!

So the streets of the Crescent City were all as fine as fivepence on the morning of Monday the 9th. I took care, in sorrowful remembrance of my mischances at Philadelphia on the occasion of the Great Grant Boom, and in view of the constantly-increasing crowds gathered in Canal-street, to be back at the St. Charles by one o'clock p.m.; for at two Rex and his military escort were expected to arrive at the hotel, which during the continuance of the Carnival his Majesty grandiloquently terms his "Royal Palace of San Carlos." Whenever the Americans make up their minds to play the fool they play it earnestly and in the most thoroughly business-like manner. There is no shame-facedness,

no disposition for carping and satirical disparagement, as there is with us on our rare occasions of pageantry. Such *mauvaise honte* and such a disposition to gibe have killed May Day games in England. If it occurred to the Americans to revive on their continent the Merry-Andrewisms of Jack-in-the-Green, My Lord and My Lady, they would make the sweeps' holiday a "big thing," and carry it through triumphantly, beginning with big drums and finishing with fireworks.

The first essential in the successful conduct of the Southern Carnival is an entire and unswerving belief in the personality and supremacy of Rex. Crowds have been gathering, evening



ONE OF THE SPECTATORS.

after evening, before the window of a jewellery store in Canal-street, in which Rex's "Crown jewels"—his diadem, his sceptre, his orb, and his ring—have been displayed. A leading hardwareman gravely advertises that he has been appointed to construct a fireproof safe for the custody of the Royal jewels. "Bathurst, Lord High Chamberlain," and "Warwick, Earl Marshal of the Empire," have continued to countersign regal edicts which are not only implicitly believed in, but as implicitly obeyed. These relate to the decoration of the city and of the ships and steamers in harbour, and to general measures of police. The committee list of the Royal Ball at Exposition Palace comprises a list of Peers, the enumeration of whom does not provoke merriment. It has been read with dignified earnestness and with justifiable pride. I find in the Louisianian Debrett such titles as E. F. Del Bondio, Duke of Mayence; Bradish Johnson, Duke of Woodland; J. A. Day, Duke of Wamphassock; Charles T. Howard, Duke of Biloxi; Wm. Hartwell, Duke of Tchoupitoulas; Jacob Hassinger, Duke of the Palatinate; and Adolf Mayer, Duke of Concordia. Prominent business men, merchants, bankers, sugar and cotton planters, are content for the nonce to assume burlesque titles, and to play the fool for a few brief hours, as sedately and composedly as our grave judges and serjeants-at-law used to do on "gaudy days" in the Inns of Court. Imagine the Lords Justices of Appeal, the Masters in Chancery, and the leaders of the different circuits dancing round a seacoal fire in the middle of the Inner Temple Hall in the year of grace 1880! Yet they were not bad lawyers:—those who so danced in the days of Good Queen Bess and Bad King Charles.

We had plenty of invitations to houses on the line of Rex's march to his Royal Palace of San Carlos; but we proposed to remain within the walls of the palace itself, and in an apartment on the first floor thereof, the window of which was directly over the ladies' entrance to the hotel. This entrance as I have before remarked is in a side street, and we were

thus enabled to watch the procession turning down St. Charles-street, and halting before the ladies' portal in question, where Rex and his courtiers were to alight for the purpose of holding a reception in the grand drawing-room of the hotel. The pageant was really a very handsome and imposing one. Rex's Lord High Chamberlain might perhaps have spared us a most tremendous out-screech of all the steam-whistles from the shipping along the entire river front. This appalling yell was understood to be of the nature of a *fanfare*, announcing the landing of his Majesty from his flagship at the bottom of Canal-street; and, combined with the thundering of the cannon, had rather an overpowering effect. The procession included a detachment of the Thirteenth Infantry; the Louisiana State Cadets—a body of very well-looking youths, in tasteful grey uniforms; the German regiment of militia, in red plumed helmets; the Louisiana and Washington Field Artillery; and lastly Rex himself in an open carriage drawn by six horses, and surrounded by a strong guard mounted and on foot. The cavaliers were in varied Carnival costume, very rich in material and glittering in embroidery; while the infantry escort, in their three-cornered cocked-hats, tie wigs, yellow breeches, and high gaiters, might have been General O'Reilly's Spanish body-guard come to life again. Half a score more carriages filled with splendidly attired masquers followed Rex's barouche; and then came a huge wagon, heaped high with iron-bound coffers, labelled "The Royal Treasure." A detachment of the New Orleans Artillery, remarkably stalwart and well-set-up citizen soldiers, brought up the rear; and I need hardly say that the entire *cortège* was at intervals sumptuously seasoned with brass bands. Hans Sachs, Fritz Pfeiffer, and Diedrich Trommel must have had, I should say, good times during the Carnival; but the wonder to me is that they have not blown their lungs out or drummed themselves deaf.

I was gravely informed that, prior to his arrival at the Palace of San Carlos, the King of the Carnival had waited on the Mayor

and the Administrators at the City Hall, and that his Honour, J. W. Patton, had addressed Rex in a set speech, presented him with the keys of the city on a velvet cushion, and subsequently regaled the monarch and his courtiers with chicken sandwiches and champagne in the Mayor's parlour, which was crowded with ladies. Even more thronged was the ladies' drawing-room at the St. Charles', where Rex was supposed to hold a reception of those whose social rank entitled them to presentation at Court. It amounted substantially however to nothing more than a crush, approaching the suffocating stage in its density. One was carried hither and thither by the serried mass of ladies and gentlemen anxious to pay their obeisances to the sovereign of the hour; and if I chanced to tread on the toes of the Duke of Tchoupitoulas, or to damage the plumed helm of the Marquis of Dagdemona, I very humbly apologise for my inadvertent discourtesy.

But far grander doings were those of Mardi Gras. Once more was my point of espial the window overlooking the ladies' entrance in the side street. Thence, about three in the afternoon, did I witness the passage of Rex's grand pageant, which was headed by a calvacade clad in Assyrian costumes. Rex appeared in glittering armour and in regal robes, as "Shalmaneser," King of Assyria, in a chariot drawn by ten fiery steeds, escorted by the Kings of Hamuth and the Hittites, and attended by his chief priests, astrologers, scribes, eunuchs, and musicians. Then came the four-legged King of the Carnival—the Bœuf Gras, a magnificent animal, milk-white, and weighing four thousand pounds avoirdupois, attended by a posse of Assyrian butchers, and so bedizened with decorative trappings as to recall Mr. Tennyson's "curled and oiled" Assyrian bull. I was glad to see that the poor beast was not compelled to walk. As it was, he must have suffered quite enough discomfort on the sledge in which he was slowly dragged along. Has he been converted into beef, I wonder, by this time, that corpulent Bœuf Gras? He was so tall, so stout, so dignified in mien, that he

might have been one of the stately creatures that Pierre Dupont sang of:

“J’ai deux grands bœufs dans mon étable,
Deux beaux bœufs blancs tachés de roux ;
Le timon est en bois d’érable,
L’aiguillon en branche de houx.”

Stay ; the Bœuf Gras of the New Orleans Carnival was not “tâché de roux,” it was immaculate.

Rex’s Show followed on a number of “floats,” or trucks drawn by mules, and was supposed to symbolise the four elements—earth, air, fire, and water. It was “a little mixed,” and the mind got rather confused after gazing for a few minutes on a seemingly interminable catenation of baboons and ourang outangs, bantams and Cochín-Chinas, crocodiles, horned frogs and frilled lizards, hooded owls, peacocks, flamingoes, emblems of gas, petroleum and dynamite, priests of Zoroaster. Thunder with a helmet and mace, locomotives with negro stokers, chariots of the sun, and Negative and Positive Electricity, “represented by two lovely females.” Sheet Lightning likewise appeared in pink tights and a corset of tinfoil, and “lovely females,” possibly not unknown to the *corps de ballet* of the Bijou Theatre, New Orleans, sustained, with the most brilliant *éclat*, the difficult characters of the red-fish, the big-eyed flying-fish, the star-fish, the sapphire, the gurnard, the shark, the gem-pimple, the bonita, the purple-heart, the sea-urchin, the rosy feather-star, the opelet and the angel-fish.

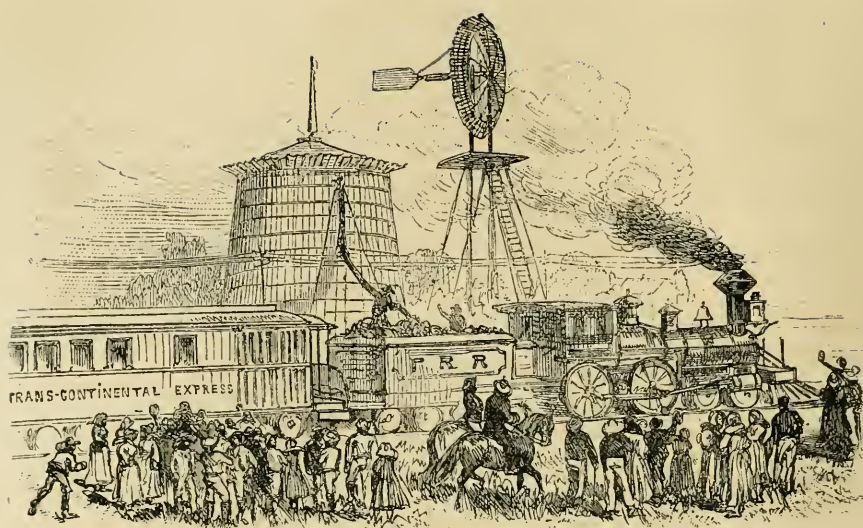
On the whole, the show was a very creditable one, presenting some remarkably able displays of scene painting and scenic construction. The German Karnival-Verein had also come to the front to swell the attractions of Rex’s pageant, and were prompt in making a display of the ponderous humour of their country. The yet unanswered query of the Père Bonhours—whether it be possible for a German to possess wit—was once more propounded to the studious mind as a car swept by, containing the “European orchestra” from a Teutonic point of view—Prince Bismarck of

course leading, Russia playing second fiddle, France jingling the triangles, and Lord Beaconsfield humbly piping on a "toot-horn." "Vive nous autres! A bas les autres!" In a German van should not the German "musikant" have the mastery? If the carriage had been a Welsh one, would not Sir Watkin Williams Wynn have been justly predominant?

I confess that of all the shows of this exceptionally brilliant Carnival, the one which pleased me most was the torch-light procession of the Mistick Krewe of Comus. On the different "floats" drawn by mules most effectively draped from head to foot in some dark crimson stuff, figured various splendidly-attired groups, embodying the Romance of Ancient Mexican History; Aztec sacrifices to Qualitzoawal and Huitchlipotchli; an Aztec marriage; the gathering of *agave* and the making of *pulque*; the voyages and battles of Hernan Cortes, "El Conquistador;" the foundation of Villa Rica de Vera Cruz; the preaching of Alvarado; the martyrdom of Montezuma; and the doleful episode of the Noche Triste—these were some of the scenes depicted with real dramatic force on the moving cars. On the last "float" was represented the great Plaza of Mexico, with the Portal and the Cathedral and the Palace that Cortes built. And to think that the real Mexico is at the very door, so to speak! A few hours would take me to Galveston; a few more to the whilom Mexican town of San Antonio. In four days I could be at Vera Cruz; in five and a half in Mexico city itself. And then I remember that at home in London I have treasured up some leaves from the forest of Tchabultyree, and a piece of the bark of the "Arbol de la Noche Triste"—the very tree against which the Conquistador leaned during the whole of that Evil Night when his hold on Mexico was so nearly lost. And the glittering mummeries of the New Orleans Carnival fade away; for I saw the Real Thing, the actual and "living" Mexico, seventeen years ago; and the memories of the strange land and the stranger people stand up before me visible, palpable, vascular. It is time, as the great novelist tells us,

to put away the puppets, for we have been children long enough, and the play of the Carnival of New Orleans is played out. Rex will expire to the music of many shuffling feet and the popping of champagne corks ; but in the distance, like a mirage in the midst of the lapis-lazuli heavens, I see the great Aztec city, and the giant mountains, Popocatepetl and Istaccihuatl, crowned with eternal snows.





VIII.

GOING WEST.

Chicago, Feb. 18.

THERE seemed to be some difficulty, on the Wednesday and Thursday succeeding Mardi Gras, in convincing the good people of New Orleans that the Carnival was over, that Lent had begun, and that Fun was as dead as Queen Anne. On the French side of Canal-street the Creoles, being orthodox Romanists, meekly accepted the inevitable, furled their flags, laid by their masks, and made up their minds for forty days' abstinence from gaiety and conviviality:—to be alleviated perchance by a trifling "spurt" of music and dancing at the *Mi-carême*. Otherwise salt fish and pickled eggs, and the clerical gentlemen with tonsures and in cassocks, would have things all their own way until Easter. It is equally true that so early as the morrow of Mardi Gras the process of depopulation was visible to a phenomenal extent at all the hotels. Throughout Ash Wednes-

day huge mountains of luggage were piled up in the rotunda of the St. Charles, to be carried away by the stalwart negro porters and replaced by other Pelions upon Ossas of trunks and port-manteaus, to be borne off by the hotel omnibuses conveying successive detachments of departing guests to the various railway depôts. The recent holiday-makers scampered away as though Yellow Jack were at their heels—a contingency rendered all the more possible by the sudden and alarming sultriness of the weather. It was as warm as an average English July ; and the mosquitoes, which are timid and harmless when the temperature is mild, came out in squadrons and platoons, buzzing their *bourdons*, droning their war songs, and lapping the stranger's blood as though they were so many Germans at a Bier-halle.

With all this, the Anglo-American element in the Crescent City seemed generally unaware of the propriety of fasting and mourning in sackcloth and ashes. The clicking of billiard balls and the rumbling of the tenpins at the saloons ceased not ; the bars continued crowded ; and in the night season, although Momus, Comus, and Rex, were all laid in the dark tomb of the Things which Once Have Been, there was much braying of brazen music and much "allonging and marchonging" of a mercurial population. Perhaps they were burying the Carnival with military honours. Perhaps some military, or political, or Masonic "boom" had succeeded that of Mardi Gras. At all events, Anglo-American New Orleans continued to enjoy itself as though its motto was "Let us eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow we may have the Yellow Fever or the Carpet-Baggers back again."

We packed our needments by easy stages, and waited until the first rush of the departing crowd was over. Time enough to think about paying your bill and going away. Time enough to quit the cheerful, smiling city and its gentle, kindly people full of courteous hospitality and winning ways. You call upon them to bid good-bye ; and then they call upon you again to say

good-bye once more. They embrace your woman-kind, and press little souvenirs upon you and make you promise to send them *cartes de visite* and Christmas cards when you get home ;



and they will be sure to meet you again : for they all mean to come to England some day or another. One gentleman of my acquaintance in this pleasant city, a learned physician, was always breaking forth in praises of Burlington-gardens and Savile-row ; while another was never tired of praising Norfolk-street, Strand. As in bright New Orleans so in genial Richmond. The people

seem as unfeignedly glad to welcome you as they are unfeignedly sorry to part with you ; and you value the kindnesses shown to you all the more since they are entirely devoid of ostentation. I suppose that the Southerners have their faults. I suppose that most folks are faulty ; but assuredly I have met with no more affectionate, simple-minded, loveable people than those with whom I have been sojourning between the Potomac and the Mississippi.

But to go away was at length the imperative mandate. You might fit the halter and traverse the cart—you might often take leave and be loth to depart ; but departure was the irrevocable.

doom. Farewell summer weather in February ; farewell oranges and strawberries, bananas and plantains ; farewell the nightly skies of blue velvet powdered with silver stars ; farewell the glimmering ghosts in powder and brocade in dear old Jackson-square ! They are all too lovely for me, I murmured, recalling the beloved melody in the opera of the " Mountain Sylph ; " and then Time rudely took me to task, sternly reminding me that I had been loitering in New Orleans, waiting for Mardi Gras, when I ought to have sped to Galveston and San Antonio, in Texas, or to Cedar Keys and Jackson-ville, in Florida. " Are they not close by ? " asked the Old One with the Scythe and Hour-glass. " Yes," I sulkily and mentally made answer, " and so are Cuba, and Puerto Rico, and Hayti "—all of which I should much love to revisit. They are all close by, they are all round the corner ; but a traveller cannot go everywhere. I am due in London, England, on the 15th of March, and on the 3rd of that month the Cunard steamer *Gallia* leaves New York, from which I am now distant fifteen hundred miles, for Liverpool. And I have not yet seen the Great West. " Go West, young man," was the advice of the late Horace Greeley to the youthful aspirant for fame and fortune. I am not young, and my aspirations do not go beyond daily bread and peace ; still I thought that, seeing that I should in all probability never again have another chance of going West, I might as well go there with all convenient despatch. So I resolved to make a railway plunge of a thousand miles right through to Chicago. I would have halted at St. Louis ; but that implacable Time said " No ! "

There was something fascinating, too, and something perhaps that was perilous to health in the idea of " taking a header " from sub-tropical Spring into Western Winter—from the orange and magnolia groves into the snow-drifts and the frost-bordered lakes. To accomplish this rapid art of vaulting with the greatest convenience and despatch I availed myself of the facilities offered by the " Great Jackson Route "—otherwise the New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, which I can-

confidently recommend to all travellers in the vast regions lying between Louisiana and the shores of Lake Michigan. This railway unites the land of cotton, sugar, and tobacco with the great orchards, granaries, and stock-raising plains of the West. The line is throughout in capital order; it is laid mainly with new steel rails, and the trains are drawn by new and powerful locomotives. Under ordinary circumstances you may travel from the Crescent City to Chicago without once changing your Pullman; but I happened to start on a Friday, and on that *jour née* the "through sleeper" does not run. The Pullman ticket agent in New Orleans could only book us as far as a station called Du Quoin, in Illinois, which station we reached at about eight o'clock on Saturday night. We made Chicago at 7.30 on Sunday morning: thus accomplishing the thousand-mile trip—we had left New Orleans at 2.30 on Friday afternoon—in about forty hours, a fact which says a good deal for the swiftness of locomotion on the Great Jackson route.

It must finally be recorded, to the honour of the New Orleans, St. Louis and Chicago Railroad, that it is exceptionally a railroad with the heart that can feel for another. We know what Lord Eldon said about Corporate Boards—that they had neither souls to be saved nor bodies to be kicked; and, at the first blush, it might seem the wildest Utopianism to expect anything approaching Samaritan compassion from an organisation made up of steel rails, sleepers, locomotives, and "box" cars, boards of directors, traffic managers, and ticket agents. I learn, nevertheless, that during the terrible yellow fever epidemic of 1878—an epidemic which more than decimated the unhappy city of Memphis, Tennessee, and will, in all probability, scourge her again this coming summer unless the town be "sanitated;" and wretched Memphis, being bankrupt, is in the hands of a receiver, and there is no money available to sanitize her withal—the Great Jackson route behaved in a truly whole-souled manner. In addition to munificent donations for the relief of the plague-smitten people, the directors furnished carload after

carload of lime to the authorities in New Orleans to aid in cleansing and disinfecting the city, and, without any charge whatsoever, they transported from point to point, as occasion required, nurses, physicians, medicines, and provisions.

I wish that this philanthropic railroad, while it was about it, had left a few hospital comforts at the refreshment houses down South. During a day-and-a-half and two nights we were more than half-starved. We were half poisoned by the abominable apologies for breakfast, dinner, and supper served to helpless passengers between New Orleans and the State of Illinois. The lands along the road, I read in the guide books, are adapted to the production of sugar, fruit, grapes, and vegetables. These products did not make any appearance in a palatable form at the Caves of Trophonius,* humorously called refreshment houses. It was a case of Hobson's choice over again—the railway buffet fare, or nothing at all ; for we had been imprudent enough to leave New Orleans without providing ourselves with that absolute requisite in the uncivilized portion of the South, a pic-nic basket. I have no doubt that for a moderate outlay of dollars, the obliging waiter at Moreau's restaurant, in Canal-street, would have "fixed" us up a basket full of good things—cold chicken and ham, some cold *filet*, hard boiled eggs, sardines, Lyons sausages, a crusty loaf, some Gruyère cheese, and a bottle or two of sound Bordeaux—but we had forgotten Moreau's. We started with a light heart, and no other provand beyond some "chocolate creams," a few oranges, and a bunch of bananas ; and the result was that, in Lancashire parlance, we "clemmed."

It was worse than Mexico; it was worse than Spain—there, if you arrive at the proper time, you will always find a *puchero* filling to

* Those who ventured into this cave always returned thence looking very pale and dejected ; and the ancients used proverbially to say of a melancholy man that he had consulted the Oracle of Trophonius. I know that I never emerged from an American railway refreshment room—always excepting Mrs. Senn's and the great buffet of the Central Pacific Railway at Omaha—without minus a dollar and plus an attack of indigestion, without feeling that I had been consulting the Trophonian oracle.

all, and really appetising to those who do not object to *frigoles* or black beans fried in oil, or to dried peas, bacon, and garlic. In the dreadful Southern dens they fed, or derisively pretended to feed us on the fleshless carcasses of fowls fried in batter, or morsels of what seemed to be leather, and which made-believe to be beef steak, swimming in dirty grease, and on lumps of rancid pork fat. The so-called butter was pallid in hue, and of a soilly consistence. Whether it was “oleomargerine,” or some other form of “hoodlum” substitute for butter, I do not know. The milk was poor, the sugar was coarse and gritty, even the salt was unclean. The bread was stingily dispensed; the coffee—served in cups without handles—was black and ill-flavoured; and as for the tea, I only tried it once,—*ne m'en parlez pas*. Taking the fact that nothing stronger to drink than tea and coffee was to be had, I look upon that circumstance as being rather a mercy than a deprivation. Imagine what the beer and the whiskey might have been like had there been any! But I may mention that the water, from the amount of organic matter which it held in solution, was to non-residents simply undrinkable. The natives are quite proud of this water, and declare it to be extremely healthy. For my part, I should incline to the opinion that constant potations of bilge-water, combined with an extended system of open sewers, must conduce to a large extent to the propagation of yellow fever.

I do not care to disguise—and I never have disguised—the fact that I am very fond of the South, and of the Southern people. But my predilection for them does not shut my eyes to the sluggish inertia, to the apathetic listlessness which marks the management of the inns and refreshment houses on a line of railway which in forty hours can whisk the traveller from refined New Orleans to super-civilized Chicago. Were there no railway, not one word of complaint should pass my lips; but there is an admirable railway; every possible article of consumption can be readily obtained; and the Southern land itself is one flowing with milk and honey. The fault lies in the sleepy and unin-

telligent nature of the rural Southerners, who, to my mind, seem far less quick-witted than the negroes. In the way of overcharging, however, they are remarkably quick-witted. The usual charge for a "square meal" at a decently-appointed refreshment house is half a dollar. At one of the wretchedest of the places where they pretended to feed us on the fleshless backbones of fowls, fried in batter, where there were no handles to the coffee cups, and where—it was supper time—the only light was afforded by a few sputtering kerosene lamps, we were made to pay seventy-five cents, or three shillings, for a foul and ill-cooked meal, which would have been dear at sixpence, English money. I hope that my good friends in the South will lay these strictures to heart, and set about putting their railway refreshment houses in order.

Between New Orleans and Jackson City, Mississippi, the most noticeable feature in the scenery through which you pass is its amazing swampiness. I note that the guide-books state that between the two points named there are several populous towns, but that none of them call for special mention. For example, there is Pass Manchac, where there is a colossal iron drawbridge. M'Comb City is remarkable for its railway workshops, giving employment to many hundreds of hands. There are Ponchatoula, Tickfaw, Tangipahoa, Osyka, Magnolia, Beauregard, Crystal Springs, Madison, and Canton. And, especially, there is the swamp, through which we journeyed, so it seemed, at least a hundred and fifty miles. It may have been more, and it may have been less, for in the United States, away from the Atlantic seaboard, so arbitrary and capricious is the rate of railway speed, that you are apt to lose count of distances. Sometimes the train rattles along at a tremendous pace; then it lags wearily for hours and hours together; then it plucks up heart again, and professes to be a fast train; and then it stops altogether in the middle of a wilderness:—but always unaccountably. This mixed and unsettled condition of things is, I am inclined to think, very much dependent on the state of what should

properly be the permanent way. If the track be in good order—a contingency which is closely affected by the condition of the finances of the company over whose line you are travelling—the train goes fast; if the track be a “poor” one, the rate of locomotion will be wretched, and subsequently you will not improbably learn that that particular section of the road is owned by a company of which the finances leave much to be desired.

As a rule, the traveller is best off when the distance which he has to cover is traversed by lines belonging to the fewest number of companies. The road I made my thousand miles upon is the property of only two companies, the Chicago, St. Louis, and New Orleans, and the Illinois Central; but in the course of my wanderings I have been fain to go over the lines of half-a-dozen companies in the course of a single day. Each change of proprietary involves a change of conductor, and each new conductor proceeds to demand your ticket. I have run over a whole gamut of these officials between morn and dewy eve. They vary considerably, both in a physical and characteristic aspect. There is the lean and long conductor, gaunt and full-bearded, and very often as crusty and ill-conditioned as an English tolltaker at a turnpike gate. There is the short and fat conductor, who can be civil and even affectionate; but always in a slightly patronising manner. There is the youthful and beardless conductor on his promotion, who is in rather too much of a hurry to become President of the United States or Collector of the Port of New York—I would rather be Collector—and who on slight provocation is not indisposed to be insolent. In the main I have found these railway conductors to be very good fellows, and very often humorous and obliging fellows to boot. I have met, from time to time, with absolutely brutal and hoggish types of the species; but they are few and far between in comparison with the good-natured specimens who meet you half way in the direction of mutual conciliation and forbearance, and are prone to address you as “Colonel,” “Judge,” or “Doctor,”



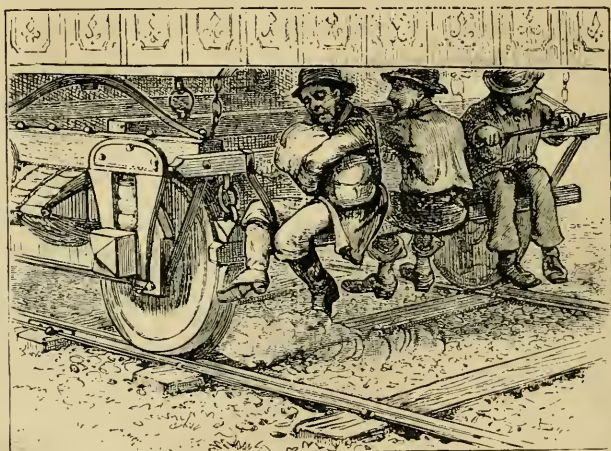
RAILWAY CONDUCTOR GOING THE ROUND OF THE CARS AT NIGHT-TIME.

just as their physiognomical acumen leads them to assign to you a grade in the social scale.

Some of these gentlemen are clad in more or less handsome uniforms, but almost invariably their linen is immaculately white, and they wear gorgeous gold watches and chains. Large signet rings are not uncommon on their fingers ; and they are especially addicted to showy cameo breast-pins and sleeve-buttons. Their pay, so I casually learnt, averages some seventy-five dollars, say sixteen pounds a month, but they receive no "tips" from passengers. The only official on an American railway train who is "tipped" is the sleeping car porter, who acts as bootblack and bedmaker, and who is usually a negro. He will perform a score of kindly little offices for you, grinning all the while. He is quite a Chesterfield with the ladies, and is effusively grateful for a gratuity of half a dollar. On the other hand, when the conductor makes his round of the cars at night in quest of tickets, he is generally accompanied by an attendant—a kind of subdued Caliban, who holds a huge lantern, by the light of which the "boss" inspects (and very narrowly does he inspect) the traveller's credentials. In the States you purchase your railway tickets anywhere but at the depôt. I suppose that they do sell tickets there ; but I have never essayed the experiment of asking for any. There are railway ticket offices at every hotel and at nearly every cigar store ; and tickets are not only the object of purchase and sale but of barter, "swop," and "trade" generally. There are tickets limited and tickets unlimited, varying in price according to the number of days for which they are available. There are "round trip" tickets which are a great deal more than return tickets ; and finally, there are "scalp" tickets, which you can deal in and discount, and do all manner of things with short of deceiving the wary and experienced conductor.

I should add that his attendant Caliban exercises other functions besides that of holding the lantern while his "boss" scrutinises the tickets. At times Caliban is called upon to act

as an assistant "chucker off"—not a "chucker out," mind. The services of the last-named athlete are only required in saloons and bar-rooms when a guest becomes disorderly, or manifests a desire to consume whiskey without paying for it. The strong arm and stronger foot of the "chucker off" are only called into requisition when, curled up behind the stove or crouching beneath a seat, is discovered some tramp—the miserable congener of the Atlantic "stowaway," who has crept on board the train, hoping to escape observation and to slink out



TRAMPS RIDING UNDER A RAILWAY TRUCK.

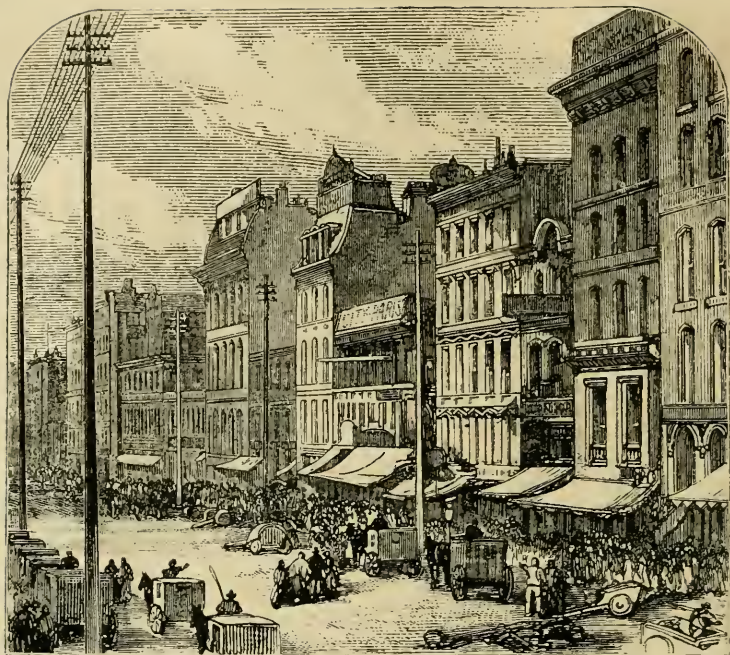
of the car when he has reached his destination—if a tramp can have any destination at all. The "pocas palabras" of Christopher Sly suffice the conductor and his servitor in dealing with the tramp. If the conductor be good-natured the miserable object is merely bidden to "git," and he is "bounced" out of the car without the employment of much physical force. But if the conductor be an austere person, and the tramp be detected as an old offender, or exhibit symptoms of becoming "sassy," he is "chucked off," nor wrench of collar, nor spinal application of boot being spared in the process. I believe that the custom of violently ejecting tramps while the train is in motion has fallen



CLEARING THE PLATFORM OF A RAILWAY CAR.

into desuetude lately: several penniless wretches having been killed or sadly mutilated through being flung on to the track. The more humane practice at present adopted is to stop the train, and dismiss the stowaways with the usual manual and pedal formalities of "chucking off." There is no time to give the poor losels into custody, and prosecute them for obtaining railway transportation under false and fraudulent pretences.





CLARK STREET NORTH, CHICAGO.

IX.

THE WONDERFUL PRAIRIE CITY.

Chicago, Illinois, *Feb. 21.*

So many years have obviously elapsed since I studied Pinnock's "Catechisms," Mangnall's "Questions," Blair's "Preceptor," and the "Child's Guide to Knowledge," that I feel neither shame nor hesitation in confessing my inability categorically to enumerate what used to be considered the Seven Wonders of the World. The Pyramids of Egypt, the Colossus of Rhodes, the Falls of Niagara, the Grotto of Adelsberg, the Oracles of Dodona, the Crater of Mount Vesuvius, the Porcelain Tower of Nankin?—ah! you will at once be able to discern from my eighth leap into the realms of conjecture that I am as helpless as Alice in Wonderland, when she first encountered the white rabbit pulling on his gloves and fearing that he would be too late for the

Duchess's tea-party. Was the Giant's Causeway considered a wonder of the world? Was Stonehenge? Was the British Court of Chancery under the presidency of John, Lord Eldon? Were the Maelstrom, the Peak of Teneriffe, and the Coliseum at Rome among the septett of mundane marvels? I declare that I do not know; and on reflection, I have come to the conclusion to bid the Wonders of the World, from the Pinnock's Catechism point of view, go hang. This modern earth is as full of wonders as it is of man and maid. Let my ancient enemy, "the merest schoolboy," sit at home among his dictionaries, his handy-books, and his "cribs," grinning superciliously at my scholastic ignorance; but I take the liberty of remarking, for the "merest school-boy's" edification, that a few hours ago I telephoned to a friend to telegraph to another friend at New York, a distance of one thousand miles from here, to send me five hundred dollars; that the money has just come to hand, not through the United States mail, but by means of the electric wire; and if that transaction be not a new Wonder of the World quite sufficient to make the Colossus of Rhodes "feel mean," to incite the Pyramids of Egypt to "send in their checks," and to stimulate the "merest school-boy" to throw away his dictionaries and "cribs," come out to Chicago, and take to the pork-packing or the grain-elevating line of business, why, all I can say is that in my case the decrepitude of age is asserting itself in an unmistakable manner, and the border land between mental vigour and imbecility is being traversed at express speed.

I have beheld in my time most of the non-scholastic wonders of the world—from the Victoria Bridge at Montreal to the Mont Cenis Tunnel, from the Holborn Viaduct to the Magasins du Louvre; from the Levée at New Orleans to the railway across the Semmering; from the fortifications at Gibraltar to a British ironclad; from the steam printing machine of a daily paper to Barclay and Perkins's Brewery; from the *digue* at Cherbourg to the West India Docks; from the machine shops of the South Eastern Railway to the glass and electro-plating works at

Birmingham. Nor, since I have been in the States, have abundant materials been lacking to minister to an appetite for the wonderful, the which I own is growing somewhat alloyed and jaded. The development of the city of New York and the colossal luxury which wealth so colossal has begotten there, the "L" (or "Elevated") railroads, the blown-up and disestablished Hell Gate, the Central Park, the some-day-to-be-finished Brooklyn Bridge, the "Pinafore" madness, the Great Grant Boom, the magnificent donation of the *New York Herald* to the Irish Famine Relief Fund, the Assertions of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., the acquittal of the Rev. Mr. Hayden, the railway ferry over the Ohio river at Cairo, the swamps surrounding New Orleans, the Crescent City herself, the giant Mississippi steamer Robert E. Lee, the Carnival in Canal-street, the Cows in Augusta, and the villanous cooking at the refreshment-houses on the great Jackson Route, Mr. Gilmore's National Anthem, the growth of Washington, the demeanour of the coloured members of the Southern Legislatures, the cotton gins, "attachments," and presses of Louisiana, the tobacco and meat-juice factories of Richmond, the Tredegar Ironworks, the Haxall flouring mills, the resumption of specie payments, the extortions of American hackdrivers, the general absence of any disturbing elements in American politics, the millions of Mr. James Keene, the multitude of churches and the deficiency of the *odium theologicum*, the lectures of Colonel Bob Ingersoll, and the *facetiae* of the Rev. De Witt Talmage—all these have been fertile sources of wonder and amazement to me these three months past. But I frankly admit that the wondrous Prairie City of the State of Illinois has been as Aaron's rod and has swallowed up all the other marvels. Stay; was not the Temple of Diana at Ephesus—tell me, "merest of schoolboys"—one of the Old World's wonders? Astonishing, no doubt, was the fane that Erostratus burnt; but far more astonishing, to my mind, is the Grand Pacific Hotel which was burned down before it was finished and built up again grander than ever, possibly before the

inhabitants of Ashby-de-la-Zouch or the Place Royale au Marais had heard that there had been a fire at Chicago at all.

I mentioned in my last that, between Du Quoin and the Prairie City—say, during a space of some ten hours—we were bereft of the comfort of a Pullman sleeping car. We made the best of a bad job; and what with rugs, wraps, and seal-skin caps, were not so desperately uncomfortable. There had been a great fall of snow at St. Louis, I heard; and the snow gave us a “back-hander,” so to speak, powdering all the country side as far as Effingham, about two hundred miles from Chicago. Then the fringe of winter’s icy mantle faded away, but it was bitterly cold. That fact was patent every time one passed from car to car, or when one opened the little framed and glazed trap-door, precisely like a Russian *vasistas*, cunningly contrived in the larger casement of the car, and through which “Judas” trap you were free to protrude your nose into the night and scent the nipping air. An eager, hungry, biting night it was; and towards the small hours the wind began to howl very wolfishly indeed. Oh my bayous and my bananas, my palmettoes and my open air growing japonicas, my magnolia groves, and my steaming swamps, what has become of you?

I was much comforted, however, in the early stages of bereavement by the heroic conduct of a young gentleman with a double eye-glass, who sate opposite to us bolt upright throughout the livelong night, in an entire but complacent state of insomnia, smiling sweetly, and resolutely refusing to believe in the advent of Winter. This halcyon like young man had come many hundreds of miles to see the Carnival of New Orleans. From remote St. Paul’s, Minnesota; from the remote Owatona, in Wisconsin; from the *Ultima Thule* of Bismarck, in Dakota, had he come perchance; but I did not like to press him too closely. He had been to see the show in the gulf of Mexico. He did not enter into details. He was content to characterise it as “downright elegant.” He had brought back with him from the sunny South a big orange branch, radiant with green leaves, and

heavy laden with golden fruit. This fragrant trophy he had hung up on a hat-peg by his side, and contemplated it, smiling.



Four times had we changed cars, but this happy young man was not to be divorced from the Golden Bough. One of the sleeping-car conductors was young, and rather inclined to be supercilious and "stuck-up." He objected to the Golden Bough, on the score that the swaying to and fro interfered with the comfort of the passengers. He ordered the negro porter to remove the bough, which was done; but, so soon as we were transferred to another car, the auriferous branch was attached to a fresh hat-peg, amid the general applause of the company. The next conductor was a dry humourist who rather liked the bough,

and expressed the opinion that the sight of it was a capital substitute for a stove ; so henceforth the Hesperidean trophy was undisturbed, and its possessor continued during the night to smile and to contemplate his souvenir of the sunny South. I very much admired this young man, who kept summer in his heart, and declined to recognise grim-visaged and ill-tempered winter. Possibly the young man was concerned in dry goods, or in the manufacture of axle grease, or patent fertilisers ; but he had about him something of the making of a Poet for all that.

At Chicago.—A sunny, smiling Sunday morning. We checked our baggage for the Grand Pacific Hotel. Why, I really do not know. I have no remembrance of anybody having specially recommended the Grand Pacific. The Palmer House,

the Sherman, the Tremont House, are all of them towering and palatial caravanserais ; still on long journeys you feel a kind of intuitive gravitation towards certain hotels,



THE GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL, CHICAGO.

and your instinct—at least, such has been my experience—rarely misleads you. Let me see. How many blocks are there, structurally and topographically speaking, to a mile ? Eight, I think. The Grand Pacific Hotel occupies half the block bounded by Jackson, Clark, Adams and La Salle streets. The edifice is of stone, six storeys high, magnificently decorated and sumptuously furnished. The house will be famous in history, if for no other reason than for this : that Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P. is to “ put up ” at the Grand Pacific this very night.

Having no "mission" worth speaking of, we drove quietly in the omnibus to the ladies' entrance of the hotel. When I stepped from the reception-room to the office to register my name, I confess that there was one thing which astonished and to a slight extent alarmed me more than the lofty Corinthian columns, the frescoed roof, and the tessellated marble pavement of the vestibule. Never in my life before—no, never; I disdain all qualifying adverbs—had I beheld such gorgeous hotel clerks. Diamonds threaten to become "small potatoes" now, after the discoveries of the Scotch chemists, and the candid avowal of Mr. Maskelyne; else I might expatiate on the brilliant breast-pins, studs, and sleeve buttons of the Grand Pacific clerks. Besides, technical accuracy should be the journalist's pride; and I am not precisely prepared to make affidavit that the clerical gentlemen wore diamonds. It was their general Crœsus-cum-Rothschild aspect of splendour and dignity which impressed and overawed me. German Grand Dukes travelling incognito, officers commanding regiments of the Household Cavalry, cashiers of the Bank of England, managing directors of fire insurance companies, captains of ironclads in mufti,—pshaw! comparison fails me. Naught but themselves could be their parallels. To my amazement—my respectful amazement—these superior beings were most affable and condescending. They spake me fair. They even smiled upon me, shook me by the hand, and said that they were glad to see me; and, in all seriousness, I wish to say that the clerical staff at the Grand Pacific showed themselves to us, during our week's sojourn, to be most courteous and obliging gentlemen, forestalling our wishes, and doing everything they possibly could to render our stay pleasant and comfortable.

I modestly confessed my unworthiness to occupy a private parlour, so we were presently installed in a spacious and handsome apartment on the first floor, of the excellent American pattern known as an "alcove" bedroom. I may very briefly describe it. Height at least fifteen feet; two immense plate-glass windows;

beautifully frescoed ceiling; couch, easy chairs, rocking chairs, foot stools in profusion, covered with crimson velvet; large writing table for gentleman, pretty escritoire for lady; *two* towering cheval glasses; handsomely carved wardrobe and dressing table; commanding pier-glass over marble mantelpiece; adjoining bath-room beautifully fitted; rich carpet; and finally the bed, in a deep alcove, impenetrably screened from the visitor's gaze by elegant lace curtains. Now, I call that a bedroom, and no mistake.* The charges at the Grand Pacific Hotel vary, I am told, from three dollars to five dollars a day, board included, according to the size of the room which you occupy. I certainly shall not grumble if I am made to pay two guineas a day for our "alcove" and board at the Grand Pacific.† With the exception of the Midland Grand Hotel, St. Pancras, and the Continental in the Rue de Rivoli, I have seen no more splendid hotel in the world. And it is as comfortable as it is splendid.

This I am fairly entitled, I hope, to set down as Wonder Number One among the marvels of Chicago—an hotel concerning which a constitutionally discontented and sore-headed Englishman can find absolutely no ground of complaint. The service is

* There is related with reference to the clerk's office at the Grand Pacific Hotel a very droll story which may have been in print before, but which is certainly worth re-telling. To understand its subtle humour you must recall the fact that just before the axe of the guillotine fell on the neck of the unfortunate Louis XVI., his confessor, the Abbé Edgeworth, exclaimed "*Fils de St. Louis, montez au Ciel.*" Now for the story. A traveller from St. Louis arrived at the Grand Pacific; walked up to the clerk's desk, and with a certain haughtiness of mien and arrogance of pen flourishing entered his name in the book kept for the purpose. Now there is a traditional rivalry between St. Louis and Chicago, and the Grand Pacific clerk feeling somewhat nettled at the "airs" put on by the St. Louisian thought he would take him down a peg or two. So he walked to the key-board, reached down a key—say of room number One Hundred and Ninety-nine; but at all events it was at the very top of the house—and with a low bow handed it to the haughty traveller, saying, "*Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven.*"

† If I remember aright they only charged us four dollars a-day each, and when returning to Chicago from California we paid a second visit to the Grand Pacific the proprietors, on our departure for New York, insisted that we should take away with us, to comfort us on our journey, a luncheon basket full of good things.

perfect. You just touch an electric bell, and in an instant a smiling brother of African descent, clad in a handsome livery, appears to ask your behests. Downstairs other dark brethren, under the guidance of experienced white commanders, keep up a noiseless but most efficient service of domestic police, gently but firmly eliminating from the vestibules that loafing and "scallawag" element which is so dire a nuisance in many of the large hotels in the United States. The *cuisine* of the Grand Pacific is the very best that I have met with out of New York, always excepting the French restaurants of New Orleans, where Moreau's, Madame Venn, Flêche's, and Victor's certainly rival the Hotel Brunswick; and in cookery, although not in decorative magnificence, equal Delmonico's. An immense quantity of champagne is consumed in Chicago, and the very best brands are to be found at no very extortionate rates at the hotels; but the claret leaves a great deal to be desired.

The Second Wonder of Chicago is, to me, its newspaper press. I hope that during my brief sojourn on this continent I have not done intentional injustice to the American newspapers. The lamented Dean Stanley did not express any very great admiration for them; but the accomplished Dean was not a veteran journalist. I venture to consider that I am one. I admire the newspapers of the United States for the wonderful diversity of their intelligence and for the versatile ingenuity with which the items of that intelligence are strung together. Since my arrival in this country I have not set eyes upon a single English daily newspaper; yet I venture to think that, thanks to the wonderfully developed system of telegraphic communication of which the conductors of the newspapers are enabled to avail themselves, and the equally wonderful skill displayed by the gentlemen who attend to the scissors and paste department, I am not so very far behindhand touching what has occurred in my native land and on the continent of Europe since I left Queenstown in the middle of November last. The astonishingly extensive salmagundi of



SHOOTING BUFFALOES ON THE KANSAS-PACIFIC RAILWAY.

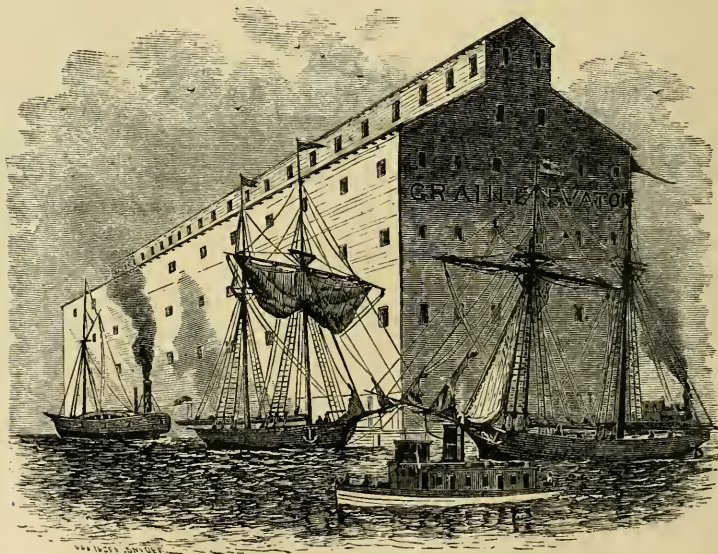
odds and ends served up every day in the columns of the American papers, make them the most diverting reading in the world. They are as entertaining as the Paris *Figaro* and *Gaulois*, without the indecency of the Boulevard papers. Moreover, although personalities, sometimes of a frivolous and often of a grotesque character, abound in every Transatlantic journal, from the lordly dailies of New York to the *Catawampas County Free Rib-tickler*, and the *Gumbo City Roorback*, personality that is rude, slanderous, or offensive is at present very rarely to be met with; and animadversion rarely goes beyond that good-humoured banter which we call "chaff." The principal papers even have ceased to indulge in mutual abuse and calumny, and usually speak of each other as "Our E. C.," or esteemed contemporary.

The drawback which to my darkened intelligence is most conspicuously manifest in the American press, is its persistent and seemingly incurable drollery. Nothing is taken *au sérieux*. A comic or semi-comic heading is given to tragic and to humorous occurrences alike; and the gentleman who indites the headings seems to be of the opinion that "there's nothing new and there's nothing true, and it don't much signify."* Now the *Chicago Daily Tribune*, the *Chicago Times*, and the *Interocean*, the leading organs of the Wonderful Prairie City,

* These headings are set out with wonderful ingenuity, and I have been told that one Chicago paper pays its "Headings Editor" (he does nothing else) a salary of a thousand dollars a-year. There was a great polybigamy case on while we were in the Prairie City, and I very much regret that I did not cut out an extraordinary heading of which I only give now, from memory, a faint inkling—

THE BIGAMIST
LIES IN HIS CONCRETE CELL,
THE WARDERS DECLARE
THE MAN EATS AND DRINKS WELL,
HIS NUMEROUS WIVES
WHEN THE
TRIAL COMES ON
THE MOST HORRIBLE TALES
OF HIS GOINGS ON
WILL REVEAL TO THE LAND
ON THE WITNESS STAND.

are, although entertaining enough in all conscience in the diversity of their news and the drollery of their anecdotes and their comments thereupon, certainly the most serious, substantial, and practical papers that I have met with in the States. Their predominant tone is of a nature to suggest the inference that the editor occasionally pulls up in the middle of a funny "personal" or a humorous "item" and says to himself, "Come, come, too much of this sort of thing won't do. We must remember that we are writing for Chicago, and that Chicago is the metropolis of the Great West. *Noblesse oblige*. We are bound to bear in mind the dignity of our Dry Goods Store, our Grain Elevators,

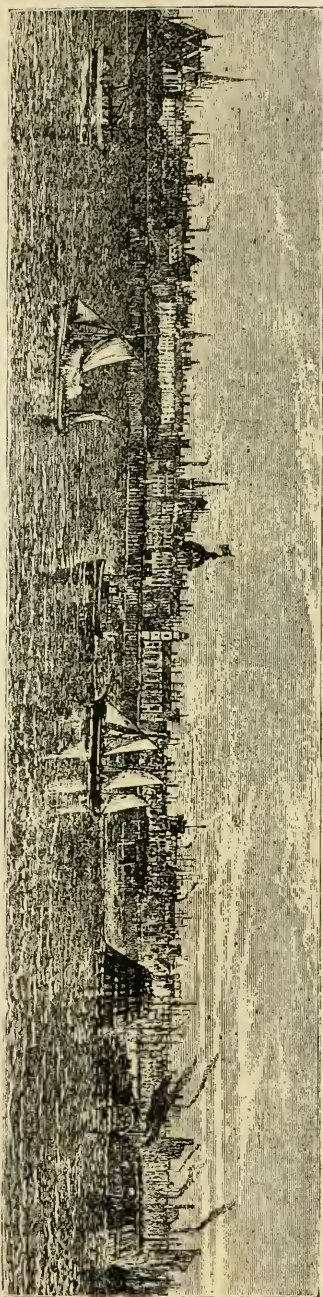


CHICAGO GRAIN ELEVATOR.

our Stock-yards, and our pork-packing establishments." So the Chicago newspapers are, as aggregates, most admirably edited, and are as replete with valuable and accurate information as they are well and clearly printed. To the energy of their "interviewing" reporters I bear willing, but sorrowful, testimony.

The Third Wonder of Chicago is undoubtedly Chicago herself. Just ponder a little. Forty years ago this city which now contains five hundred thousand inhabitants, and in another fifteen will probably contain a million, was a petty Indian trading post. The business portion of the city is now fourteen feet above the level of Lake Michigan. It was formerly much lower, but in 1856 the entire district was raised bodily to a height of nine feet by means of jack-screws inserted beneath the houses and worked night and day by half-turns and with an imperceptible motion. The city stands on the ridge dividing the basin of the Mississippi from that of the St. Lawrence, and is surrounded by a prairie extending several hundreds of miles south and west. In 1870 the population was about three hundred thousand. Now ponder yet again. In October, '71, Chicago was "burnt up." The fire originated on a Sunday evening in a small barn in De Hoven-street, in the south part of the western division of the city, the proximate cause of the conflagration

CHICAGO, FROM LAKE MICHIGAN, BEFORE THE FIRE OF 1871.



being the upsetting of a kerosene lamp, by the light of which a cow was being milked. The kerosene was Mantua and the cow Cremona. The houses in the first division were mostly of wood, and there were several large timber-yards along the bank of the adjacent Chicago river. Then and there the flames swept with irresistible fury, and were carried by a strong westerly wind into the south division, a district thickly covered with stores, warehouses, and public buildings of stone or brick, many of which were erroneously supposed to be fireproof. The fire raged during the whole of Monday, crossing the main channel of the Chicago river, and carrying all before it in the northern district, chiefly occupied by dwelling houses. The last house which caught fire was destroyed on Sunday morning; but the ruins smouldered for months afterwards.

The total area burnt up was close on three and a half square miles. Nearly

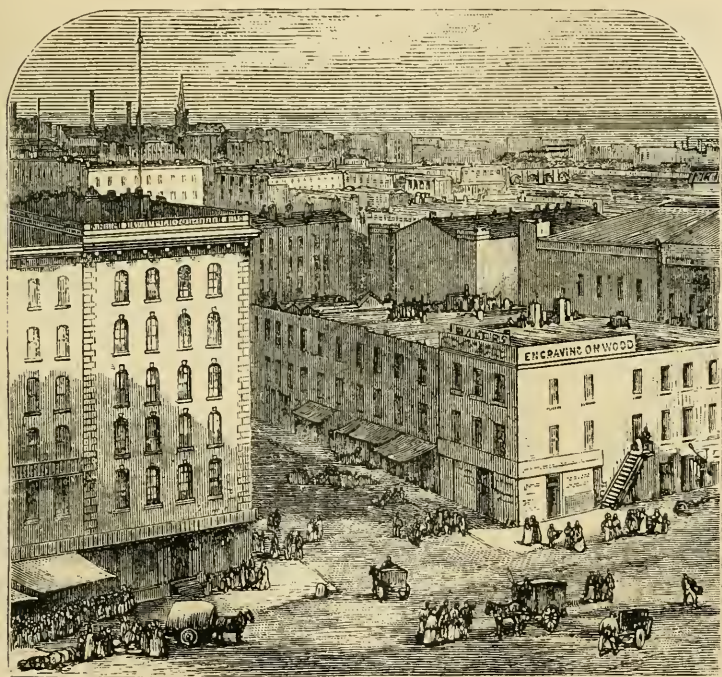
18,000 houses were destroyed, 200 persons lost their lives, and fully 200,000 more were rendered destitute. Not including depreciation of real estate and loss of business, the total loss occasioned by the fire was set down at



SWINGING BRIDGES OVER
THE CHICAGO RIVER.

190 millions of dollars, out of which tremendous aggregate some thirty millions were covered by insurance; although one of the first results of the fire was to

“bankrupt” half of the fire offices throughout the Union. Policies to a heavy amount were, however, held in English offices, which paid promptly. The Liverpool, London, and Globe, for example, is said to have disbursed many millions of dollars ; and the consequence is that English fire insurance companies have been doing an immense business in Chicago ever since : the Western business men having shown signs of a

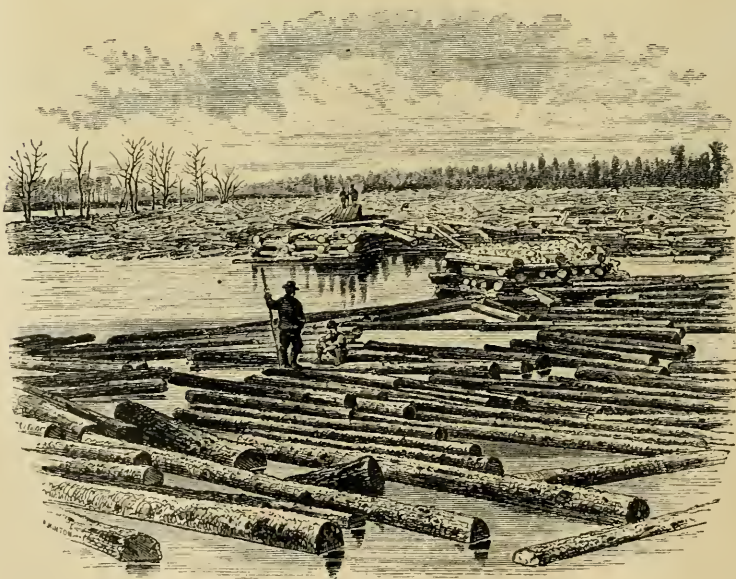


VIEW FROM THE DOME OF THE CITY HALL, CHICAGO.

pardonable partiality to ensure their property in offices which do not “bust” when fire risks fall in. Thus, on that fatal morrow of the fire, might the people of Chicago say, with Seneca, “One day betwixt a great city and none.” And so many grievances come from outward accidents, and from ourselves, our own indiscretion and inordinate appetites—one day betwixt a man and no man.

But the Prairie City saw not the end of her miseries in the

giant blaze of '71. In July, '74, another great fire swept over Chicago, destroying eighteen blocks, or sixty acres of buildings, in the heart of the city, and destroying over four million dollars' worth of property. On the Saturday night preceding my arrival here a vast range of bonded warehouses went up, and one of the headlings in the graphic account of the disaster in the Chicago press ran thus, "The Insurance Money Beginning not to Cover the Losses." A cheerful prognostication. But Chicago has proved herself equal to the occasion; whether the city was to be screwed up or burned down she has preserved her high spirits and her untiring enterprise and go-aheadedness. On the day after the first fire there appeared in the midst of a mass of smouldering ruins, a pole surmounted by a board on which these words were writ large: "All lost except wife, children, and energy. Real estate agency, carried on as usual in the next shanty." And the undismayed real estate agent is alive to tell the tale, a prosperous gentleman, who proudly ex-



THE LUMBER TRADE OF THE WEST—DOWN AT THE BOOM.

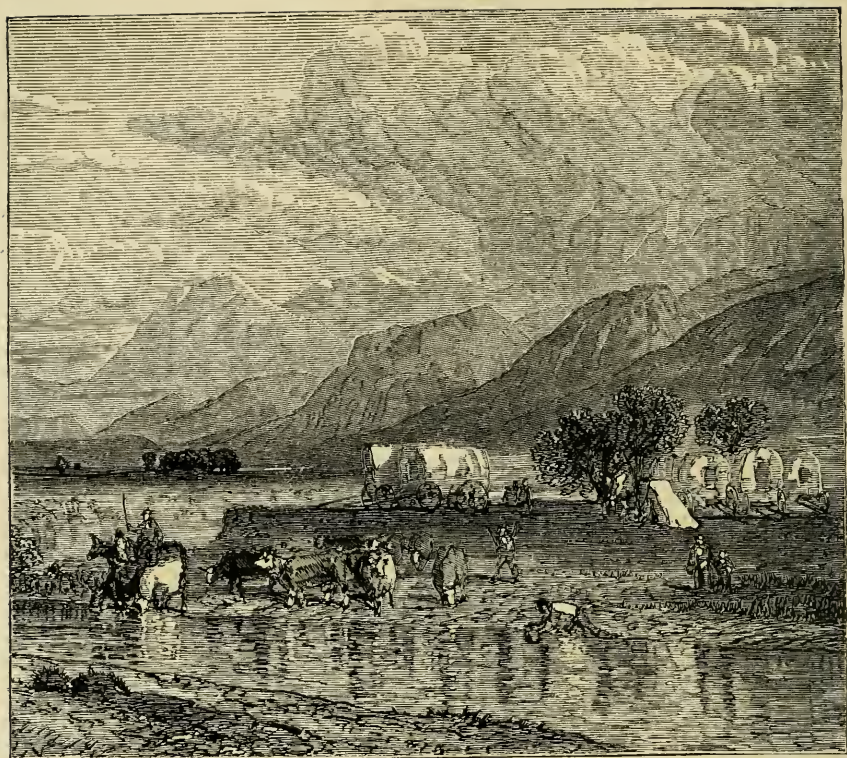
hibits the "wife, children, and energy" placard in his handsome office. He has reason to be proud. The wonderful Prairie City now ranks next in commercial importance to New York. Chicago is the largest grain market and emporium in the world. The pulse of Chicago's Board of Trade must be felt before Mark Lane and the Halle aux Blés can operate. Her lumber trade is tremendous.* She employs seventy thousand pairs of hands in



A LOG LANDING.

her iron and steel works, her flour mills, her cotton factories, her boot and shoe manufactories, and her tanneries. And, in the year ending March, 1879, she slaughtered and packed 5,000,000 hogs and 65,000 head of cattle, in addition to curing innumerable hams.

* The entire lumber produce of the United States is estimated to amount to ten thousand millions of feet annually. Its price at the mills on the coast ranges from ten to twenty dollars per thousand feet.



THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.

X.

TO THE HOME OF THE SETTING SUN.

On Board a Sleeping Car in the Rocky Mountains, *Feb. 27.*

MANY years ago—in my “salad days, when I was green in judgment”—I essayed to write a letter while I was up in a balloon, at an altitude of about two miles from the earth. I think that it was a love-letter which, “with the Vanity of Youth untoward, ever Spleeny, ever Froward,” I tried to scribble. But pride, in my case, had a very swift and humiliating fall. I had scarcely got beyond “Ever dearest,” scrawled with a metallic pencil on one of the leaves of a betting book, when the balloon burst;

and we came down with a run—shocking, even at this distance of time, to remember.

Since the year 1851, when my first and, I hope, last experience in aëronautics was made, Fate has decreed that I should try to write “copy” in a variety of strange places, and under a number of more or less strange circumstances. The harder has been the stress of events against which I have had to battle in cultivating the art of caligraphy, the more desperately have I tried to pluck up courage by recalling the epistolary disadvantages successfully surmounted by Mirabeau in the donjon of Vincennes and by Baron Trenck at Spandau ; by Latude in the Bastille, and by other historical prisoners and captives, when they endeavoured to correspond with the outside world. This one manufactured a kind of ink out of the soot from his chimney and the grease which he had skimmed from his soup. That one wrote with a toothpick for a pen and his own blood for ink on a scrap of hat lining for paper ; and it was on a silver dish, if I remember aright, that the Man with the Iron Mask scratched sundry revelations the publication of which might have made Louis XIV. “feel bad,” had not the dish, flung by the masked prisoner from his dungeon window on to the shore beneath, been picked up by a fisherman who was fortunately unable to read.

We have been told that when Charles Dickens was a reporter on the *Morning Chronicle* he accomplished the feat while travelling by night between Edinburgh and London in a postchaise, brilliantly lit up for the nonce with wax candles, of transcribing from his shorthand notes one of Lord Brougham’s longest speeches. I often think with admiring wonder of that achievement ; because my recollection of postchaises—they are extremely juvenile ones—are associated with the most terrible joltings and bumpings. The possibility, again, of writing legibly when you are at sea depends much more upon whether you are a good or a bad sailor than on the state of the weather. Very fair “copy” can be penned on a saloon table of a big steamship, even in the midst of her liveliest pitching and rolling ; but it is idle to think of

writing even a dozen coherent words if you are troubled with the slightest qualms of sea-sickness. That fearful experience of actual or premonition of coming nausea renders you utterly incapable of embodying intelligent thought in comprehensible phraseology, and you had far better lock up your writing desk, go on deck, or ask the steward for a soda-and-something than continue your contest with the Inexpugnable. But did you ever try the production of manuscript for publication on a railway train? I have been making efforts in that direction for the last five-and-twenty years; but up to the present time of writing my endeavours have been crowned only by miserable failure. Whether I have partially succeeded in this instance is a problem which can only be solved by the patient compositor, by the intelligent printer's readers—I wish them joy of my “copy”—and ultimately by the British public at large.*

Mr. Anthony Trollope, I have been given to understand, is an adept in the difficult craft of writing on the rail. He stands upright in the centre of the carriage, so I have been told, with his legs far apart, like those of the Colossus of Rhodes, and while the train is scudding along at a speed of from forty to sixty miles an hour, any number of sheets of “*Framley Parsonages*,” “*Orley Farm*,” and “*Phineas Finns*” fall from his rapid hand. Gifted novelist and resolute man. How I envy him! I write, under normal conditions, a tolerably legible hand; but my autograph, when I have tried to trace it when travelling on the iron road, is not much easier to be deciphered than that of the first Napoleon when he was in a hurry—and he was nearly always in a hurry—and bears an equal resemblance to the tracks made on the sheet of Bath post by the traditional spider which had been dipped in ink, and the “fist” of the deceased judge who had three handwritings—one of which could be read by himself alone, while the second was one

* I found on my return that my railway car-written “copy,” dug as it had been with a hard pencil, into a paper block, has been printed with, on the whole, wonderful accuracy in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

which he and his clerk could read, and the third was illegible to himself, his clerk, and everybody else.

Some years since I heard of a machine which had been patented for writing on the railway, and even in the dark. I would have eagerly bought such a machine, even if to do so, I had been compelled to sell all my New River shares and hypothecate all my blue diamonds—"hock my sparks," "soak my gems," and "Walker my rainbows"—to use the American euphemisms for the act of pawning your jewellery. But the patent machine for writing per express train, and in the night, disappeared, like many other brand-new inventions which were to revolutionise the world, and give a new departure to civilisation, from my ken. I can only hope that Mr. Edison will find time to re-invent and re-patent the railway writing machine when he has finally settled those little matters of the divisibility of the electric light, the Irish Land question, the compatibility of bubble companies floating with financial integrity, and the prevention of squalling on the part of the sleeping-car baby.

When I left Chicago, on my way to the Home of the Setting Sun, in quest of which I have journeyed through the State of Iowa, and am now traversing the State of Nebraska as fast as a blinding snowstorm and a howling gale will permit the express mail of the Union Pacific Railway to travel, my journalistic friends were good enough to opine, that, of course, I should write plenty of "copy" *en route*. I answered that, in view of the multitudinous efforts, attended by as many dismal failures, which I had made in that direction, I should as soon think of inditing sonnets to the moon or making sketches by means of a camera lucida of the scenery through which I passed. To this my journalistic friends answered "Psha!" Every American journalist, I was told, in accents of wild reproach, could write his two or three columns a day "on the cars." Still, I was reluctant to make a fresh attempt and be encountered by a fresh collapse. I was a little emboldened,

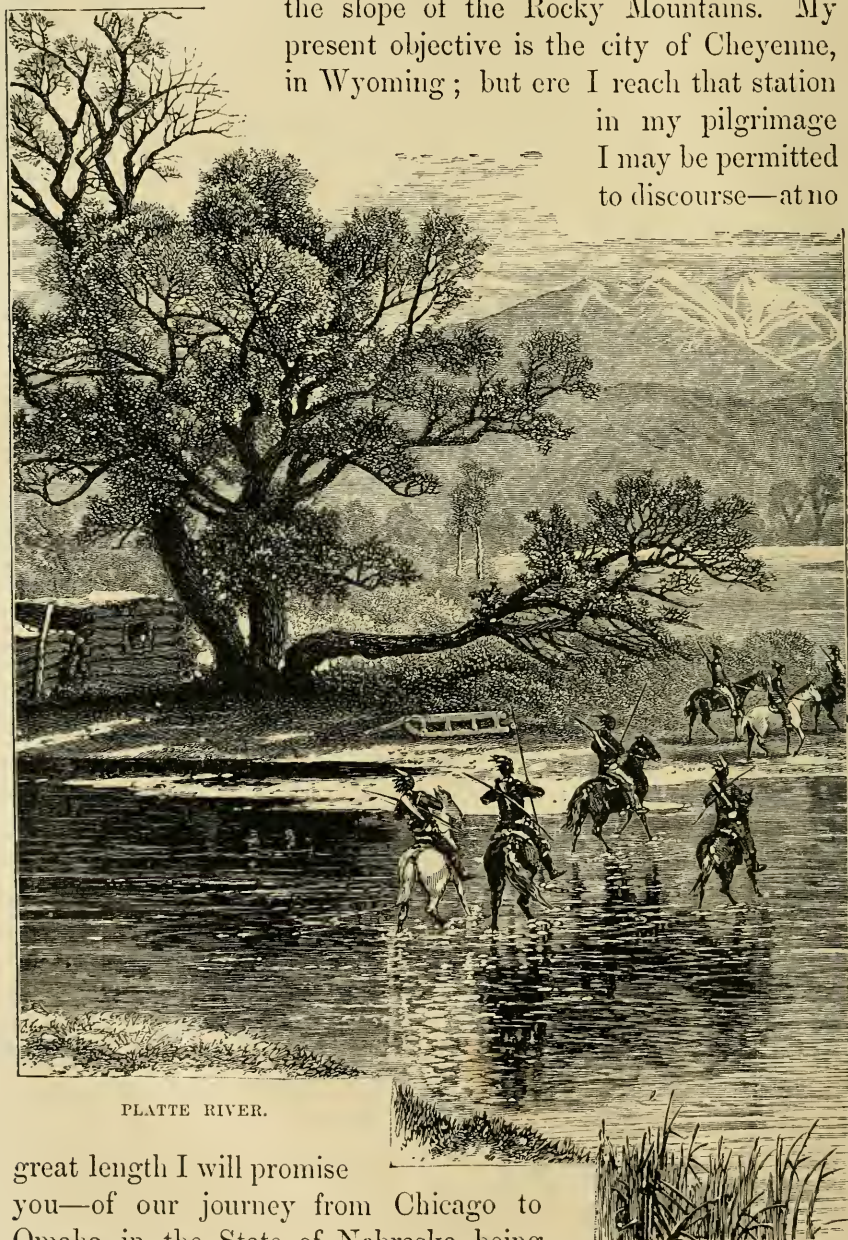
however, to try my caligraphic luck once more by reading the following from the Union Pacific experiences of that graphic writer, Mr. Charles Nordhoff: "At forty or forty-five miles an hour the country you pass through is a blur. One hardly sees between the telegraph poles; pleasure and ease are alike out of the question; reading tries your eyes; *writing is impossible*; conversation is impracticable, except at the auctioneer pitch; and the motion is wearying and tiresome. But at twenty-two miles per hour travelling by rail is a different affair; and having unpacked your books and unstrapped your wrap, in your Pullman car you may pursue all the sedentary avocations and amusements of a parlour at home; and as your housekeeping is done—and admirably done—for you by alert and experienced servants; as you may lie down at full length or sit up or sleep or wake at your choice; as your dinner is sure to be abundant, very tolerably cooked, and not hurried; as you are pretty certain to make acquaintances in the car, and as the country through which you pass is strange, and abounds in curious and interesting sights, and the air is fresh and exhilarating—you soon fall into the way of the voyage; and if you are a tired business man or a wearied housekeeper your careless ease will certainly be such a rest as most busy and overworked Americans know how to enjoy."

Thus far Mr. Charles Nordhoff, whose sensible hints to travellers going very far West indeed I read and meditated upon between Chicago and Omaha. At the last-named juvenile, but highly promising city, I was met at the depôt by the obliging proprietors of the *Omaha Herald*, and the *Omaha Republican*, who did everything they possibly could during the few hours of my stay to "put me through" and "post me up" in all matters pertaining to Nebraska. I am under equal obligations to Colonel Champion Chase, the Mayor of Omaha, for his cordial welcome, and for the mass of practical information relative to the resources of the "Garden State" which he placed at my disposal. But I must make an end, at this time and in this place at

least, of returning thanks ; the catalogue of American ladies and gentlemen to whom my fellow traveller and myself owe a debt of the sincerest gratitude would else equal in magnitude the schedule of Don Giovanni's love affairs as enumerated by Leporello. From New York to Philadelphia and Washington, from Baltimore to Richmond, from New Orleans to Chicago, and thence into the wonderful Western land, unvarying kindness and courtesy have been shown by all ranks of the American people to me and mine. And this kindness and courtesy come with all the greater force home to me, as I feel not one whit more inclined meanly to truckle to, or to fawn upon, or flatter them than I felt when I was in their midst and grumbled at most things American seventeen years ago.

My good newspaper friends in Omaha gave me some practical hints as to the possibility of writing "copy" on board a railway train. They furnished me with ten thick blocks of reporters' note paper. Then I procured a sheaf of rather hard lead pencils—Faber's No. 3 are about the requisite hardness—and the block note paper is thin enough to produce an original manuscript, a thoroughly legible duplicate, and a faintly decipherable triplicate ; only the paper being opaque, you must fain use a pencil instead of the agate stylus which is employed in manifold writing on transparent "flimsy." Then you tell the porter in your sleeping car not to unship the little one-legged flap table which he has fixed to the wall of the car between the seats of your "section," and at which you take your meals. The little mahogany flap serves you as a writing table, and on this narrow ledge I have been striving these four hours past to pencil some thoughts of mine which people may or may not read on the other side of the Atlantic, five thousand miles away from our pretty little boudoir. Yes ; it is a very pretty little boudoir, a most charming one, although it is on wheels, and although through the windows on either side we have only been enabled to discover the illimitable and trackless prairie, blinding white with snow. We have travelled from the

great Missouri through the Platte Valley, and are now ascending the slope of the Rocky Mountains. My present objective is the city of Cheyenne, in Wyoming; but ere I reach that station in my pilgrimage I may be permitted to discourse—at no



PLATTE RIVER.

great length I will promise you—of our journey from Chicago to Omaha, in the State of Nebraska, being my first Great Western objective after Chicago, although not

my grandest one—the Grand Objective I refrain from specifying yet awhile, lest I should fail in its accomplishment, in which case my story, like that of the Bear and the Fiddle, in “Hudibras,” would be but “begun and broke off in the middle.”

I fixed on the Chicago and North-Western Railroad as my line of route. There are no less than three lines of railway converging from the Prairie City on Omaha, or, rather on Council Bluffs, on the opposite shore of the Missouri; but the North-Western is undeniably the best road of the three. It is the shortest, and the first which formed connections with the Union Pacific for Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Idaho, Utah, Montana, Nevada, Oregon, and California. It has another line westward, from Chicago to Madison, St. Paul’s, Minnesota, Minneapolis, and all points beyond. It is the only line from Chicago to Fond du Lac, Green Bay, Escanoba, Marquette, and L’Anse, by which the tourist can reach the shores of Lake Superior by rail; and, again, it is the only line running for some six hundred miles, by Sparta and Winona, through the States of Illinois, Wisconsin, and Minnesota, and so to Lake Hampeka, Dakota. Please to look out these points on a map of the United States, O you British young man! You can never know what you may come to. Some of these days, perhaps, it may be your lot to abandon unproductive land tilling, or quill driving, or counter jumping, or whatever may be your present state of life in England. Some of these days you may cross the “Big Pond,” and, having the common sense to avoid loitering away your time and squandering your money in the Atlantic cities, go West, even to Nebraska, the “Garden State,” even to far-off Montana and Dakota. They will not seem so very far off a dozen years hence. Be particular to remember that the great railway system organised by the Chicago and North-Western Railway is all younger than our Underground Railway, younger than the Holborn Viaduct, younger than the Paris Avenue de l’Opera. The entire iron network is, comparatively speaking, only a creation of the day before yesterday. The railway locomotive

is civilisation's great plough, after all. It strikes its five hundred and its thousand mile furrows, and the wilderness sprouts with smiling villages, swiftly to ripen into flourishing cities.

So we took the North-Western from Chicago to Council Bluffs, a distance of nearly five hundred miles; designedly delaying by one day our departure from the City of High Pressure in order that we might secure a section in one of the



THE KITCHEN OF A PULLMAN CAR.

newest and the handsomest of the Pullman Sleeping and Hotel Cars, the "International." The interior of the car was a marvel of decorative cabinet work; but there is no need for me to describe its internal arrangements: seeing that they were in the main similar to those of the Pullman Restaurant Cars which, when I left England, were beginning to run on the Great

Northern Railway between King's-cross and Leeds. The American bill of fare, however, comprised sundry dainties which might be looked for in vain in railway England. We were offered prairie-chicken, blue-winged teal, and golden plover, oysters cooked in half-a-dozen styles, stewed tomatoes, sweet potatoes, and a pleasing variety of omelettes. A lady and gentleman in the car (on their honeymoon trip, I suspect) partook of an *omelette au rhum*, to which fire was duly set. It was good to watch the cheerful blaze; nor was the sight by any means sterile in suggestive elements. From the prairie fire of Leatherstocking, and the pioneer camping out in these regions



not more than twenty years ago, to the *friandises* of the Café Anglais and the Maison Dorée there has been seemingly but one step. Nothing preparatory, nothing intermediate. A misshapen billet of wood to-day, and the god Mercury covered all over with the finest-beaten gold-leaf to-morrow. Then a grisly bear on four legs, growling fiercely. Now the new Patent Philocomal Ursine Pomade at a dollar a pot.

I have read in Burton's "Anatomy" that Democritus of Abdera, when he was wearied with overmuch studying, com-

pounding chemicals, dissecting swine to find the seat of the gall, inditing tractates upon the folly of mankind and the like, would, in the cool of the evening, trot down to the haven, and divert himself by listening to the babble of the bargees and the fish-wives. Such distractions we may enjoy, wholesomely, without being either Democrituses or dwellers among the Abderites. Thus, lest I should grow cloyed with golden plover and *omelette au rhum*, and the other delicacies of the Pullman Hotel Car, would I saunter through the train from car to car, until at last I reached the remote "smoker," or car devoted to the temporary accommodation of those who wished to enjoy the solace of a pipe or cigar. More than once have I remarked that the deficient accommodation provided for smokers is the one great drawback to the comfort of American railways. In England the rights of the railway smoker are secured by Act of Parliament. In the United States he has no such rights; and his enjoyment of the few and far-between privileges which he furtively snatches is fiercely disputed by the fair sex. Thus the car known as the "smoker" is usually relegated to the least eligible part of the train, next to the baggage car; and it generally, even on the best appointed lines, is the untidiest and least cleanly compartment of the train. As misery is said to make a man acquainted with strange bedfellows, so the habit of smoking brings all sorts and conditions of people together; and I have made the oddest of acquaintances, and listened to the drollest of conversations, among the *omnium gatherum* of humanity.

As for the possible "rough," there is not much need for you to trouble yourself about him. If you refrain from adopting the asinine practice of carrying a revolver under peaceable conditions of travelling, it is with the extremest rarity that you will find a revolver drawn upon you. It is, as a rule, those who needlessly talk about shooting who run the greatest risk of getting shot.*

* I never carried a revolver in my life except in Turkey. And I have travelled quite unarmed through Mexico when the country between Vera Cruz and Mexico City was swarming with brigands.

It is again not by any means certain that you will get into a quarrel by refusing to drink with the first possible rough who accosts you, whereas I had been told over and over again that to accept a drink from a total stranger is a *sine quâ non* in the West. It is a case of "inside or out" I was assured. Either you must swallow the dram or run the risk of ulterior consequences in the way of steel or lead. Frequent experience, however, leads me to the conclusion that if you civilly tell your unknown friend that you have "sworn off," or that "you are not equal to anything else before supper," he will take your refusal in thoroughly good part. Of course, there are exceptions to the rule; but of one thing be certain, that if by ill-luck you do fall across a rough American who is wholly or partially "tight," and proportionately fractious, or prone to exhibit tendencies of an "ugly" or violent nature, the vast majority of your fellow-travellers will be peaceable and law-abiding persons, whose interest lies in the direction of the rough being "run out" or "chucked off" at the earliest possible opportunity. Be not afraid, then, to mingle with the many-headed in the "smoker." Keep yourself to yourself as reasonable discrimination shall dictate; but speak when you are spoken to briefly and courteously, and you will get along very comfortably.

You may or may not be somewhat of a physiognomist. Thus you must use your own discretion in the application of Juvenal's warning against trusting to facial appearance; but I would entreat you not to judge travelling Americans in the West from the clothes they wear aboard the cars. For example, in the "smoker," between Chicago and the important manufacturing city of Cedar Rapids, I was addressed as "partner," and offered a "plug of terbacker," by a gaunt youth, seemingly of some nineteen summers, with lank, hay-coloured hair, whose coarse home-spun coat and vest, red flannel undershirt—over-shirt he had none—misshapen felt hat and pantaloons, tucked into boots reaching knee-high and quite innocent of blacking, ostensibly bespoke him to be a rough of the roughs. He was

nothing whatever of the kind. He was a graduate of the University of his State; had taken high honours in the department of mineralogy; and was now on his way Far West, with a view to "prospecting around" in the mining regions. He



thought that he could "get a job," he told me; and from his subsequent conversation I was led to infer that he was ready to inspect and report upon any new metalliferous deposits which he

might encounter, to form a new mining company, to speculate in mining stocks, or to become the conductor of a freight train. In fact, he was ready for anything in the conduct of which pluck, energy, and practical knowledge could be made available.

He had an elder brother, he casually mentioned, who was doing very well as a portrait painter somewhere in Nebraska. His parents had, in the outset, strongly objected to this young man's following the arts, and had placed him in the office of a lawyer—wishing, as his brother tersely put it, to “bring him up to something respectable;” but the “apprentice of the law” could not abide the profession chalked out for him; so the old folks at home, making the best of a bad bargain, mortgaged some land, and with the proceeds, sent the artistic young hopeful to study for two or three years in France and Italy. Then he had gone West; and was at present getting as much as seventy-five dollars for a half-length in oils. “It wasn't a very good trade,” my informant added rather apologetically; but some day perhaps his brother would be able to get up to 'Frisco and start in the photographic line and so “make his pile.” I hope that he may make it with all my heart.

Perhaps the most amusing travelling companion that I fell across was a little old fellow in a sealskin cap, who was a cripple and moved on crutches, but who will always be embalmed in my memory as the Happy Man. He said not a word to me nor I to him, but whenever in the course of our five hundred miles' journey it happened that I strolled into the “smoker,” there was the little crippled man, sitting in the warmest corner, with the soles of his feet comfortably wedged against the wall of the stove, and singing softly but merrily to himself, as though he would never grow old, and there were no such things as sorrow, or discord, or poverty in the world. He had gotten, what is called a “Dime Songster”—“America's own Motto Songster,” I think—with him, and, beginning at the beginning, was going right through the two hundred double-columned pages of that admired Little Warbler. “Our Star-spangled Flag of the Free,”

"Never go back on the Poor," "Kicking a Man when he's Down," "Prove yourself the Poor Man's Friend," "The Patriot's Dream," "Brooklyn's Great Fire," "Custard Pie," "Give the Working Man a Chance," "Stoke's Verdict," and "Sunday Night, when the Parlour is Full"—these were among the songs which he sang, or rather intoned. His rendering of a chorus was delicious, and there was something inexpressibly pathetic in his "tol de rols" and "right tol de rol lay." In his tunes there was not much more variety than in that eating house gravy which serves for beef and mutton, pork and veal alike; but it was something of a hymnological melody with a comic flavour—say the "Old Hundredth" combined with "Jim Crow" in slow time.



A ROCKY MOUNTAINS' POSTMAN GOING HIS ROUNDS.



AN INDIAN COURTSHIP.

XI.

AT OMAHA.

Still going West, *Feb. 28.*

AND so we sped on our Hotel Car to Missouri Valley Junction—a place virtually a creation of the railway, even as Crewe is in England. The Junction, having only a population of some two thousand souls, is as yet content with the unpretending name of a “village;” but it possesses several excellent schools—one of which cost twelve thousand dollars to build—together with a town hall, a public hall fitted up with a stage and scenery for theatrical entertainments, a daily newspaper, two churches, and three hotels. You are here on the

verge of the Highlands of Nebraska. Corn, swine, cattle, and wheat are despatched in large quantities eastward from this centre. The surrounding country is full of game. Geese, ducks, brant, ruffed grouse, prairie chickens, quail, snipe, and woodcock are so abundant hereabouts as to make the region



an earthly Paradise for the sport which Western men call "gunning," although, by an odd perversity of nomenclature, the fowling-piece ceases to be called a gun by the sportsman, and is familiarly known as a "shooting iron." Example, the accidentally unarmed hunter who meets a bear, "I hadn't my shootin' iron with me," thus the hunter recounts; "but I cussed the critter, and bemeaned him

powerful; and he was skeared and git"—i.e., the bear, thoroughly terrified at being "cussed" and "bemeaned powerful," "git" (ran) away.

Beyond Missouri Junction are two small stations, Honey Creek and Crescent; and passing there about ten a.m. on the morrow of our quitting Chicago the train drew up at Council Bluffs, a place distant about four hundred and ninety miles from the Prairie City. This is the western terminus of the Chicago and North-Western line. I was interested to learn that Council

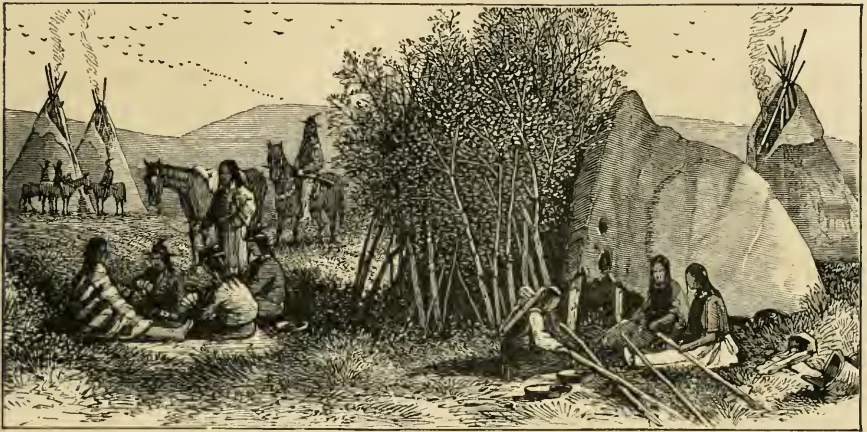
Bluffs is the chief town of Potawotamic County, so named from a tribe of Indians, of whom it is recorded that they once requested a missionary to pray for "less thunder and more beef"—a very practical orison—and which now contains about ten thousand inhabitants. It was one of the halting places of the Mormon pilgrims on their exodus from Nauvoo towards Utah; and here they built a tabernacle, and hoped to found a city, calling it Hanesville. Thence they set out on their extraordinary journey to the thin, sterile, sage-brush-clad, and apparently inhospitable valley of the Great Salt Lake. After the departure of the Saints a new class of people came in, a new town was built; and, from the circumstance that the site had been the scene of many Indian "pow-wows" the city was re-christened Council Bluffs. With constitutionally Anglo-Saxon proneness to abbreviation, the city is generally known to its denizens as "the Bluffs." It has six hotels, making up an aggregate of six hundred beds; and the Bluffians declare with some bitterness that if the trains of the Union Pacific Railroad would only cross the great iron bridge which here spans the Missouri, and make Council Bluffs instead of Omaha their point of departure for the Pacific coast, the Bluffs would soon rejoice in a dozen grand hotels, and a population of fifty thousand.

Owing to a variety of complicated circumstances, the Union Pacific is determined to make Omaha, on the opposite bank of the Missouri, their starting place. As the trains coming westward through the State of Iowa make Council Bluffs their western terminus, a general transfer of passengers and baggage takes place here. Travellers coming from the East debark at the Bluffs, crossing the bridge on a "transfer train," and again debarking on the Omaha side, where the West-bound trains of the Union Pacific are in waiting. The principal matter in dispute appears to be whether the bridge over the Missouri is an integral part of the Union Pacific Railway or not; but a recent decision of the Supreme Court of the United States seems to have reduced the question to a very narrow issue, and the

public are promised ere long a joint depôt on the eastern bank of the river, by which means the inconvenient transfer will be avoided. This Missouri bridge is a wonderful specimen of railway construction. Previous to February, 1872, all passengers and merchandise were ferried across the treacherous and shifting breadth of the Missouri in flat-keeled steamboats, and owing to the continually changing currents and sandbars a safe landing could never be depended on. The present bridge is 2,750 feet long, in eleven spans of 250 feet each. The elevation is fifty feet above high-water mark. The spans are supported by the stone masonry abutment and eleven piers, with twenty-two cast-iron columns, each pier being about eight feet in diameter. During the building of the bridge, from February, 1869, when the work was commenced, until it was completed in 1872, about five hundred men were constantly employed; ten steam engines being also in use.

The early history of Omaha, as I find it very succinctly, yet graphically, narrated by Mr. Alfred Sorrenson, the present city editor of the *Omaha Republican*, might be very advantageously bound up with an edition of the novels of Fenimore Cooper. The facts set forth by Mr. Sorrenson would, I apprehend, prove quite as interesting as the most startling of the fictions in "The Pioneers" or "The Pathfinder." In particular is the chapter bearing on the Omaha Indians worthy of curious note. It was in 1854 that Major Gatewood, Indian agent for the tribes in this district, called them together at a place named Bellevue, which had been for a long time an Indian mission, and there discussed the feasibility of making a treaty by which the red-skins were to yield their title to their lands. The old, old story. The treaties were signed in the month of April, 1854, and resulted in the passage by Congress of an "enabling" Act, by virtue of which the territory, now the State of Nebraska, was organised.

The Indian signatories of the treaties were the chiefs of the Otoes, the Missouris, and the Omahas. The Sachem of the last-named tribe, at the time mentioned, seems to have been in many



AN INDIAN CAMP.

respects a notable personage. This was Shon-ga-sha, otherwise Logan Fontenelle, a half-bred. His father, Lucien Fontenelle, was a French creole from New Orleans, who came to the Omaha country in 1824 in the employ of Major Pilcher. Lucien is described as a gentleman of good education, "presenting every indication of having been well raised." He married an Omaha squaw, and in 1835 engaged in the Indian trade, in co-partnership with one Dups, in the neighbourhood of Fort Laramie. He treated his Indian wife very kindly, and gave his four children, three boys and a girl, a first-rate education at St. Louis. He made a considerable fortune by the mountain trade, but was, unfortunately, too fond of whiskey; so much so, indeed, that in 1840 he died of *delirium tremens*. His son, Logan Fontenelle, otherwise Shon-ga-sha, inherited the rank, the abilities, and the failings of his father. He was killed in a fight with the Sioux. Albert Fontenelle, the next son, was Pawnee Government agent; he was thrown while drunk from a mule and killed on the spot. Tecumseh, the third son, was killed in a drunken frolic by his brother-in-law, Louis Neal. Lucien Fontenelle's two remaining children, Henry and Susan, were alive so recently as 1870.

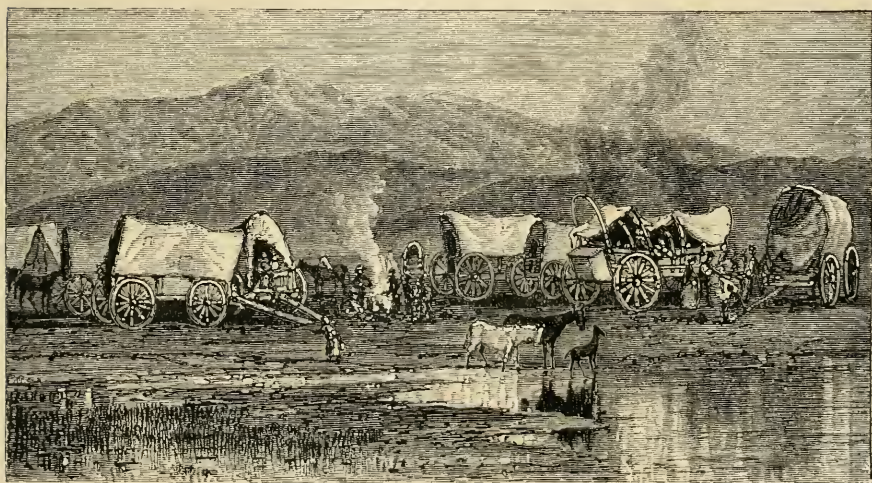
Madame Lucien Fontenelle, their mother, was also a remarkable lady, and on one occasion very conspicuously distinguished

herself. Some time in 1834 a party of Iowa Indians came to pay a friendly visit to the Omahas. They were very well received and kindly treated; and, on returning home, meeting a small party of Indians of the same tribe as their kindly hosts, they gratefully murdered them. Among the slain were four relatives of that Omaha squaw, who had become Madame Fontenelle. They also slaughtered, after killing his mother, a half-bred Omaha boy by the name of Karsmer. One of the Omaha Indians said, "Don't kill him; he is a white boy;" but the gallant Iowa butcher replied, "A white man's blood is the same to us as an Omaha's," and left the boy on the ground with a spear driven through his heart.

From that time forward Madame Lucien Fontenelle sought revenge, and made several attempts to slay the treacherous Iowa who had killed the young half-breed. At the Bellevue landing on the Missouri stood an old Indian trading post, at which were the buildings of the Otoí Omaha and Pawnee blacksmiths' shops. The murderous Iowa of whom the vengeful squaw was in quest, happened to look in at Bellevue, and stole a keg of whiskey from the shop of one Shaw, an assistant smith. Shaw had got drunk on whiskey, and had gone to bed with the keg under his arm when the Iowas arrived. Then the Indians began to get drunk, until, for the sake of peace and quietness, Hannibal Doherty, brother to the Indian agent, stove in the keg with an axe and spilled the whiskey. There was an old Frenchman by the name of Sharlo Malice, who got drunk by lying on the ground, and sucking up the alcohol-saturated dirt. The murderous Iowa Indian was already drunk and incapable in one of the buildings of the fort standing midwise to the river, when Madame Lucien Fontenelle deliberately took an axe and dashed his brains out; then she jumped ten feet out of a four-light window, slid down a bank, and ran home. That night war was expected between the tribes; but the Iowas showed no fight, and returned home in a very crestfallen manner after burying the "brave," on whom retribution had just made so signal a mark. In all likelihood,

Madame Lucien Fontenelle had never read a line of Bacon ; yet her grimly heroic act was certainly a very practical comment on the maxim that revenge is " a wild kind of justice." The husband of the heroine, when she had done her deed, was up at his fort in the mountains. Major Pilcher had her conveyed to an Omaha village at the foot of the Blackbird Hills. Some two months afterwards Mr. Fontenelle came to Bellevue, and sent an escort of Omahas for his Helen Macgregor-like wife, paying about a thousand dollars' worth in presents as recompense for bringing her down.

The last incident at which I may be allowed to glance in connection with the Indian chronicles of Omaha may fairly be considered as a startling one. It was the actual skinning alive of a white man at the hands of the Pawnees, and occurred in 1852 at a place on the military road about five miles beyond the Elkhorn. The victim of the Pawnees' wrath was one Rhines, a silversmith, who had formerly lived at Geneva, in the State of Wisconsin, but who shortly before coming West, on his way to California, took up his abode at Delaran. It appears that this man Rhines, previous to starting for the Pacific coast, had made the boast, equally foolish and wicked, that he would shoot the first Indian whom he met. In due time the party of whom he was one arrived in Nebraska, and camped out one evening on the bank of



a stream which at that time was nameless. The next morning, as the caravan were getting ready to start, a small party of young Indians who had crossed the river from the Pawnee village on the opposite shore approached the encampment of the pale-faces. These were the first red-skins whom the Americans had seen; and Rhines the silversmith was duly reminded of his bloodthirsty piece of braggadocio. The ruffian at once seized his rifle, took aim at a young squaw, and shot her dead.

The news of this cruel and cowardly murder was at once carried to the Pawnee village; and the party of white men was soon surrounded by a band of exasperated "savages" (?) who demanded, and eventually obtained, the surrender of Rhines. After stripping him they tied him to a wagon-wheel, and at once began to skin him alive. The wretch in his agony called both on the Indians and on his own countrymen to shoot him; but there was no mercy for him who had shown none. The pale-faces, who were considerably outnumbered by the Indians, were compelled by the "savages" (?) to stand by, and witness the scarification of their comrade without being able to render him any assistance, except at the risk of their own lives. And these they did not care to imperil. The process of skinning was carried out to the end, Rhines surviving the completion of the operation a few minutes, during which the squaws cheerfully chopped him to pieces with their mattocks. Yes; my Lord of Verulam was right; and revenge *is* a wild kind of justice. As a postscript to the Tragedy of Scarification, it may be mentioned that, ever since the day of Rhines's punishment, the river on the shore of which the deed was done has been known as Rawhide. A horrible name—fit memento of a deed as horrible.

Omaha, as I beheld it, is a city just six-and-twenty years old—the bill organising and admitting Nebraska as a territory after the extinction of the Indian title having been passed by Congress in the spring of 1854. The Organic Act having been passed, the Missouri Ferry Company proceeded to lay out their contemplated town in three hundred and seventy "blocks," each two

hundred and sixty-four feet square; the streets being one hundred feet wide. These figures are worth quoting; and I give them designedly, as a pregnant illustration of the resolve characteristic of the Americans to make their towns, even in the inception thereof, "big things." The enormous width assigned to the thoroughfares of what may be termed "Cities of the Future," but which in population would rank only as large villages, or, at the most, as county towns in the old country, has only one drawback. The era of Promise is not always succeeded by the era of Performance so swiftly as its projectors have imagined and hoped would be the case. Even Washington, in the district of Columbia, the Federal capital of the Republic, is only slowly realising, structurally speaking, the magnificent intentions of its founders; and Washington is close upon a hundred years old. In despite of this example, every town in the West is laid out on a plan as vast as though it were destined, at no distant date, to contain a million of inhabitants. That Omaha will have its million of souls, more or less, some of these days, I make no doubt; but meanwhile the disproportionate breadth of its thoroughfares to the buildings which skirt them militates against the generally striking aspect of the place.

These remarks will apply to at least fifty promising American cities that I have seen within the last four months. Constructive disproportion strikes you at every step. The roadway is, as a rule, three times too broad. Its excessive breadth renders the task of paving it one of extreme difficulty; and in the majority of cases the municipal authorities tide over the difficulty by not paving the roadway at all. So soon as ever the streets are "graded," tramways for horse-cars are laid down; and, what more, it is tacitly asked, can you want? Europeans may reply that a civilised city should be a place not only to ride about in horse-car-railway, but also to walk about in; and they may further urge that comfortable pedestrianism in the greater number of young American towns is next door to an impossibility. The monstrous breadth of the streets again gives

to the entire town an aspect of unsightliness and untidiness. In summer time the road is a dusty desert ; in the rainy season it is a Slough of Despond.

The street architecture is a jumble of all styles, and of no style at all. The energetic dealer in dry goods, who has, within two or three years or so, made a couple of hundred thousand dollars, or borrowed a couple of hundred thousand more, runs up a stupendous five-storeyed structure of brick or iron, painted white to resemble marble. But next door to him is a petty saloon-keeper, or a small grocer, or a humble dealer in oysters and dried shad, who has not made any money at all, who cannot borrow any, and who continues to carry on his business in a wretched little shanty, the successor of the log-cabin which



A WESTERN FRONTIER TOWN.

may have been built by his pioneer father's own hands. Next to this poverty-stricken hovel—I am speaking generally of juvenile American towns, and not specially of Omaha—you may behold the colossal granite, or brownstone, or cast-iron premises of the Runnamucca Insurance Company, the Kickafaw Express Agency, or the Potawotamic Bank—superb in mansard roofs, Renaissance *loggie*, and “Corinthian fixings.” Then come a pitiful cluster of one-storeyed tinware shops, butchers’, bakers’, and lager-beer saloons. Then a First Presbyterian Church, in what may be qualified as the Bedlamite-Byzantine style, and then more ram-shackle shanties. Then a Masonic Temple, or an Odd Fellows’ Hall, or a Hibernian Rotunda, or a Young Men’s Christian Association—all structures rivalling Mr. Spurgeon’s

Tabernacle at Newington in architectural grandeur and picturesqueness. And then more huts and hovels—with this addendum—that wherever there occurs a few feet of intervening wall, planking, or fencing it will surely be scrawled over with stencillings of the most offensive advertisements of quack nostrums that it is possible to conceive.

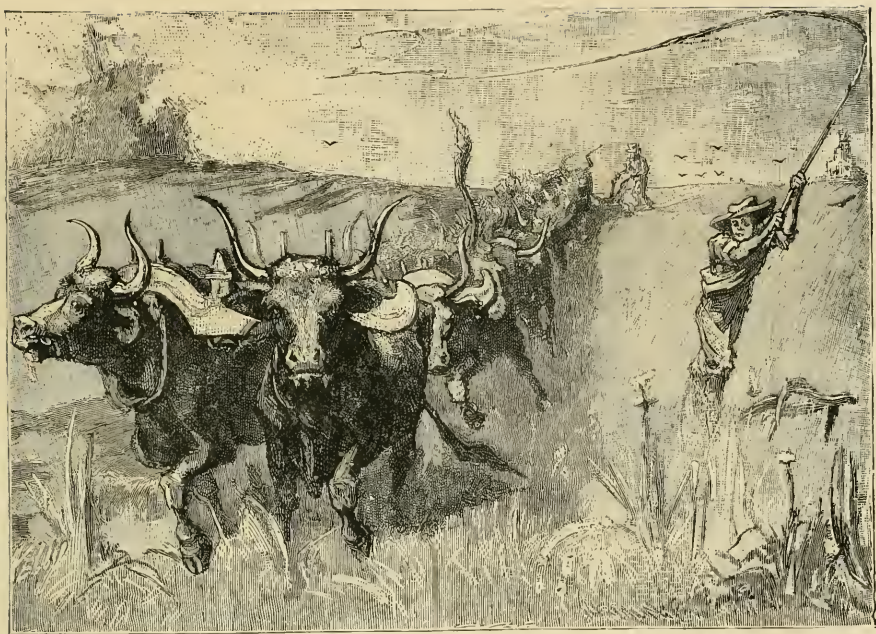
I shall not, I hope, be accused of rooted prejudice against American institutions if I renew—and renew unavailingly, I fear—my protest against the coarseness and indecency of the quack-salvers' announcements with which almost every available inch of wall or fence space in the United States is disfigured. Impudent pretensions to cure the most distressing and the most repulsive of human ailments, to deal with the darkest offspring of "the Painful Family of Death, more hideous than their Queen," alarm and disgust the eye at every turn; and I challenge contradiction when I assert that the loveliest spots in the scenery of this vast continent are blighted with these loathsome stigmata—the portents of shameless imposture and rapacious greed for gold—and that Dr. Dulcamara and Professor Katterfelto are permitted to daub the proclamations of their lying wonders alike on the exquisitely beautiful banks of the Hudson River and on the rocky coast of the Pacific. From New York to San Francisco you are pursued by the quack and his revolting lotions, pills and plasters. From New York to San Francisco, do I say? Alas! things are nearly as bad in London and Paris. To be sure, Shakespeare's Cliff at Dover has not yet been invaded by advertisements of Old Dr. Cureall's Liver Persuader; the trees in the forest of Fontainebleau are yet unbranded with eulogies of Professor Diafoirus's Pulmonic Plugs; and the summit of Ben Nevis is yet uncrowned by a record of the fifty thousand cures effected by the use of the Centennial Strychnine Bitters.

But I did not come to this country to grumble; and we must take the rough with the smooth, especially at Omaha. It is such a very young, such a very enterprising, such a very promising city. Look at its newspapers. From the well-informed press of

the Nebraskan city I gather that the first white child born in Omaha was Miss Margaret Ferry, who came into the world in the month of October, 1854; the first marriage was that of Mr. John Logan to Miss Caroline Mosier; and the first grave in Omaha was dug by Mr. W. P. Snowden, on the site of which is now a German Turnverein Hall, for the remains of an old Ojotowasquaw, who had been abandoned to die by the wayside. Very appropriately in this connection may be quoted the words of the poet Whittier:

Behind the scared squaw's birch canoe
The steamer smokes and raves;
And city lots are staked for sale
Above old Indian graves.

The first case of death from *delirium tremens* in Omaha was that of old Mr. Todd, who erected the first frame shanty in the vicinity of St. Nicholas, and stocked it with groceries: whiskey being his principal article of trade. He was his own best customer; and after his dissolution, owing to repeated attacks of "the shakes," was buried "near where the Union Pacific track crosses Thirteenth-street." "To old Mr. Todd," pathetically remarks his biographer, "belongs the honour of having been the first incurable drunkard in Omaha, as well as the first man who died here—and his memory is entitled to some respect, as he exhibited some decency in ceasing to exist under the circumstances." I suppress the name of the first physician who began practice in Omaha. I find it recorded that he arrived here from Syracuse, New York, in the fall of 1854. "Dr. ——'s first patient," writes the chronicler, "was an Omaha Indian papoose"—and, he somewhat maliciously adds—"It is said that the child died." Perhaps the chronicler was a brother medico.



BREAKING PRAIRIE LAND IN NEBRASKA.

XII.

THE ROAD TO ELDORADO.

Very Far West, *Feb.* 26.

I LINGERED, it may be, too long in Omaha. It may seem to you that I likewise tarried to excess in Richmond and in New Orleans; although, had I had my will, my stay in both the delightful cities named would have been prolonged to thrice its actual duration. But Omaha, for reasons difficult to define, fascinated me. I entered it with joy, and I quitted it with reluctance. It was not, I admit, the superiority of the Omaha hotels that invited me to linger. Formerly the city could boast a very splendid hotel, the Grand Central, described as the finest between Chicago and San Francisco; but in 1878 this towering fabric was burned down; and only an ugly gap of blackened ground, with a cow or two ruminating among the

cinders, between a drug store and the office of the *Omaha Republican*, remains to recall the glories of the Grand Central. The hotel history of Omaha is, moreover, not devoid of curious interest. The old Douglas House—a “frame” structure still standing at the corner of Harnay-street, the main business thoroughfare—was the first “regular” hotel opened in the city. The earlier and irregular establishments were mere log cabins, kept by Pioneer landlords of the rough-and-ready sort, and where board and lodging were combined with a good deal of whiskey-drinking and gambling, and, upon occasion, a little pistol practice. But the old Douglas House, built early in 1855, was a “high-toned” caravanserai, where shooting the bar-tender, if he declined to give credit for drinks, was deemed a gross breach of etiquette. The manager was Mr. Ignace Scherb, under whose superintendence the national anniversary of the 4th of July, '55, was celebrated by a grand “barbecue.” Another leading house of entertainment for man and beast was the City Hotel, but this has since been converted into a private residence.

Then there was the Herndon House, so named after a Lieutenant Herndon, who, in 1857, was lost in a steamship while on her voyage from Panama to New York. The Herndon cost some sixty thousand dollars to build, was “run” for awhile in magnificent style, and “claimed to be a mammoth undertaking;” but it proved to be too big for its average contingent of guests; and after passing to a succession of landlords, it fell at last into the hands of the sheriff, who sold it. There had been previously a sharp contest for possession between two litigant lessees, named respectively Mr. Allen and Mrs. Bronson. Weeks were spent by the parties in legal strategy and skirmishing, during which it was not unusual for Mr. Allen, on visiting the hotel kitchen in the morning, to find Mrs. Bronson’s cooking stove installed in the place of his own, which had been “chucked” over the adjoining fence during the night; and not unfrequently were the guests in the hotel arrested in the midst of their break-



INDIANS AT A HIDE TRAPPER'S HUT.

fasts, while waiting, perhaps, for more buckwheat cakes, by the receipt from the waiter of the alarming intelligence that the cooking apparatus belonging to Mrs. Bronson, stove, griddle, and all, had just been "bounced out" by the incensed Mr. Allen. Eventually Mrs. Bronson triumphed: as the ladies always should do in matters where cookery is concerned. The Herndon House is now occupied by the offices of that tremendous corporation, the Union Pacific Railroad.

Finally, among the bygone hotels of Omaha must be cited the memorable Cozzens House, concerning which an old legend is current in the city. In the year 1867, Mr. George Francis Train was sojourning at the now disestablished Herndon House. One day in the dining-room he sat at a table close to a broken window, through which the wind was blowing in an inconveniently tempestuous manner. George Francis complained of the annoyance; and after exhausting every expedient to abrogate it, except that of putting in a new pane of glass, he paid a negro waiter ten cents a minute to stand in front of the window until he had finished his dinner. The most rapid Train then registered a vow that he would build forthwith a new mammoth hotel in Omaha; and that self-same afternoon he purchased ten town lots, and had men at work digging for the foundations of his projected structure. In sixty days the hotel was completed, at a cost of forty thousand dollars. Before it was finished Mr. Train let it to the Messrs. Cozzens, of West Point, New York, for an annual rental of ten thousand five hundred dollars. The Cozzens ran it for a year and then leased it to one Philo Rumsey at less than one half the original rental; but in 1871 Mr. Rumsey "closed it out"—the American equivalent for shutting up shop—and for the last nine years the Aladdin's Palace of George Francis Train, who at one period seemed about to become, by means of a Credit Foncier, the territorial Dictator of Omaha, has stood vacant.

By this time you will have begun to perceive that Omaha was, in the outset, slightly too ambitious in the way of hotels.

She wanted to run before she could walk, or even toddle. But she will come to the stage of advancing "by leaps and bounds" in good time. The burnt-down Grand Central is to be built up again, I hear, so soon as somebody can borrow the money to build it; and in a few years' time, when Omaha numbers eighty or a hundred thousand inhabitants, and mammoth hotels by the score can be counted within her confines, the history of her early caravanserais may be as interesting to her denizens as that of our old Tabards and Falcons is to us. The leading hotel at Omaha at present is the Withnell House. The proprietors, the Messrs. Kitchen, do the most they can for travellers; but the most does not amount to much. They put us into a bed-room the ground plan of which resembled a cocked-hat. Then they moved us to another the form of which reminded one of the case of a "bull-fiddle"—which is Americanese for a violoncello. There was a notification in this apartment to the effect that you were to touch the electric bell once if you wished to summon the "bell-boy," twice if you wished for iced water, and thrice if you required the attendance of the chambermaid; but as nobody came in response to repeated ringing, it did not much matter how often or how long you pressed the magic button. When I was at Constantinople, some three years ago, I began to learn how to work the "type writer;" and I renewed my apprenticeship to that instrument half practically and half mentally by tapping the bell-button at the Withnell House. I hope that I did not do any damage to the instrument. The hotel, albeit small and "one horse" in accommodation, was scrupulously clean, and Messrs. Kitchen's clerk was very civil.

I shall remember the Withnell House chiefly on account of two of the most zealous newspaper reporters that I ever encountered. They were both young men; and, Talleyrand's admonition against zeal to the contrary notwithstanding, these gentlemen should surely attain eminence in the peculiar branch of the profession of journalism which they have adopted. They sprang upon me from a dark corner in the "sample room" of the

hotel late at night; and one after the other made me the captive of his bow and spear. That is to say, they "interviewed" me half out of my mind. They wanted to know not only where I had been, and whither I was going—as if any man could tell where he was going—but likewise what I thought about Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., and Mr. Dennis Kearney, of San Francisco; what were my opinions touching General Ulysses S. Grant and the Third Term candidature; what I had to say about the Inter-Oceanic Canal, the Monroe Doctrine, and Honest Money as against Greenbacks; and in what manner I had been impressed by the aspect of Omaha, its manufactories, its stock-yards, and its smelting works. They interviewed me so long and so loudly that I fancy the gentleman in the next room must have thought that we were having a heated political discussion which might haply eventuate in an appeal to the arbitrament of the six-shooter or the bowie-knife; for he knocked querulously at the wall, as though to signify he had had enough of this kind of thing, and that he wanted to go to sleep. I know that I yearned



to assume the horizontal position, and that sorely. The first interviewer went away rejoicing, for he had "shorthanded me," as he put it, on several foolscap sheets of brown paper. The next gentleman had to apologise for his ignorance of the art of stenography; so he "longhanded" me to such length that the noise we both made incited the querulous gentleman next door to rap at the wall even more loudly than before. It seemed to me that the second interviewer had brought his slippers with him, and was going to stop all night. Just as I was drifting into despair it fortuitously occurred to me that I could repeat by heart the first chapter of Dr. Johnson's famous philosophical romance. The "whispers of fancy" and the "phantoms of hope" "fetched" him, and he "gave out" before I had got to "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." He gathered up his papers, and, in a hurried manner, bade me good night, pausing, however, on the threshold, to congratulate me, in a somewhat sarcastic tone, that "Mr. Rosewater had not got hold of me." Now who was Mr. Rosewater? I learned subsequently that the gentleman with the odoriferous name was the editor of an evening Omaha paper, renowned for the truculence, the "staying" powers, and the imaginative faculties of its reporters.

At the same time I might advise future travelling Britons, under dire stress of interviewing torture, to resort to the line of tactics which I adopted. If "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia," fails, try Brougham's peroration in the case of Queen Caroline, "Such, my lords, is the evidence now before you." Don't try Patrick Henry's "Give me Death or Liberty" speech, or Lord Chatham on the employment of savage Indians in civilized warfare, because every American knows these orations as well as he knows "The Isles of Greece," or "The boy stood on the burning deck." Seriously, I could not be angry with the two interviewing gentlemen. It was their vocation and they carried it out; nor, when I read their accounts of my words, my facial appearance, and my wearing apparel, in the Omaha papers the next morning, was I able to find any special fault with that

which they had written. I was the more inclined to submit to the Inevitable as I was under considerable obligations to the proprietors of the two journals by the reporters of which I had been "interviewed." I shall not readily forget the two solemn gentlemen who received us at the depôt, conducted us to the Withnell House, and returned with an open carriage and pair, in which we were driven through and round about the romantic environs of the city. They showed us everything that was to be seen, and sent us away deeply impressed with a sense of their spontaneous and considerate courtesy.



A FAIR-HAIRED YOUNG AMAZON.

Shall I tell you what fascinated me most in Omaha? It was not so much the spectacle of this baby city of twenty-five or thirty thousand inhabitants cradled in armour big enough for Goliath of Gath, but with a head and limbs promising to fill ere long the casque and cuirass and greaves of the giant.

It was not the ravishing, albeit transient, view of a fair-haired young Amazon caracoling around on a sprightly steed, and arrayed in a black velvet riding habit, whom we met on a sand-hill—who was she, I wonder? The spouse of a Nebraskan Cattle King, the daughter of a smelting works superintendent, or the sister of a Pullman Palace Car agent? It was not, even, the weird and phantom-like vision of a waggon full of decrepit, dingy, copper-coloured men, women, and children shrouded in tattered blankets, of hues which had once been resplendent, and who, I was told, were Winnebago Indians. Deplorable Winnebagoes! Creatures more abject and wretched-looking I have seldom seen; and I suppose that there is not much to choose between them and the evanished Omahas and Iowas, the Pawnees and the Sioux. Well, the doctrine of the “survival of the fittest” must be carried out, I suppose, and the Red Indian does not seem to be fit for much in the Great West. Away



INDIAN WOMEN GATHERING WILD RICE.



DRIVING CATTLE INTO A CORRAL, NEBRASKA.

from his "reservations" the whilom "Lord of the Forest" does not appear to be much better than a vagrant, a beggar, or a petty pilferer. He is certainly not nearly so interesting as the gipsy, of whom he seems to be the cast-off and disreputable cousin.

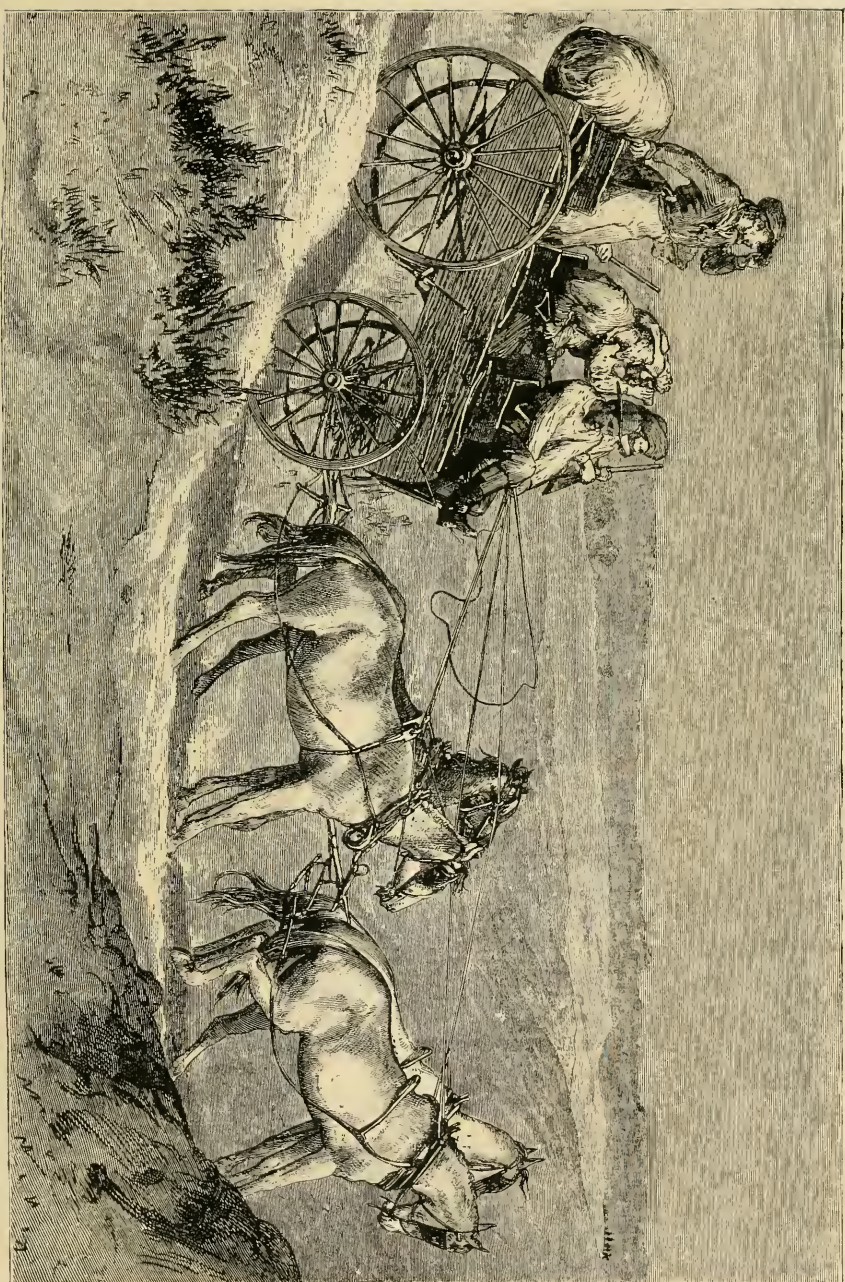


SOME CIVILIZED INDIANS ENCOUNTERED ON THE ROAD.

At least the Rommany man can clip horses, tinker pots and kettles, and play the tambourine. At least the Rommany woman can make baskets and tell fortunes. The poor Indian is only fit to hunt buffaloes, which have mainly disappeared, or to take scalps, the original proprietors of which entertain a natural objection to their scalps being taken. What the poor Indian may be like in the districts facetiously termed his "reservations" I do not know, not having visited him therein. Sympa-

thisers with the Red Man declare that the white post-traders sell him poisonous whiskey, and cheat him in every conceivable manner, while the white squatter "crowds him out," by stealing the land assigned for Indian occupancy by the United States Government. Meanwhile, those who do not sympathise with the Indian, content themselves with asserting that he has got "to move out of the way or take the consequences;" and that, I believe, is the opinion of so high an authority as General Sherman.

In the very infancy of the Western city which so fascinated me there was published a newspaper called the *Omaha Arrow*. The first number of this remarkable publication is dated July 18, 1854. It was a four-paged six-columned sheet, very widely printed; and immediately under the heading appeared the information that this was a "family newspaper, devoted to the arts, sciences, general literature, agriculture, and politics,"—its political opinions being of "a diffusively Democratic Stripe." Messrs. Johnson and Pattison were the editors and proprietors of this sheet. Mr. Johnson was the business man of the concern. He was a Mormon, and had three or four wives. He lived at Council Bluffs, and was engaged in several concurrent businesses. He practised law, ran a blacksmith's forge, was an insurance agent, carried on a "general merchandising store," and was altogether "a lively man on general principles." He left the neighbourhood in 1856, and went to Salt Lake City, where he still resides. Mr. Pattison remained in Omaha and married a Miss Redner, the nuptial ceremony taking place in the midst of a violent rainstorm under a large tree on the Elkhorn: Rev. Silas J. Franklin tying the connubial knot. There were only twelve numbers of the *Arrow* published, covering the period from July 28 to November 10, seeing that the publication occasionally skipped a week, probably when the supply of paper ran short—a not unusual occurrence in a pioneer printing office. Mr. Pattison, who to his functions as a journalist united the attributes of a lawyer and a real estate agent, was a writer



SIGHTING INDIANS WHILE CROSSING THE PRAIRIE.

endowed with considerable powers of imagination. The exordium of his "inaugural editorial" is worth quoting.

"Well, strangers, friends, patrons, and good people generally," he begins, "wherever in the wide world your lot may be cast, and in whatever clime this *Arrow* may reach you, here we are upon Nebraska soil, seated upon the stump of an ancient oak, which serves for our editorial chair, and, with the crown of our badly-abused beaver for a table, we purpose writing a first-class leader." Then he proceeds, surveying the sylvan scene around him: "An elevated table-land surrounds us. The majestic Missouri, just off on our left, goes sweeping its muddy course adown towards the Mexican Gulf, while the background of the pleasing picture is filled up with Iowa's loveliest, richest scenery. Away upon our left, stretching far away in the distance, lies one of the most beautiful sections of Nebraska. Yon rich-rolling, wide-spread, and glorious prairie looks lovely enough just now, as Heaven's free sunlight touches off in beauty the lights and shades, to be literally certified the Eden land of the world, and inspires us with flights of fancy upon this antiquated beaver; *but it won't pay*. There sticks our axe in the trunk of an old oak, whose branches have for hundreds of years been fanned by the breezes that constantly sweep from over the oft-times flower-dotted prairie lea, *and which we intend immediately to convert into logs for our residential cabin.*"

Another of Mr. Pattison's effusions, entitled "A Night in our Sanctum," claims for him a place among the Minor Prophets of the secular order.

"Last night," he wrote, "we slept in our sanctum—the starry-decked heaven for a ceiling, and Mother Earth for a flooring. It was a glorious night, and we were tired with the day's exertions. Far away on different portions of the prairies glimmered the camp fires of our neighbours, the Pawnees, the Omahas, and that noble but often unappreciated class of our own people known as Squatters. . . . The new moon was just sinking beneath the distant prairie roll, but slightly dispelling the darkness



A LOG HUT IN THE WEST.

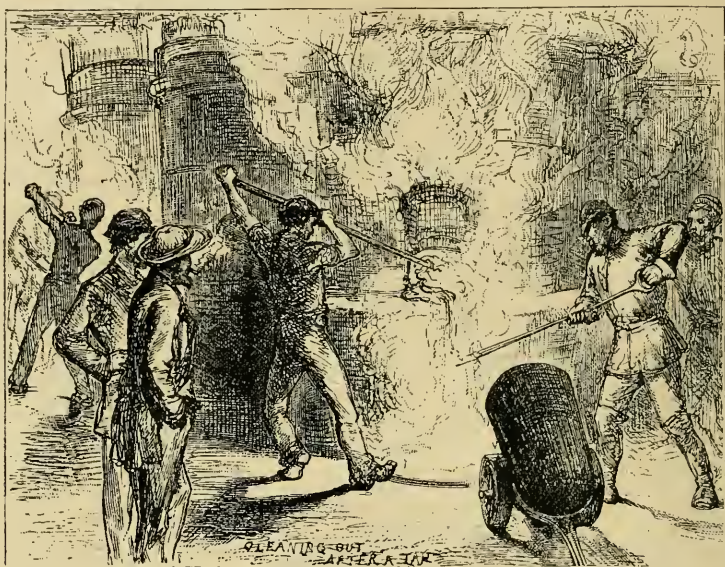
which stole over our beloved and cherished Nebraska. We thought of distant friends and loved ones, stretched upon beds of downy ease. . . . Behind us was spread our buffalo robe, in an old Indian trail, which was to serve us as our bed and bedding. The night wore on, and we crept between Art and Nature—between our blanket and our buffalo robe—to sleep, and perchance to dream of battles, sieges, fortunes, and bankruptcies in the imminent breach. To dreamland we went. The distant hum of business from factories and machine-shops from Omaha reached our ears. The incessant rattle of the innumerable drays over the paved streets, the incessant tramp of thousands of an animated and enterprising population, the hoarse orders that issued from the crowd of steamers upon the river, loading the rich products of the State of Nebraska, and unloading the fruits, liquors, and

other merchandise of other cities and soils, greeted our ears. Far away, from towards the setting sun, came telegraphic despatches of improvement, progress, and moral advancement upon the Pacific coast. Cars, full freighted with teas, silks, &c., were arriving from thence, and passing across the stationary channel of the Missouri River with lightning speed, hurrying on to the Atlantic seaboard. The third express train of the Council Bluffs and Galveston Railroad came thundering close by us with a shrill whistle that brought us to our feet, bowie-knife in hand. We rubbed our eyes, and looked into the darkness beyond, to see the flying train. It had vanished, and the shrill neighing of our 'lassoed' horses gave indication of the danger near. The hum of business in and around the city had also vanished; and the same rude camp fires gleamed around us. We slept again; and then daylight grew upon us and found us ready for another day's labour in negotiating for town lots and canvassing for advertisements."

This, as a sample of fine writing, may not be so polished as the "Vision of Mirza;" and to some readers Mr. Pattison's rhapsody may savour somewhat of the element called "buncombe;" but it has certainly this advantage over the immortal essay of the Right Hon. Joseph Addison, inasmuch as the Pattisonian dream was one that came true, and more than true. The route which he had imagined from the Pacific to the Atlantic was evidently one through the South, by way of Galveston, Texas; and the great Texan line is being actively pushed forward. In a couple of years, they tell me, California may be reached overland without crossing the Rocky Mountains and the Great Alkali Deserts. But Mr. Pattison's vision did not embrace that which has long since become a living and palpable actuality—to wit, the overland route from Omaha to San Francisco by means of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railways.

This, then, was the thing that really fascinated me in the city of whose growth the pioneer editor of the *Arrow* so graphically dreamed. Omaha has become a very bustling, thriving place,

with an immense trade in grain and several important manufactures. The Omaha Smelting Works are said to be the largest



in the States; there are several important breweries and distilleries, extensive linseed oil-works, brick yards, stock yards, and pork-packing establishments, and the usual complement of churches, drinking saloons, restaurants, dry goods stores, Masonic Temples, and debating halls. But all of these sink into insignificance before the "installation" of the Union Pacific Railroad, the vast machine shops, carriage works, and foundries of which occupy at least thirty acres of bottom land, adjoining the Missouri shore; while the offices of the Company are "located" in the disestablished Herndon House. On one memorable February evening did I pay a visit to these offices—totally unlike the premises of any railway company that I had ever seen. The main bureau, an enormous apartment, had been, I conjecture, the dining-hall of the old hotel. Now it was cut up into partitioned-off sections—dry docks, so to speak, of bureaucracy, where scores of clerks, at desks and tables, were

scribbling away for dear life. Well, such a scene of clerkly activity you might behold at any London terminus — at Euston-square or at King's-cross, at London Bridge, or at Paddington. Precisely so; but you would not see *this* in England, nor in the whole of Europe. From one huge plate-glass window you look down on the grimy buildings of the smelting works. These works are being constantly enlarged in order to keep pace with the rapid increase of business. In the year 1875, the works in Colorado alone reduced \$1,650,000 worth of ore and bullion. In 1874 the Omaha works reduced \$1,135,000. In



CORNISHMEN DRIVING A TUNNEL.



MAKING AN INSPECTION.



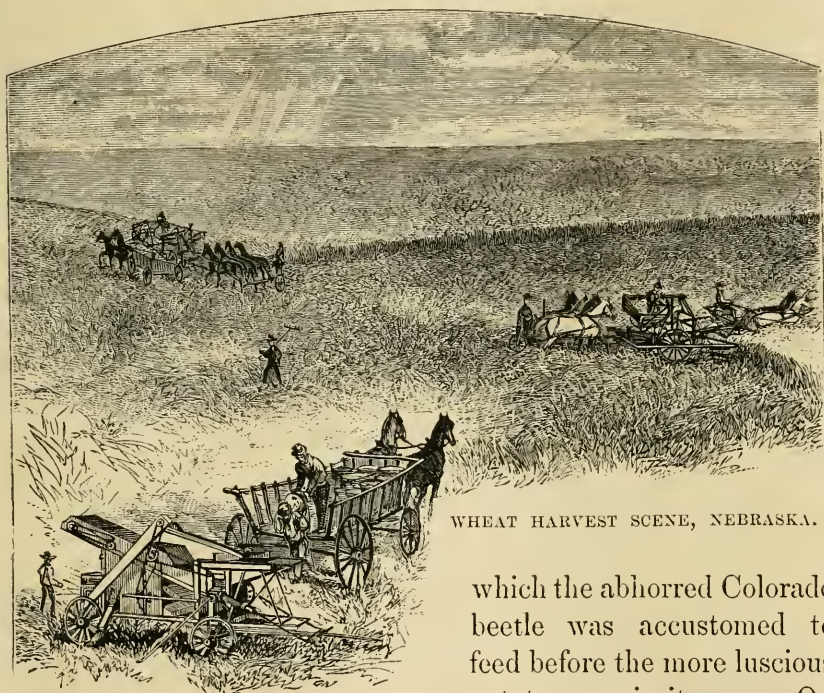
EXPLORING OLD WORKINGS.

1875 \$4,028,314. In 1877 \$5,500,000. In the years 1875-6-7 their lead manufacture amounted to 35,262 tons, or 70,354,000 pounds; so that Omaha now produces about one-sixth of all the lead used in the United States. What

a terrific killing power, to be sure, should another war—*absit omen*—ever break out! As for the passage of gold and silver into and through Omaha I learn that last year it amounted to \$64,000,000, or two-thirds of the entire precious metal product of the country. Heretofore the lead had all been shipped east; but the new and extensive whitelead works in the city will use a large portion of the metal; and, in the near future, there is no reason why Omaha should not become one of the greatest lead-manufacturing markets in the world. This contingency was omitted from the Pattisonian vision: but have you not often noticed, with respect to prophets, that while their smaller and more detailed vaticinations are rarely realised to the letter, a surprising number of much more important events, which they never mentioned, come to pass. They err in particulars—*humanum est errare*—but in general they are wonderfully borne out by facts. They predict the tumbling down of a cottage, and lo, an earthquake comes and swallows up a whole city.

And then I withdrew my gaze from the smelting works, and looked back again into the office full of clerks. No, this could scarcely have been the dining hall of the old Herndon House, for, glancing at a guide book lying open on a table, I read that “the General Offices of the Union Pacific Railroad constitute a new and elegant building, which was completed in 1878, at a cost of \$58,453.” “The citizens of Omaha,” it is added, “are very proud of this fine structure.” Be it as it may, there are more things to be admired in the central bureau besides its architectural proportions and its army of diligent quill-drivers. There is something else here, in addition to ledgers and cash books, invoices, and bills of lading, blotting paper, pens and ink. Behold on every side specimens of the *fauna* and *flora* of Nebraska. This is not only the Cereal, but the Garden State of the Union. It boasts fifty-nine species of roses and eleven varieties of violets. There are four species of wild roses, one of which, the *Rosa blanda*, is so abundant as to become a nuisance, its eradication being difficult from old formerly abandoned fields.

There are twenty species of cactus ; and I grieve to say that the nightshade family is represented by the Potato-Beetle weed (*Solanum rostratum*), which was introduced from the mountains by "freighters" across the plains. This is the original plant on

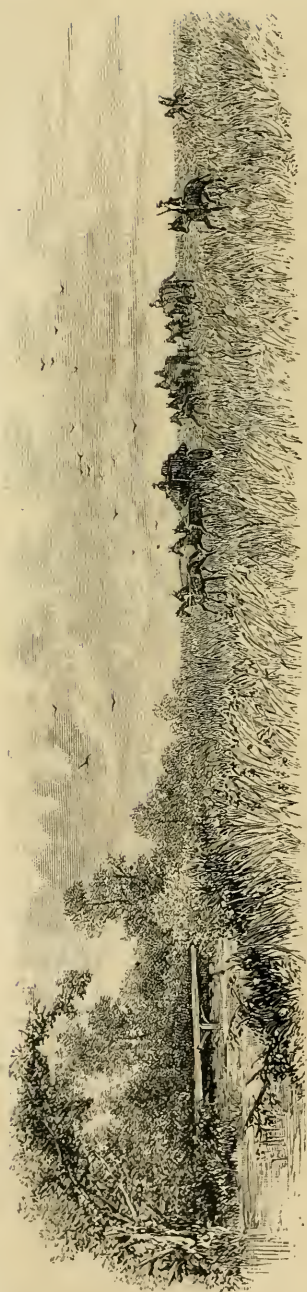


WHEAT HARVEST SCENE, NEBRASKA.

which the abhorred Colorado beetle was accustomed to feed before the more luscious potato came in its way. On

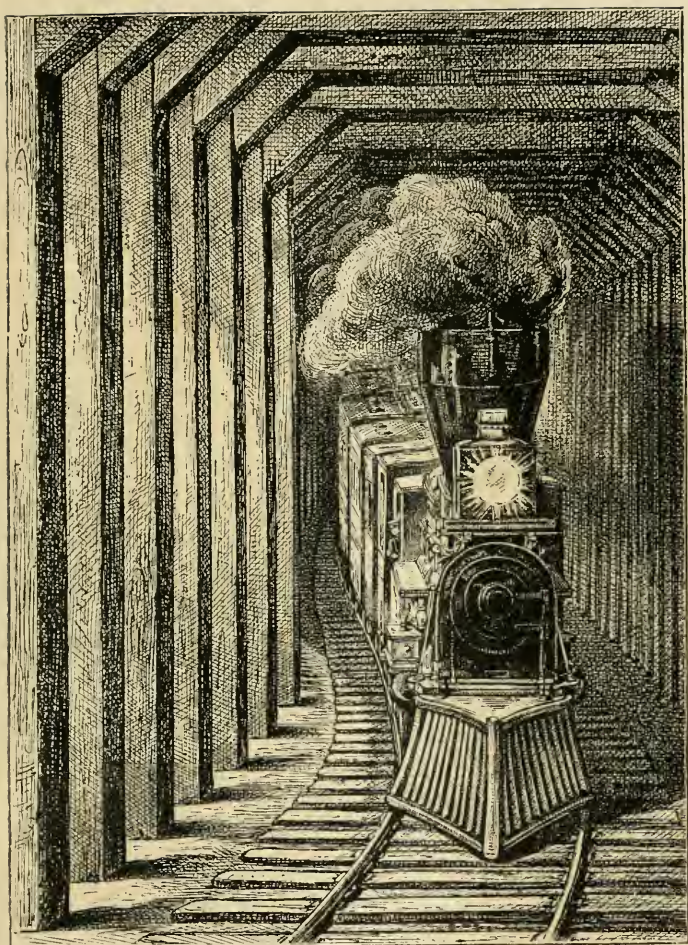
the other hand, three beautiful species of lily grow wild, and the variety known as Solomon's Seal is almost universal throughout the State. One of the most peculiar of the vegetable species here is the so-called Soap Plant (*Yucca angustifolia*). It contains in its tissues a large amount of alkaline matter, and hence its popular name, it having been largely used by the early pioneers, in the absence of soap, for washing purposes.

As for the *fauna*, my eyes grow dazed as I gaze around at the stuffed specimens which convert the Central Pacific offices into a kind of Museum of Natural History. Huge heads and horns and hairy robes remind me that in Nebraska was once the empire



BUFFALO PRAIRIE.

of the buffalo. Of course, strictly scientifically speaking, the *bos Americanus* is a bison, and not a buffalo. No true buffalo, I am warned by the learned Professor Aughey, of the University of Nebraska, has ever a hump on his back. But the immense herds of buffaloes which once roamed at large over the State have all but entirely disappeared. What the Indian could not accomplish has been completed by the remorseless war waged by the white man, who has slaughtered the animal, not for food but for sport. Professor Aughey is of opinion that if the race is to be perpetuated it must be by domesticating the buffalo, and that he deserves to be domesticated. Already some tame bisons are to be found among the cattle herds of Western Nebraska. Buffalo robes, in the dressing of which the Indian squaws are very expert, are an important article of commerce; and buffalo's milk is considered a good substitute for that of the domestic cow. Buffalo flesh I have heard disparaged as "poor" meat, coarse and stringy; but I purchased at Ogden, in the territory of Utah, a buffalo tongue, very tender in texture, and delicious in flavour.



RAILWAY SNOW SHED NEAR CHEYENNE.

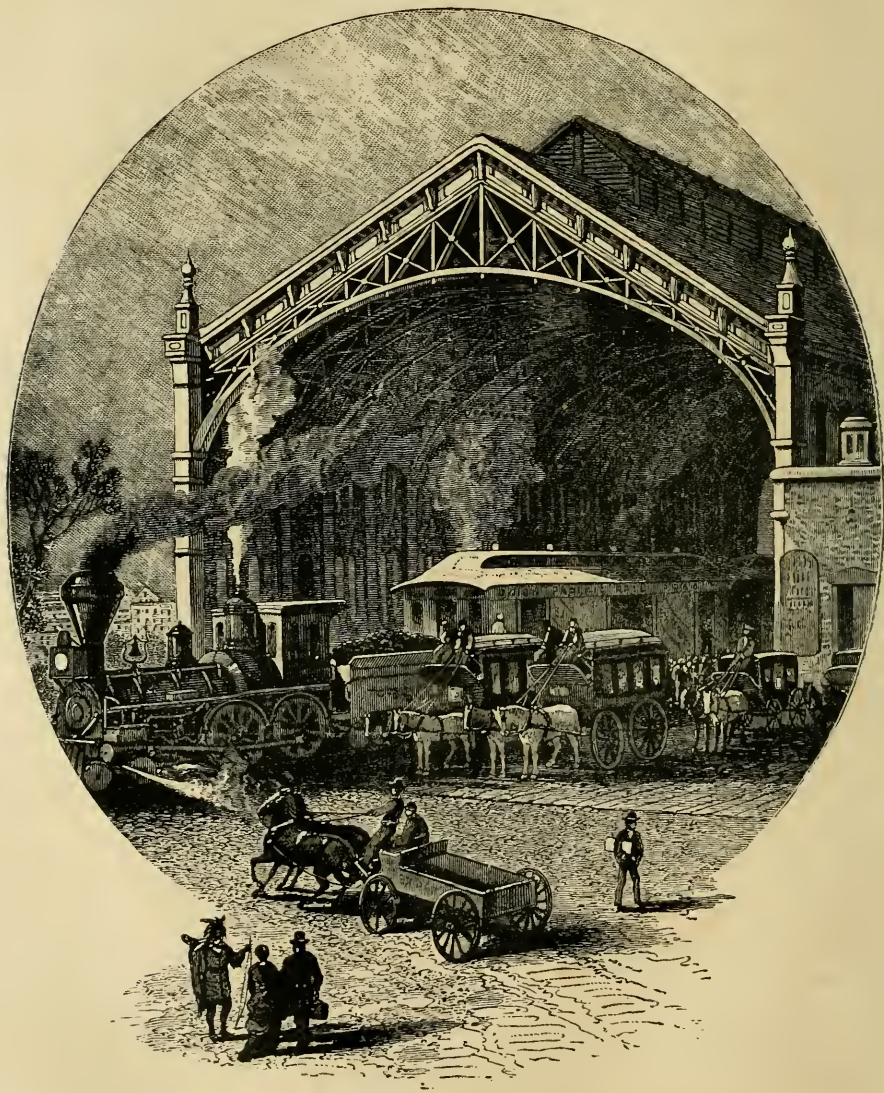
XIII.

STILL ON THE ROAD TO ELDORADO.

Very Far West, *Feb.* 26.

“H^AVING rested, and visited the principal points of interest in Omaha,” I read in Williams’s “Pacific Tourist and Illustrated Guide across the Continent,” “you will be ready to take a fresh start. Repairing to the new depôt now finished at the corner of

North-street, you will find one of the most magnificent trains of cars made up by any railroad in the United States. Everything connected with them is first-class. Pullman sleeping coaches



are attached to all express trains ; and all travellers know how finely these cars are furnished, and how they tend to relieve the

wearisome monotony of day after day on the journey from ocean to ocean. At this depôt you will find the waiting-rooms, baggage-rooms, lunch stands, book and newspaper stalls, together with one of the best kept eating-houses in the country. There are gentlemanly attendants at all these places, ready to give you all information. If you have a little time, step into the Union Pacific Land office, and see some of the productions of this prolific Western soil. If you have come from the East, it has been a slightly up-hill journey all the way; and you are now at an elevation of 968 feet above the sea. If the weather be pleasant you may already begin to feel the exhilarating effect of Western breezes and a comparatively dry atmosphere. With books and papers to while away your leisure hours"—which are the hours that are not leisure ones, O Williams?—"you are finally ready for the start. The bell rings, the whistle shrieks, and off you go."

These, in a general sense, are the words of truth; but there are sundry particulars to be attended to before beginning a trans-continental trip which may have escaped the lofty purview of Williams. I had found time to step into the Land office of the Union Pacific Company. I had seen all the "productions of the prolific Western soil," including several specimens of auriferous quartz, argentiferous ore, cinnabar ponderous with quicksilver, buffalo skulls, elk horns, and a gigantic eagle, with outspread wings and menacing beak, stuffed, which Imperial bird I believe to have been the identical "bird o' freedom saurin" so frequently alluded to in the "Biglow Papers." The hour which I spent in the Union Pacific Land offices finally confirmed me in a long secretly nourished but wavering purpose. The time at my disposal in the States was wofully short. February was rapidly waning. Early in the Ides of March I was due in New York, fifteen hundred miles away; and on the 15th of the gusty month I was due, by arrangement long since made, in London. But here I was on the threshold of the Promised Land—at the Eastern terminus of the road to

Eldorado. There was a Chance before me ; and in all human probability I should never have such a Chance again. I would steal three weeks, I thought, looking wistfully into my wallet to see how many fifty dollar bills remained there. I would adventure on a journey two thousand miles further west. I would have a peep at California. Ten days on the rail, a week at 'Frisco, three days for divagations to Salt Lake and Denver City. The thing could be done in three weeks. So I wavered no more, but began to see about the provand.

And that "provand," so often and so affectionately dwelt upon by Mr. Ford in his hand-book of Spain, is, I assure you, a matter of the deepest consideration when you undertake an overland journey from Omaha to San Francisco. The Pullman hotel cars go no further than Council Bluffs ; and after that you are at the mercy of the wayside refreshment stations. The *cuisine*, I was told, is at some of these establishments tolerable. In the territory of Wyoming, for instance, the name of Kitchen is great as caterers. Union Pacific passengers going East stop for dinner at Evanston, Wyoming, where, so the advertisement assures you, "you may rely on getting mountain trout ;" but, adds the diplomatic announcement, "that you may not be disappointed about trout, inquire at the office as you go in." This seems to be conceived somewhat in the spirit of that piece of advice about "first catching your hare," which Mrs. Hannah Glasse did *not* proffer to her readers. Another Kitchen, hailing from the Desert House, Green River, Wyoming, issues an advertisement of a somewhat enigmatical nature. "Passenger trains," writes the Boniface of Green River, "going East stop here (breakfast), Trains going West ditto (supper). Chickens have not been known to cackle in hundreds of miles from this house since Eve plucked the apple ; nor a cow to bellow in this vicinity since Adam was a little boy. Did you ever get a square meal at an hotel where they offer to feed you with all the market affords ? Advertising is cheap, but good living costs money.—Truly yours, C. W. Kitchen." I can but regard this communi-

cation as a disquieting one to hungry folks. The "Desert House" has an unpromising sound to begin with; and if chickens do not cackle nor cows low in the vicinity of C. W. Kitchen's establishment, how do the travelling public stand in the matter of poultry, eggs, and milk?

In any case, I was warned to provide a commissariat of our own after leaving Omaha; and it was strongly hinted that a well-furnished luncheon basket would be about the best friend that we could have during our four and a half days' journey to 'Frisco. We took the warning, and profited by the hint; only in lieu of a wicker-basket we bought a stout canvas valise, with strong leather straps; this we bottomed with a half-a-dozen bottles of Extra Dry Verzenay, and over this, on the composition of a "sea-pie" principle, we carefully deposited successive layers of boned turkey and ham in tins, Huntley and Palmer's biscuits, sardines and anchovies, a pot of French mustard, a bottle of Crosse and Blackwell's "chow-chow," and a quart flask of Eau de Cologne. Never omit the Eau de Cologne; and never mind how much you have to pay for genuine Jean Marie Farina. Frequently during our journey the water in the toilet rooms on board the car was frozen, and washing was an impossibility. In such a conjuncture the outward application of Jean Marie Farina to your temples, your wrists, and behind your ears, is the sweetest of boons. We may be good and happy, I am aware, without washing—the saintly anchorites of the Thebaid taught us that long ago; but that was in the days before Brown Windsor Soap and Bully's *Vinaigre de Toilette*. And there are other things besides water which you may use for lavatory purposes. Mohammedans praying in the desert are said to perform their ablutions with sand. I told you just now of the Soap Plant, which stood the pioneer laundresses in such good stead; and every lady knows that when soap and water are not procurable a gentle lubrication of the skin with cold cream and a skilful top-dressing of violet powder will result in a very presentable facial appearance.

Did you ever wash your face and hands with a wax candle? I did once, acting under the advice of an eminent diplomatist, in a railway carriage, in Spain. It was early one morning in the depth of winter, between Alhama de Aragon and Zaragoza. Time pressed, the water was frozen, there was no soap, and I was invited to breakfast with a Great Personage. The wax-candle—it was a “short six”—did wonders, and I emerged from my toilet spruce, ornate, but somewhat shiny, and perhaps to a certain extent ghastly in mien.

Sardines, boned turkey, and other pretty little tiny kickshaws in the preserved provision line, are all very well in their way; still, it is clear that for a two thousand miles’ journey something more substantial—something of the nature of a *pièce de résistance*—is required. So, at the buffet at Omaha I bought half a cold roast turkey. This generous bird fed us for two whole days. At Ogden, which is virtually the half-way house on the overland route, I laid in the buffalo tongue of which I spoke anon; and these, with the kickshaws in tins, enabled us to fare regally all the way to Sacramento. Save at that city, where there is a capital restaurant kept by a German, and where we breakfasted early in the morning of our last day’s journeying, we never entered a refreshment house; breakfasting, dining, and supping in plenty and comfort in our cosy drawing-room on board the car: thus avoiding innumerable contingencies of bad cooking, colds in the head, and that general friction of discomfort which is so terribly trying to the temper. Apples, oranges, and chocolate lozenges, are always obtainable on board; so we never lacked dessert. We had had the foresight to provide ourselves with two jugs of white stoneware—I observe that Mr. Richard Grant White, in a recent number of the “Atlantic Monthly,” reproaches English people for miscalling “a pitcher,” “a jug;” as though a pitcher were not one thing and a jug another, and as though Englishmen were not perfectly able to discriminate between the two; *e.g.*, the water-pitcher goes to the well, the milk-jug remains on the breakfast table—

and in these jugs our civil, patient, and smiling negro servant brought us, morning and evening, hot coffee and milk. The charge for either was a "quarter," or twenty-five cents (a shilling) a pint. When our dark retainer was unable to obtain hot milk, the engine-driver was so obliging as to warm the fluid under the boiler of the locomotive.



OGDEN AND THE WAHSATCH RANGE.

What more could you want? Bread? The African retainer was periodically "on hand" with loaves of the peculiarly light, porous bread which the Americans affect for domestic use, and which, to my taste, is extremely palatable when new, but which becomes dry, crumbly, and flavourless when it is more than a



OGDEN RIVER.

day old; or, better still, with hot rolls made of exquisitely white and fine flour, rivalling in sweetness and purity the famous *trigo* of the Asturias. Butter? Well; we brought half-a-pound of the "best fresh" with us from Omaha; but this

“giving out,” or becoming exhausted, at Ogden, we were content with a replenishment of “Oleomargerine,” or some other substitute for the genuine article. Perhaps it was a preparation of animal fat. What does that matter? The weather was excruciatingly cold, and Sir Henry Thompson will tell you that it is good to eat adipose matter in high latitudes. As for tea, we had none of it, nor wanted any. Cold tea may be a highly-refreshing beverage to stockmen riding through the Australian bush, or “T. G.’s” hunting buffaloes—where there are any buffaloes left to hunt—on the prairies; but tea on board a railway car is simply a mockery, a delusion, and a snare. To begin with, your nerves are in a continuous state of jarring tension from the jolting of the train. Why aggravate nervous disturbance by uncalled-for potations of Flowery Pekoe or Young Hyson?

This account of the “provand”—which is drawn up simply for the benefit of future travellers overland—would be incomplete without the mention that our Ethiopian *valet de chambre* was always ready to lend us a couple of clean towels to serve as tablecloths; that for thirty cents we purchased a “remnant” of checked muslin, which tore up very neatly to serve as table napkins; that two plates—they were part of a “spoiled” batch of English crockery ware—only cost us seven cents; that two fine cast-iron knives and two forks—the latter good old-fashioned “prongs”—only cost seventy-five cents; that at one wayside station we secured what the vendor called a “chunk” of salt for ten cents; and that, finally, for the sum of four cents, or two pence, we became possessors of that which afterwards proved to be a priceless auxiliary, to wit, a tin pot, with a handle, and holding about three-quarters of a pint. We took some drinking-glasses with us; but they soon got broken. The trusty tin pot defied wind, weather, and the concussions of locomotion; it held coffee, champagne, shaving water, grog. It was ready for any emergency. The emigrant, the pioneer, the tourist, the soldier, the sailor, ay, even the convict’s friend—what praise can be too high for the homely tin pot?



COALING AT WINNEMUCCA.

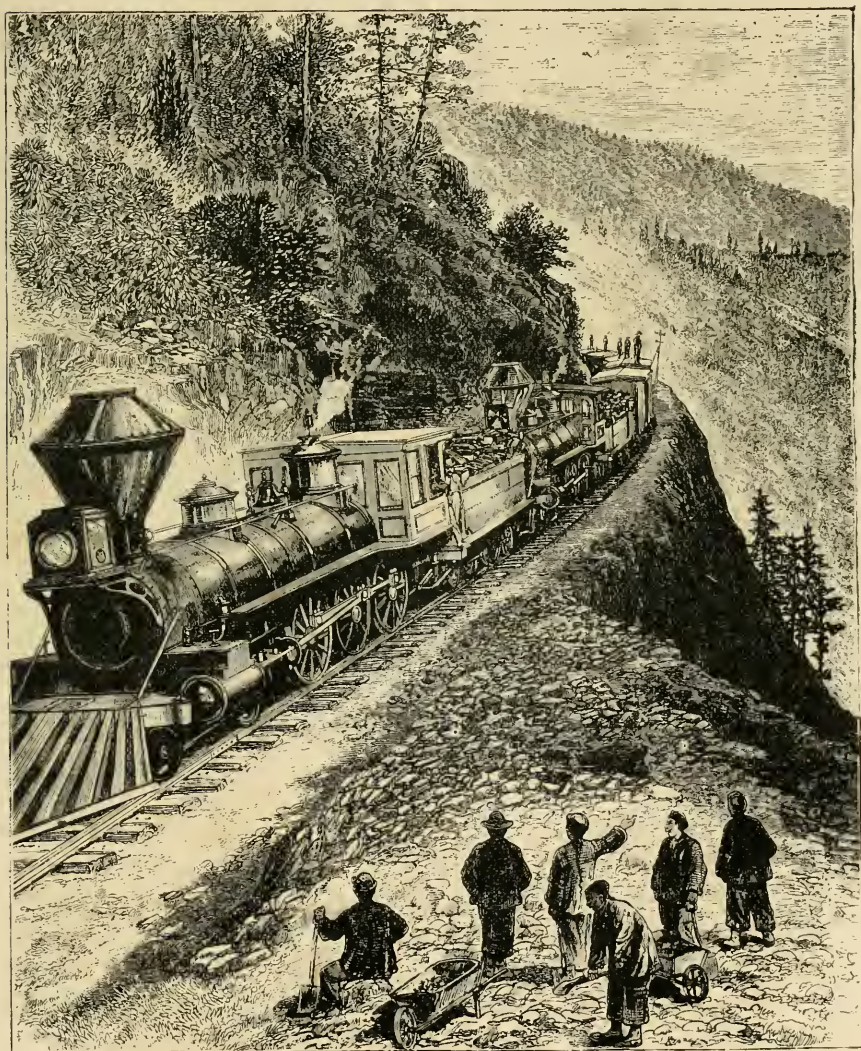
XIV.

AT LAST.

San Francisco, California, March 1.

At last! Yes; at last the weary four and a half days' pilgrimage from Omaha has come to an end; the Rockies, the Alkalies, the Sierras Nevadas have been crossed; and I am in the City of the Golden Gate. Pardon my enthusiasm. I have just had a bath, and have assumed what Artemus Ward used to call "a clean biled rag." Under those circumstances a traveller has a right to feel exhilarated; and there is perhaps only one stage in life's journey at which you do not feel joyful and grate-

ful for a bath and clean linen after long deprivation from both. That must be when you alight from the Black Maria, at the

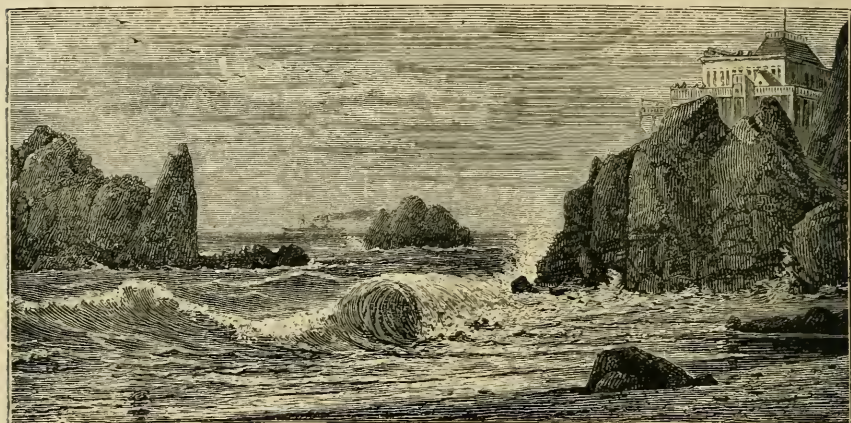


THE PACIFIC EXPRESS ROUNDING CAPE HORN.

portals of a convict prison, and begin a term of penal servitude by being washed and reclothed all over.

A man can never tell to what he may eventually come. His

main business is to be grateful for present mercies, and humbly to hope for their continuance. For the present, I am located at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco. The chief clerk, Mr. George H. Smith, whom a quarter of an hour since I did not know from Adam, has received me like a brother, and assigned me a suite of apartments comprising four rooms, fourteen windows, and seventeen doors.* The lessee of the Palace, Mr. A. D. Sharon, proposes, to-morrow, to take us out for a drive to see the Cliff



THE CLIFFS, SAN FRANCISCO.

Rock, the Sea Lions, the Pillars of the Golden Gate, and the Pacific Ocean. Ex-Senator Eugene Cassidy has just called to offer me the courtesies of the Pacific Club. Similar politeness has been extended to me by the Union and the Bohemian Clubs. The two leading photographers, Messrs. Taber and Messrs. Bradley and Rulofson, have left their cards, and hope that I am coming soon; and I have a box for the Bush-street Theatre to-night, where I hope to witness the six thousand and first performance of Mr. E. A. Sothern.

* The lessee of the Palace Hotel positively refused to take any kind of payment from us when I went away; and unless I had imitated the example of the good St. Nicholas, and had flung a bag full of gold five dollar pieces at the clerk's head (which would have been discourteous as well as foolish), I could not possibly have enriched the exchequer of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco.



AN EVENING AT THE BOHEMIAN CLUB.

I have seen my old friend the accomplished comedian in question,* and he showed me a telegram sent him this morning by Mr. John Hollingshead, of the Gaiety Theatre, London, only six thousand five hundred miles away. The world, you will discover, is not such a very large place, after all; if you will only have the nerve to buckle on your girdle, take up your scrip and staff, and tramp to the uttermost mundane corners. I feel a call within me to travel to Honolulu, to Fiji, to Corea, to the Yangtse-Kiang, or to the Straits of Malacca. Acapulco in Mexico! British Columbia! Bah! they are only a few "blocks" distant. Pardon my enthusiasm, I repeat. The warm bath and the clean linen must be the cause of all this. A healthy hunger may have something to do with it, too. It was only seven this morning

* Alas! poor Edward Askew Sothorn. The last time that I saw him was in a private box at the Princess's Theatre, London, on the occasion of Mr. Edwin Booth's first appearance in London as Hamlet. That night at the Princess's poor dear Sothorn looked what the old hospital nurses used to call "marked for death." A few days afterwards he was dead.

when we breakfasted at Sacramento City, the capital of the State of California. Our appetite has sharpened since then. I have been introduced to M. Harder, the renowned *chef* of the Palace Hotel, a past master of Delmonico's and the defunct Maison Dorée at New York, and who receives, they tell me, a salary of \$5,000 a year at 'Frisco. M. Harder promises a succulent *déjeuner à la fourchette*. He speaks of fresh green peas and strawberries and cream, spring lamb, asparagus, and quails on this the first of March. Remarkable City of El Dorado! Beneficent *chef*!

No; the world is not so very large, after all. That is a verity—or a seeming verity—forced upon you as you grow older. “*Comme on se rencontre!*” a vivacious French baron observed to me when I met him two or three years since, valorously backing the red at Monte Carlo. I had met him at divers times during a quarter of a century at St. Petersburg, in London, at Brighton, in Paris, at Madrid, at Algiers, at Hombourg, at Rome, at Vienna, at Constantinople; now promoting a railway, now negotiating for a tobacco concession, now managing a *bierhalle*, now giving morning concerts, now “running” a laundry, and now backing the red—sometimes ablaze in gold and diamonds, and with the shiniest of boots; sometimes closely buttoned up, and very white at the coat-seams, *et portant un pantalon dont les genoux montraient la corde*, but always vivacious. “*Comme on se rencontre!*” I should not be in the least surprised were I to meet that indomitable Baron B—— this afternoon in Montgomery-street, San Francisco. I should not be in the least astonished were he to tell me that he had made half a million dollars by judicious speculations in the Great Hoodlum Gold Mining Stock, and that he was inhabiting a palatial mansion on “Nob Hill,” the popular name for the Belgravia of the Golden City; nor, again, would it amaze me to learn that he had lost every cent by imprudent operation in the Great Bogus Bonanza Salted Diamond Field Enterprise, and that he had become a “lame duck” hanging about “Paupers’-

row"—the Californian equivalent for the purlieus of our Capel-court. Are you old enough to remember the "stags" of the railway mania of 1845? There are whole herds of them, harts of grease and stags of ten tyne, disconsolately shambling about the coverts of "Paupers'-row."

Comme on se rencontre! In the year of revolutions 1848 I was editing in London a little weekly periodical published in the Strand. My esteemed proprietor had a craze about a flying-machine which he had invented, and in 1849 he set sail for California to seek his fortune and further the interests of aerial navigation, leaving me the little periodical as an ante-mortem legacy. Thirty-one years afterwards I find him in San Francisco a prosperous gentleman of seventy-five, the proprietor of a weekly paper which has somewhat of the semblance of the tiny sheet which I used to edit when I was a boy; but a periodical grown fat and shiny, and saving a balance at its banker's. We had never a balance at ours; no, not a dime. My esteemed proprietor knows little about the United States usually so termed. He has only been once to New York. But he is "posted up" in the latest London politics and the latest London gossip, and he still believes in the practicability of the flying-machine. I may add that during the three decades which had elapsed since our last meeting, I had never corresponded with and had indeed rarely heard of him. I remembered him as a man of great mental resources and presence of mind under difficulties:—at which times he would invariably recommend a glass of dry sherry. I walked into his office just now, and found him reading the last number of the "Nineteenth Century." "Ah!" he remarked, "you've come at last, have you? Everybody turns up here. They're bound to do it. And I'll tell you what; just write me a ten line paragraph about Parnell's speech at Chicago, and then we'll have a comfortable glass of dry sherry." The sherry was very dry; but I think there was some moisture in our eyes when we touched glasses, and drank to Queen and Country. So long

ago—so far away from the Strand, W.C. ; and yet it is not such a large world after all.

Not so large, you would agree with me, were you to turn over Messrs. Bradley and Rulofson's photographic album, and glance at the portraits of the celebrities who have passed through 'Frisco or who have made their fortunes here. Leland Stanford, Milton Latham, Jay Gould, Huntington, Sidney Dillon, James R. Keene, Sam Ward, Whitelaw Reid, Mackey, Fair, Flood, O'Brien: those are names more familiar to American than to English ears—names of power, names of purpose, representing untold millions of dollars; but after these the cosmopolitan traveller will turn with quickened interest to the effigies of Don Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, Kalakua, King of Hawaii, Queen Emma of the Sandwich Islands, the Princess Liliukalana, the Duke of Genoa, the Duke of Manchester, the Duke of Penthièvre, the Earl and Countess of Dufferin, the Earls of Ilchester and Lewes, Lord D'Arcy Osborne, Ristori and the Marchese de Grillo, Lord Augustus Loftus, Sir George Bowen, Sir Daniel Cooper, Sir Harry Parkes, Sir Joseph Hooker, Sir Julius Vogel, Lady Sykes, Professor Agassiz, Dion Boucicault, Cyrus Field, Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, Albert Bierstadt and William Bradford, the famous American landscape painters, Félix Regamey, the noted French artist; poor Fechter, Barry Sullivan, Madame Anna Bishop, Miss Fanny Davenport, Miss Bella Pateman, Miss Emily Soldene, Madame Parepa-Rosa, and a whole host of musical and theatrical celebrities.

It is precisely for the reason that so many of the notable people of the age have visited San Francisco that I have refrained from inflicting on you a detailed account of our overland journey. I lingered purposely at Omaha, the threshold of my voyage, because I regarded it as the typical Western town—the keynote of a stupendous Song of Civilisation. But what good could I have done by descriptively going over the ground which has been so often and so exhaustively gone over by those guide-book writers whose name is legion? I have a pile of the



ECHO CAÑON.



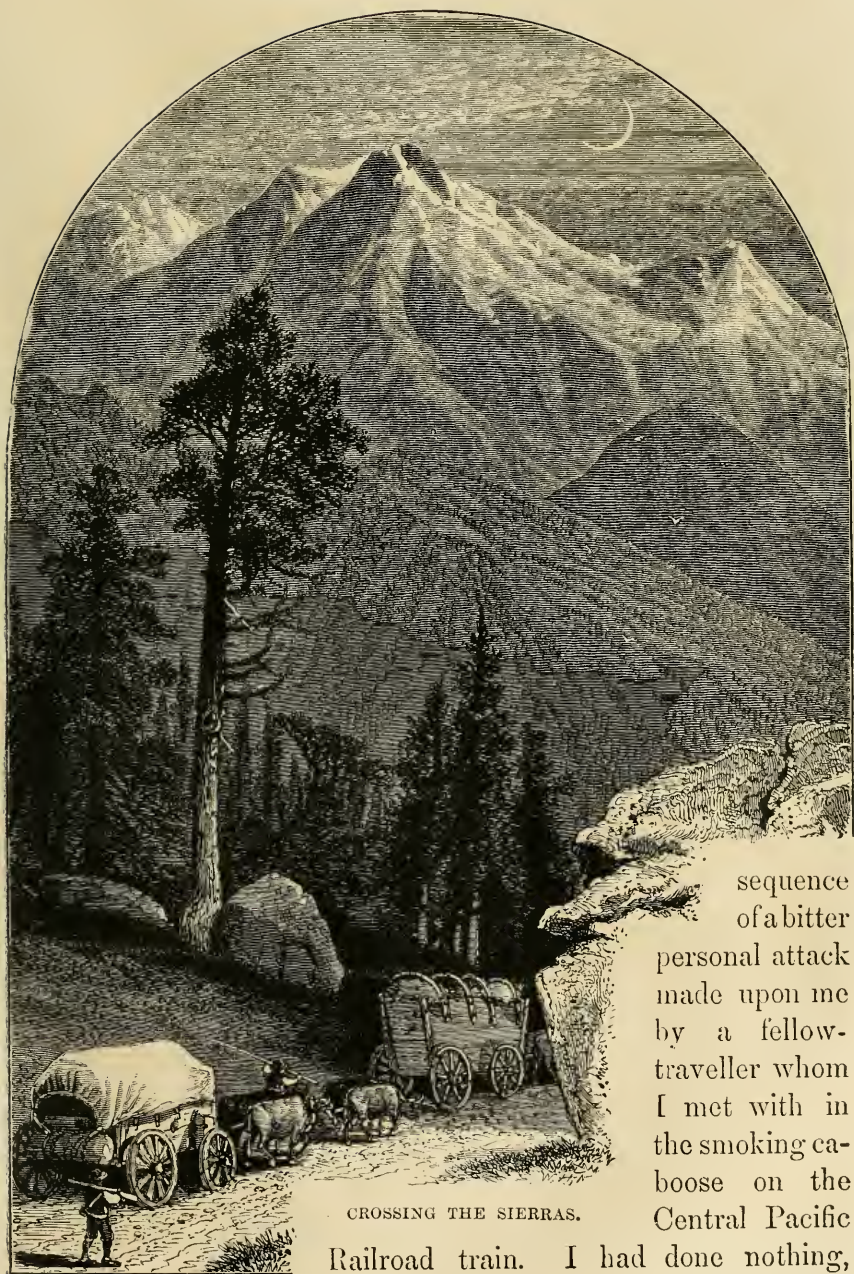
CASTLE ROCK, ECHO CAÑON.

guide-books before me, but I desist from either paraphrasing or "cribbing" their contents. Who has not heard to satiety about the Echo and Weber Cañons, the Castle and Pulpit Rocks—where Brigham Young preached a sermon to the faithful when leading them into the promised land—the Thousand Mile Tree, and the Devil's Slide? Is



THE PULPIT ROCK, ECHO CAÑON.

there anything new to be indited respecting the Divide and the Sierras Nevadas? I am again all the more strongly deterred from wearying you with an attempt at description of the scenery through which we passed, in con-



CROSSING THE SIERRAS.

Railroad train. I had done nothing,

sequence
of a bitter
personal attack
made upon me
by a fellow-
traveller whom
I met with in
the smoking ca-
boose on the
Central Pacific



THE DEVIL'S SLIDE,
WEBER CAÑON.

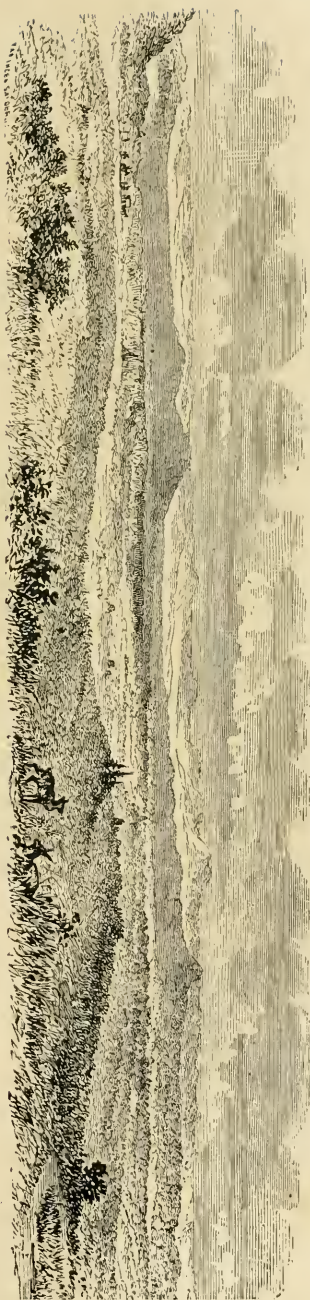
so far as I could remember, to offend him, but he was certainly the most implacable of tourists that I ever came across. He informed me that he came from Rhode Island, and he wore a plaid Ulster and a

Glengarry bonnet. He was altogether an ambiguous man. "What I say I mean," he would remark, bending, I know not why, his beetling brows on me. "There ain't no bottling up of things about me. This overland journey's a fraud, nothing but a fraud, sir, and

you oughter know it. Don't tell me. It's a fraud. This Ring must be busted up. Where are your buffalers? Perhaps you'll tell me that them cows is buffalers. They ain't. Where are your prairie dogs? They ain't dogs, to begin with; they're squirrels. Ain't you ashamed to call the mean little cusses dogs? But where are they? There ain't none. Where

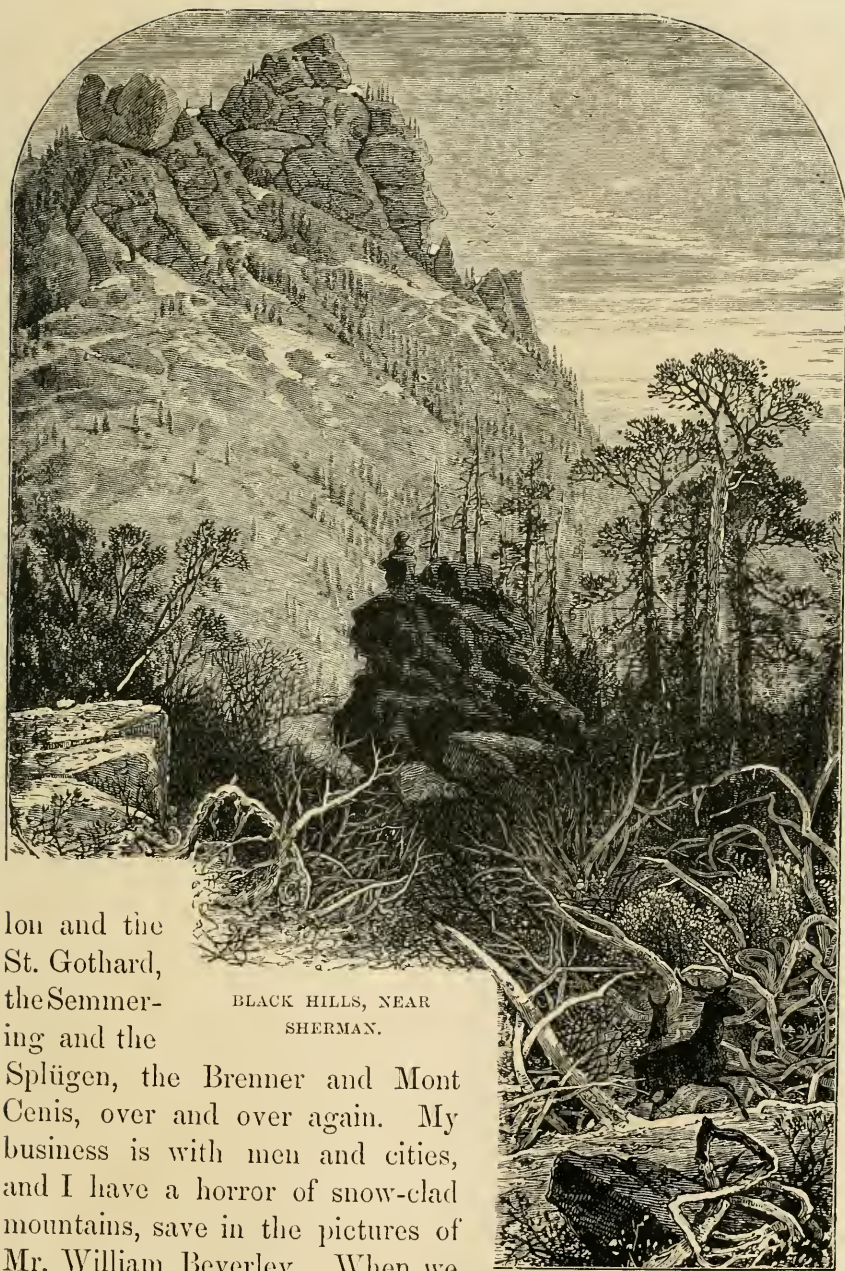
are your grizzlies? You might have imported a few grizzlies to keep up the name of your railroad. Where are your herds of antelopes scudding before the advancing train? Nary an antelope have you got fur to send. Rocky Mountains, sir! they ain't rocky at all. They're as flat as my hand. Where are your savage gorges? I can't see none. Where are your wild Injuns? Do you call them loafing tramps in dirty blankets Injuns? My belief is that they're greasers looking out for an engagement as song and dance men. They're 'beats,' sir, 'dead beats;' they're 'pudcocks,' and you oughter be told so." I didn't know it; nor could I discern why I ought to be told so. But there was no pacifying the implacable man. Sometimes he would confront me with an open guide book, and, pointing sternly to a page, would say, "Where are your coyotes, sir? I'll trouble you for a pack of wolves as makes the night hideous with their howling. Did anything howl last night, sir, except the wind? Where are your pumas and your cougars? Show 'em to me. There's nothing in it. It's as easy as going from Jersey City to Philadelphia, and the whole thing's a fraud."

VIEW OF THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS RANGE.



I might, had I not been so terribly afraid of him, have pointed out to the irate man from Rhode Island that the chief object of the authorities of the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific Railroads is to make the two thousand miles journey from Omaha to San Francisco as easy as one from Jersey City to Philadelphia, and that they are seconded in their efforts by the Pullman Palace Car Company, which run as far as Ogden : from which point sleeping accommodation is provided by the Central Pacific in their own Silver Palace cars. I might have pointed out to the angry man in the Ulster that there was a substantial guarantee of comfort and safety in the words which head the map of the overland route : " Avoid the sickness, dangers, and delays of the Panama Route. Secure speed, comfort, and safety by taking the Union and Central Pacific lines, which run the Miller Platform and the Westinghouse patent air-brake, which gives the engineer instant control of the train, and is the most perfect protection against accidents ever invented." This is explicit enough, and the promise is borne out by the performance ; but had I submitted the statement to the infuriated remonstrant from Rhode Island he might have opined that I was an interested employé of one of the railway companies. As it was, I cannot avoid a lurking suspicion that I was taken for a professional writer of or canvasser for overland guide-books ; and thus he made me responsible for the somewhat glowing accounts of signs and wonders on the way with which the pages of those vademecums are embellished. I am bound to confess, for my own part, that in the course of our four and a half days' travel I did not see any buffaloes, nor any ground squirrels, misnamed " prairie dogs," nor any grizzly or cinnamon bears, any coyotes, nor any pumas, nor any bounding herds of antelopes. The Earl of Dunraven, no doubt, has beheld all these creatures, and many more ; but then his lordship goes far afield, and when he comes to the West plunges into regions remote from the railway track.

When we crossed the Great Divide I was happily asleep. So have I crossed, mainly in a slumbering condition, the Simp-



BLACK HILLS, NEAR
SHERMAN.

lon and the St. Gothard, the Semmering and the Splügen, the Brenner and Mont Cenis, over and over again. My business is with men and cities, and I have a horror of snow-clad mountains, save in the pictures of Mr. William Beverley. When we were at Sherman, the highest point of the Rocky Mountains, I was

told that we were 8240 feet above the level of the sea. That geographical fact struck me far less than the consciousness that such an immense altitude would be accompanied by a corresponding rarefaction of the atmosphere; and, dreading congestion of the lungs, I hastily bade the negro servitor close the ventilator of our boudoir on wheels. My travelling friend, do not be too hasty in bragging about the height of the mountains which you may have climbed. What was the reward of the illustrious traveller Alexander von Humboldt? To be sneered at by Prince Bismarck as an old nuisance, pottering about the saloons of the Royal Palace at Berlin and wearying his Prussian Majesty's guests with the intolerable iteration that he had ascended Popocatepetl in Mexico, and that it was so many thousands of feet above the level of the sea. O, vanity of immense learning, reverend age, high courage, unsullied virtue, just renown, when the brutal jest of the cynical master of so many thousands of stolid men with needle-guns and *pickelhaubes* could turn all into mockery and contempt!

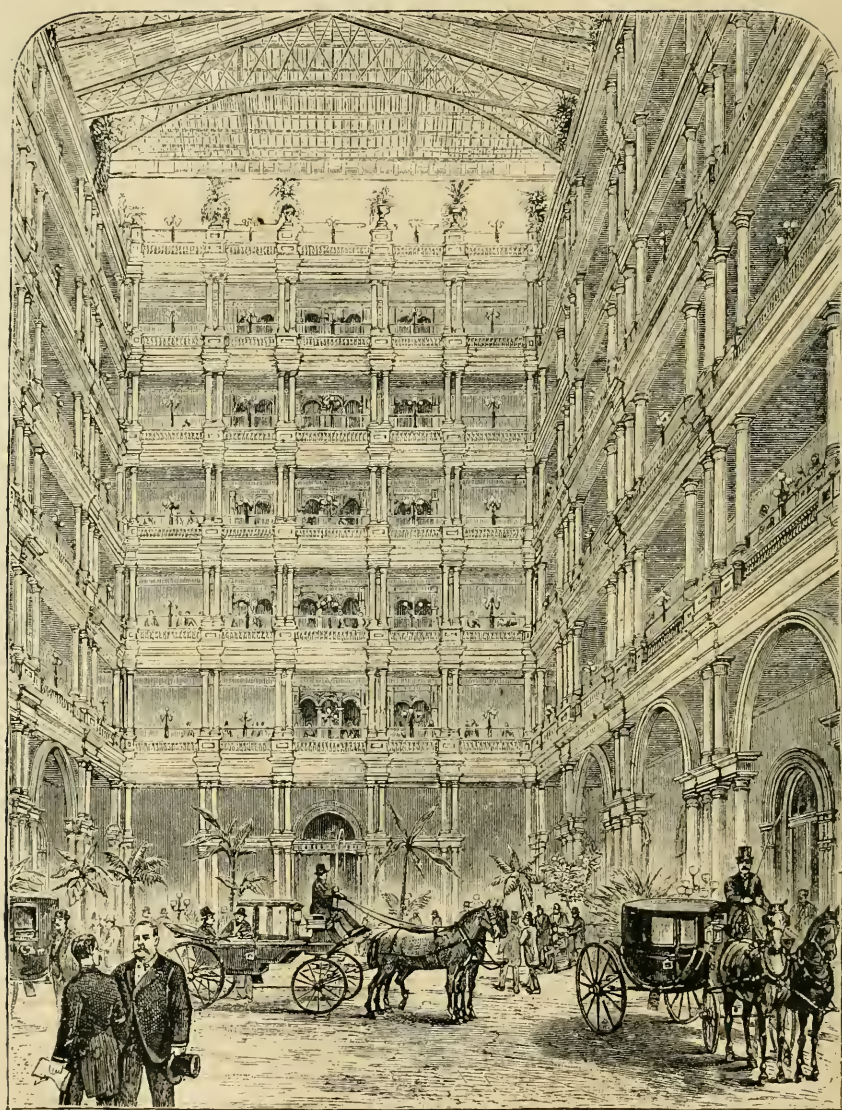
The sights we saw during our passage of the snow-clad "Rockies" were no doubt sublime. What eloquent pages a John Ruskin, a Matthew Arnold might have indited about them! But there are irreverent as well as reverent, and unobservant as well as observant minds in the matter of mountainous scenery, as in everything else. The highest flight of poetry which I heard attempted between Ogden and Sacramento was on the part of a commercial traveller for a drug firm, who was never tired of singing:

Beautiful Snow !
 Beautiful Snow !
 Be-e-e-autiful Sno-o-o-w !
 How I'd like to have a revolver, and go
 For the Beast that wrote about "Beautiful Snow !"

The most candid among the prose commentaries which reached my ears was from a young man hailing from Brattleborough, in the State of Vermont. He looked from the window on to the

immeasurable expanse of snowy plain and snowy mountain, and ejaculated, "*Well, this is a H— of a country, anyway.*" My own opinion on the subject I shall reserve for some occasion when I do not run the risk of being classed with that most intolerable of nuisances, the Rocky Mountain bore.

Meanwhile, I have been puzzling myself in my many windowed and many-doored rooms at the Palace Hotel to convey to English stay-at-home readers some dim idea of what San Francisco is structurally and socially like. In the merest cut-and-dried parlance I may tell you that the chief city of California and commercial metropolis of the Pacific Coast is situated at the northern extremity of a peninsula which is thirty miles long and eight miles broad, and which separates the Bay of San Francisco from the Pacific Ocean. The city stands on the eastern or inner slope of the peninsula, at the base of a range of high hills of the most romantic form. Thirty-five years ago these hills were steep and cut up into numerous gullies, and the low ground at their base was narrow, save in what is now the southern portion of the city, where there was a succession of narrow ridges of loose, barren sand, impassable for loaded waggons. The sand-ridges have been levelled, the gullies and hollows filled up, and the hills in part cut down; and where large ships rode at anchor in 1849 there are now handsome, populous and well-paved streets. The first house was built in 1833, when the village was named Yerba Buena, meaning in Spanish "good herb," from some medicinal plant discovered in the vicinity of the missionaries. In 1847 the Yerba Buena was changed to San Francisco, and in 1848, when gold was first discovered in California, the population had increased to one thousand souls. The influx from the East then commenced; and in 1850 the population was computed at 20,000. In 1878 it exceeded 300,000. Take breath a little. The commerce of San Francisco is immense. The chief articles of export are the precious metals, breadstuffs, wine, and wool; and of import, lumber, coal, coffee, rice, tea, sugar, salts, and every conceivable article of European



THE COURTYARD OF THE PALACE HOTEL, SAN FRANCISCO.

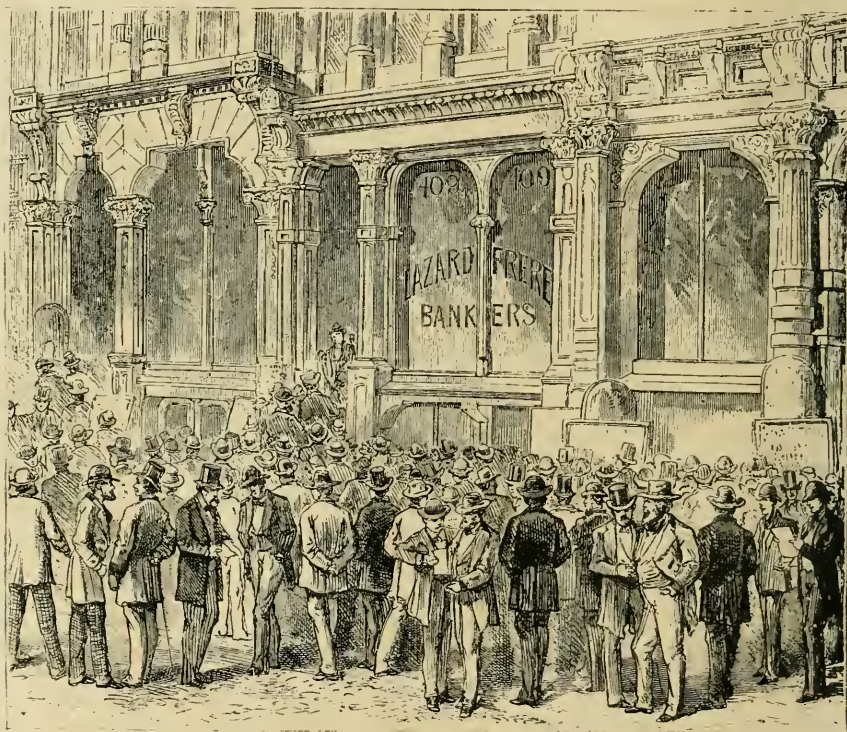
luxury. The manufactures are important, including woollen and silk mills, and manufactories of watches, carriages, boots, and shoes, furniture, candles, acids, wire-work, iron and brass

castings, silver ware, colossal fortunes, illimitable speculations, and sand-lot agitators. A truly wonderful city.

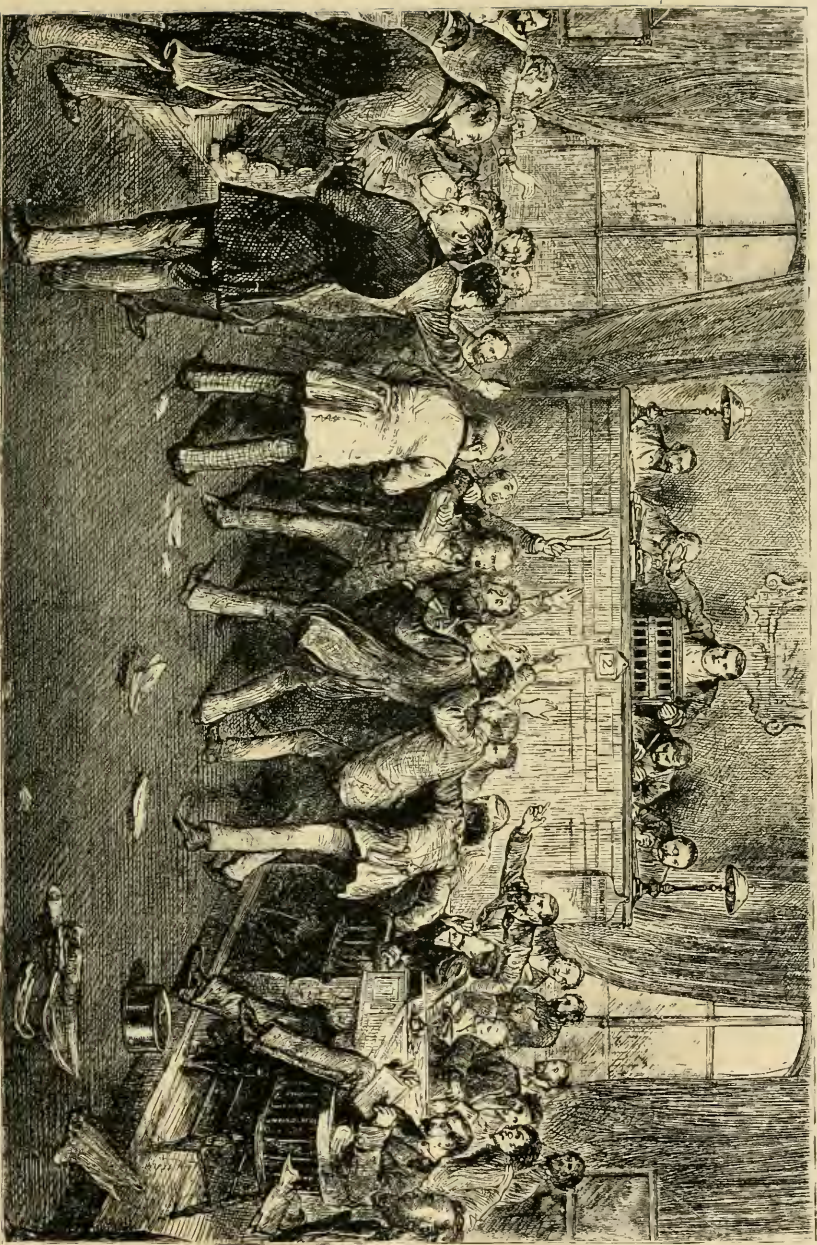
San Francisco is more regularly paved than Chicago, that last-named city resembling in one respect a Young Giant, splendidly attired, and wearing a very towering hat—that is the mansard roof with which he so much delights to crown his mansions—but who has not yet got his boots on, in the way of uniformly flagged granite side-walks. The roadways of 'Frisco are generally paved with Belgian blocks or cobble stones. There is the usual system of horse cars intersecting the city in every direction, and to some of these cars are appended curious canopied platforms on wheels, on which the surplus passengers find accommodation, and which are known as “dummies.” A Chinaman, puzzled to discover the whereabouts of the motive power for these abnormal vehicles, thus described them: “No pushee, no pullee, go like hellee.” The leading thoroughfare and most fashionable promenade in the city is Montgomery-street, which, at its northern extremity, extends to a hill so precipitous as to be inaccessible to wheeled carriages. There is a flight of steps, however, for pedestrians, and the summit affords a magnificent view of the city and bay. Market-street is the main business thoroughfare and the “Great Divide” of San Francisco; and in Market-street are some of the leading hotels and the finest retail stores, while Kearney-street—no connection with the notorious sand-lot demagogue—is also a fashionable promenade. In California-street are situated the principal banks and insurance offices, and the offices of the jobbers and importers are mostly in Front, Sansome, and Battery streets. In Dupont-street there is a “Hamman,” or Turkish bath, built by Senator Jones, at a cost of two hundred thousand dollars, and the luxurious appointments of which are fully in keeping with this more than Oriental city.

The junction of Montgomery and California streets is the great resort of the stock gamblers. All kinds and conditions of men, in all sorts of attire, from the zenith of splendour to the

nadir of squalor, may be seen there between nine in the morning and six in the evening, hovering about the "quotations" displayed on the bulletin-boards of the brokers, and gabbling about mines and "speculation centres" in mining shares. So rapid



are the transitions of life in California, so continual is the shifting of the social scenery, and so soon does that which was brand-new the day before yesterday become antiquated and obsolete, that a few brief excerpts from the terminology of the old "diggings" may not be uninteresting. What do you think of Jim Crow Cañon, Red Dog, Jackass Gulch, Loafers' Hill, Rattlesnake Bar, Poverty Hill, Greaser's Camp, Lousy Ravine, Christian Flat, Rag Town, Dead Mule Cañon, Petticoat Slide, Short-tail Cañon, Bluebelly Ravine, Swellhead Diggings, Poodle



A PANIC AT THE SAN FRANCISCO STOCK EXCHANGE.

Town, Gospel Swamp, Turn-up Flat, Puppy Town, Happy Valley, Devil's Basin, Deadwood, Ladies' Valley, Nary Red, Chicken Thief Flat, Hog's Diggings, Humpback Slide, Pancake Ravine, Nutcake Camp, and Paint-Pot Hill? Millions of dollars worth of gold may in the old times have been extracted from these gulches, and flats, and ravines; but the days of the



diggings are over; mining is now a steady, serious, systematic operation; and quartz-crushing machines and stamp-mills, for the "running" of which vast capital is required, have

superseded the rough-and-ready tools of the old diggers. In twenty years' time philologists may be divided as to the precise meaning of the word "nugget;" even American journalists will be uncertain as to the precise social status in early Argonautic times of a "Pioneer Lady?" and the next generation may but darkly understand the metaphorical allusion conveyed in the term to "pan out"—a term borrowed from the technology of the early gold-washers.

The only governmental building as yet completed in San Francisco is the United States Mint in Fifth-street, near Market-street. The machinery here is believed to be unapproached in ingenuity and efficiency. The United States Treasury is in Montgomery-street, on the site of "the Hall of Eldorado," the famous gambling-hell of early 'Frisco. The Mercantile Library has a collection of 47,000, the Mechanics' Institute of 30,000, and the Odd Fellows' Hall of 25,000 volumes. Thus in these three libraries alone we find a provision of 102,000 volumes for 300,000 people, which assuming that one out of every three San Franciscans cares about reading, gives a book and a fraction a head to the studious population, "free, gratis, and for nothing." At the same time I may be suffered very gravely to express—not perhaps without exciting horror and amazement in the minds of my readers—the heretical doubt as to whether free public libraries materially conduce to the real and healthy education of a people. The average American is certainly not very well read—in a scholarlike way. He skims too many newspapers in his brief hours of leisure to be able to devote much time to systematic study. Public free libraries in the United States literally swarm; and their multiplicity naturally excited the admiration of Dean Stanley. My own admiration for free libraries is qualified, when I remember that the massing of books together for gratuitous perusal materially injures the trade of the bookseller, and that works of real erudition are not the staple of the literature consulted by free library students. In England the chief demand in the great

provincial libraries is for fiction, not always of the most wholesome kind.

There is an immense Roman Catholic Cathedral, dedicated to St. Patrick, in Mission-street, with a spire two hundred and forty feet high, and four or five more edifices for Catholic worship. Among these the most interesting to me is the original Mission Church of San Francisco, a little old structure of sun-dried bricks, and of last century architecture. In aspect it is thoroughly Mexican. Over against it is a long disused graveyard, with half-effaced inscriptions in Spanish and Latin on the tombstones; and adjoining the church, which has a most curious belfry, and a bell which looks old enough to have been cast in Mexico in the time of Hernan Cortes, is the mission house, embossed in a groove of semi-tropical vegetation, of the good old Spanish *padres*. Are there any venerable wearers of shovel hats yet extant who can remember when 'Frisco was Yerba Buena, and when the Mexican governor had a house with a Plaza de Armas before it at the top of Montgomery-street? The effacement of the Spanish element in New Orleans is remarkable enough; but its disappearance in California is even more complete. The "*nombres de España*" only remain; the "*cosas*" thereof have entirely vanished. Thus, in the territories annexed from Mexico you find such Castilian names as Pueblo Rosita, El Moro, Santa Fé, Los Angeles, Maricopol, Santa Barbara, San José, San Diego: and in California itself Sacramento, Benicia, Puerto Costa, and Vallejo contending with such purely Anglo-Saxon sounding names as Emigrant Gap, Colfax, Auburn, Dixon, Gold Run, Newcastle, and Oakland—the last a splendid residential suburb of 'Frisco, and at the foot of which is a ferry, where you are transferred from the cars of the Central Pacific to a steamer which takes you across the bay to the foot of Market-street.

In the city itself the Spanish term of "*vara*" is yet preserved as a measure of distance; while in the country districts a farm, notably a fruit-growing one, is styled a "*ranch*" a corruption of

the Spanish *ranch*o. Thus the notorious "Texas Rangers," the chief element of disorder in that "horsey and revolverish" State, may have been originally *rancheros*. The proper Spanish name for a farm, common throughout Mexico, is *hacienda*; but the American-Californians probably preferred "ranch" for shortness sake. I observed with horror, in one railway time table, that "San José" had been curtailed to St. Joe. Fancy St. Tom, St. Jack, or St. Sam! Mark Twain's "He has no savey" is also partly derived from the Spanish "sabe" although "savvey" is an old term in English slang. In the "Luck of Roaring Camp" Bret Harte speaks of "peons." The Mexican *peon* was a farm-labourer, or worse, a kind of serf or villein, compelled to work out a debt by manual toil. The Spanish *juez del campo* has been Anglicised, or rather Americanised, into a "judge of the plain." The "filibuster" is the Spanish "filibustero," although some would derive him from the Dutch "vly-boot," a fast-sailing clipper, a favourite craft with pirates. The *arriero*, or Mexican muleteer, has not survived nominally; he is in modern California only the "driver of a mule train." Nor is a string of horses any more called a *caballada*, or one of the mules a *mulada*. To the jackass the Mexican name of *farro* is still occasionally applied. The cotton wood sometimes, but rarely, retains its Spanish designation of *alamo*, but far more generally in use is the word *chapparal*, from *chaparra*, an evergreen dwarf oak, which name in its turn is said to be derived from the Basque. The Spanish derivation of "gulches" and "cañons," pronounced "canyons," is obvious. The Mexican word *placer*, as a place where gold is found lying loose, is becoming as rare as the fortuitous finding of gold itself.



STREET MARKET SCENE, SAN FRANCISCO.

XV.

ASPECTS OF 'FRISCO.

San Francisco, March 4.

SAN FRANCISCO has its "over the water" suburb in the delightful quarter called Oakland, just as New York has its Brooklyn, and New Orleans its Algiers and Gretna. Oakland is the chosen residence of a multitude of wealthy citizens, who transact their business and spend most of the day in 'Frisco itself. The site is highly picturesque, and the climate is much preferred by residents to that of the Golden City: the trade winds from the Pacific, which are fierce and rawly cold, and often heavy with fog, being much tempered in crossing the bay. This circumstance has attracted so many residents to Oak-

land that it is estimated about ten thousand passengers daily travel on the steam ferry boats, which cross every half hour. These steamers differ in no particular from the vessels of their class plying in the Bay of New York, save that the imagination of the local artists has been let loose in the saloons, the panels of



THE GRIZZLY GIANT IN THE MARIPOSA GROVE, CALIFORNIA.

which are adorned by highly-coloured views supposed to be taken in the Yosemite Valley and among the "big trees" of Mariposa

and Calaveras. Scaling the features of the scenery from the human figures and cattle occasionally introduced, the assumption is forced upon you that the altitude of "El Capitan" in the Yosemite is at least fifteen thousand feet, and that none of the "big trees" can be less than three hundred yards high; while Niagara itself looks poor and puny in comparison with the Vernal Falls.

It may be hinted, indeed, that every patriotic Californian feels in duty bound to extol and magnify to the largest possible extent all and everything appertaining to the climate, scenery, progress, and resources of his beloved State and its renowned capital. "Eclipse first and the rest nowhere" is virtually his device. There were never, in his opinion, such strawberries, such cauliflowers, such green peas as are to be seen on the Pacific Slope. Château Lafite, Clos-Vougeot, and all the vineyards of the Rhine and the Moselle into the bargain sink into insignificance in the presence of the wine-growing districts of California; and the oranges of Los Angeles far surpass those of Louisiana and Florida in abundance of quantity and delicacy of flavour. As for the climate, it is, according to the Californians, perennial spring; but eulogy in this direction reached its acme when an enthusiastic writer declared the climate of California to be "eminently favourable to the cure of gunshot wounds." All this is natural and as it should be. What is the use of having a country if you are not proud of it, and if you are not ready upon occasion to magnify its very defects into virtues? "Look at our taxes," says Peter Pallmall, in the "Prisoner of War," proudly asserting the superiority of British institutions; and "What's your cold in the head to mine?" asked, with equally patriotic pertinence, one small boy of his rival. When I am a good number of thousands of miles from home I always maintain that the parish of St. Pancras is the most populous, the richest, the handsomest, the most intelligent, the most moral and religious parish in the world. I live there, you see. But when I have got back to St. Pancras I am apt to grumble at the rates,

to disparage the vestry, and to speak evil of the dilatoriness of the dust contractors.

So with the Californian. If he "blows" a little, is somewhat given to hyperbole in "cracking up" things Pacific, who shall blame him? My belief is that the pardonable gasconading in which the Californians occasionally indulge is not altogether due to a desire to exalt their country in the eyes of foreigners. To the San Franciscan it is not only the European, the Asian, the African, and the Australian who are "foreigners." Frequently do you hear him speak in terms, now of gentle commiseration, and now of biting sarcasm, of the "Eastern papers" and the "Eastern folks." Those Oriental journals and these folk hail neither from India, from China, nor from Japan. They are the Orientals of Pennsylvania and New York and New England. The Californian is ambitious to take a wrinkle out of Philadelphia, to let New York down a peg or two, and to give Boston to understand that the universe may have two "Hubs," and that San Francisco is the biggest if not the only "Hub," *vice* Boston played out. Politically loyal to the Union, California is and always has been. She would not throughout the great Civil War hear a word in favour of Secession; but with her staunch political fidelity to the Stars and Stripes her sympathy with the States which she calls Eastern and which the Southerners call Northern came and still comes practically to an end.

California has her own local politics, wants, wishes, interests, and aspirations, which are little understood, and less cared for, perhaps, on the other side of the Divide. She is an entirely new and self-made community; she is tied to no traditions and hampered by no prejudices:—except against John Chinaman. She will have, of course, her due constitutional say and will exercise her legitimate influence in the great political campaign for which all parties in America—without, I am glad to say, much acrimony of feeling—are now preparing;* but, beyond the necessity of

* This is an obvious reference to the struggle which ended in the election of the late General Garfield to be President of the United States.

the next Chief Magistrate being a sound Union man, I scarcely think that California troubles herself to any excessive degree about the eventualities of the next Presidential election. On the vexed question of currency her mind has been long and cheerfully but firmly made up. She is a gold and silver producing State ; and she has resolved that gold and silver shall be her only recognised circulating medium. Truly, she will take greenbacks when they are at par and immediately convertible ; but with greenbacks at a discount and inconvertible, as was the case throughout the weary years of the war, California would have no more to do than Canada would. Federal politics, when they form the subject of conversation in San Francisco, lack, in their discussion, the earnestness, the intensity, and the bitterness which characterise them in the older States.

On the other hand, all extraneous political considerations are swallowed up by the Aaron's rod of the Chinese question : subdividing itself as that question does into the equally vexed problems of unemployed white labour demanding high wages, and fiercely resenting the competition of the cheap labour of the immigrants from China ; from which question branches off the dilemma of the immigrants from China being unwilling or incompetent to become citizens, and of their importing into a free country a modified but highly offensive system of slavery. The difficulties of California in this respect are aggravated and embittered by the fact that the Chinese question is likewise integrally and inevitably an Irish question, and that the abrogation of all and any treaties with the Chinese Government would not settle the Irish question, which is one chronic in outcomes of discontent, bad blood, and turbulence. The existing relations of capital to labour, and *vice versâ*, are scarcely more amicable in the New than they are in the Old World ; but in California at the present moment they are actually hostile and belligerent. Law-contemning and mutinous Labour has been threatening to burn Capital's house over its head and to massacre its Chinese cheaply-hired labour ; to which Capital has very sternly retorted



HARD TO PLEASE THE WHITE TRASH.

Uncle Sam—"I hate the nigger 'cause he's a citizen, and I hate the 'yellow dog' 'cause he won't become one."

that, if Labour does not behave itself, Capital has taken measures to shoot Labour down by the hands of State or of Federal troops, and, if need be, to hang Labour's "blatherumskite" agitators, on the very sandlots where they have preached incendiarism and bloodshed, higher than Haman. But more of this anon. My brief trip to California would be an unpardonably unobservant one were I to say nothing concerning Dennis Kearney and Mayor Kalloch, and the grim resolve of the law-abiding citizens of San Francisco to put the "hoodlums" down.

Hie we back, for the nonce, to smiling Oakland, the population of which last year was close upon fifty thousand. Two thousand new buildings were erected in Oakland in 1879; and I was proudly bidden to bear in mind, as a proof of the growing enterprise and prosperity of the town, that upwards of a quarter of a million dollars had been expended in

building a new county gaol. On the principle, however, laid down by the traveller who hailed the first gallows which he saw as a sign of civilization, I suppose that the county gaol which



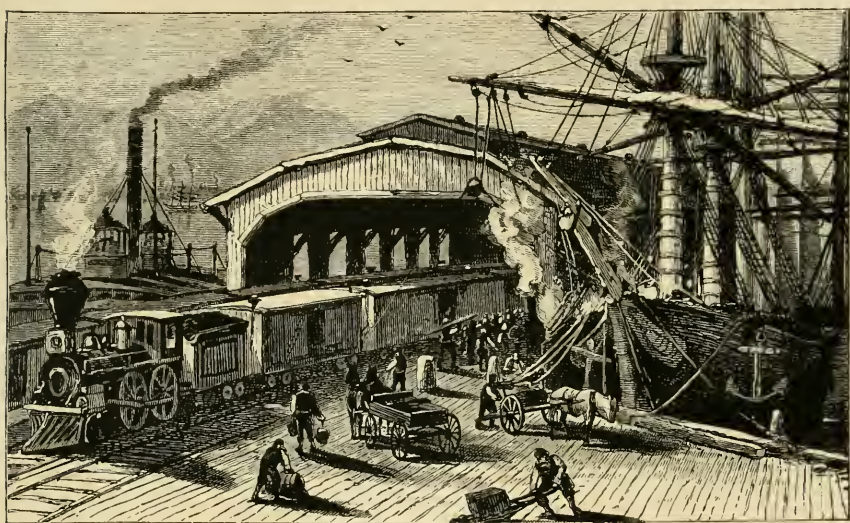
LAKE MERRITT, OAKLAND.

cost two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, must be accepted as a test of "enterprise and prosperity." It is pleasanter to learn that Oakland possesses two national gold banks, three

savings banks, four lines of horse cars, together with flouring and planing mills, iron and brass foundries, potteries, marble works, tanneries, and jute bag factories. Thirty years ago Oakland was simply an expanse of sandy hillocks, dotted here and there with clumps of cactus. Oakland spends six thousand dollars a month upon her public schools; and on the Northern border of the city is the Berkley or State University, which has a direct ferry to San Francisco. Many affluent families are planting themselves round about the university, attracted thither not only by the beauty of the site, but by the educational and social facilities which it affords. The university is open to students of both sexes, of whom there are at present over two hundred, and—hear this, inhabitants of Harrow, Eton, and Dulwich—tuition is wholly free. By a special State law, the sale of intoxicating liquor within a two-mile limit of this university is prohibited under heavy penalties.

Let me add that this pretty suburb of 'Frisco also boasts twenty churches of different denominations and seven newspapers, three daily and four weekly. The inhabitants hasten to inform you that the climate is "semi-tropical," and point triumphantly to their "live" oaks, which, by their inclination to the East, show the strength and constancy of the summer trade winds. Geraniums, roses, fuschias, callas, verbenas, and some tropical plants and flowers grow luxuriantly all the year round, never suffering from outdoor winter exposure. Fruit trees develop into bearing within a third or, at the most, half the time required on the Atlantic coast; and, finally, the Franciscans exultingly tell you that less time is required to get from Oakland to Montgomery-street, in the heart of the city proper, inclusive of the passage across the bay, than is required in New York to reach Wall-street from the Windsor Hotel; and that when Oakland is attained by the home returning 'Friscan, the merchant weary with the cares of the busy day, may find a home with a tropical luxuriance of fruit and flowers, almost the same in summer and in winter, and scenery scarcely less pic-

turesque, than that of the Hudson River. The distance from the end of the wharf, where you are transferred from the cars of the Central Pacific Railway, to the ferry station at the foot of Market-street, San Francisco, is about three miles and a quarter,

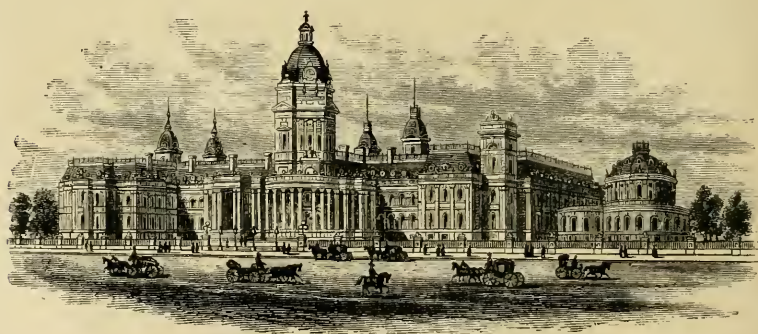


CENTRAL PACIFIC WHARF, SAN FRANCISCO.

and the trip is ordinarily made in fifteen minutes. When the wind is blowing you are cautioned that none save the most rugged persons should venture to stand outside the cabin ; but that, if it is practicable to enjoy the view, many points of great interest present themselves. The wind was not blowing with any excessive severity when we made the first trip from Oakland, yet I did not gain much by standing outside the saloon on the hurricane deck of the steamer, seeing that a dense sea fog was prevailing. The obliging "interviewer," however, who had boarded the train at Benicia—home of the valiant Heenan, I salute you—and who accompanied us to the ferry, cross-questioning me all the way, was so kind as to tell me that the Bay of San Francisco is big enough to hold all the navies of the world, and that it is beautified by a rare combination of island,

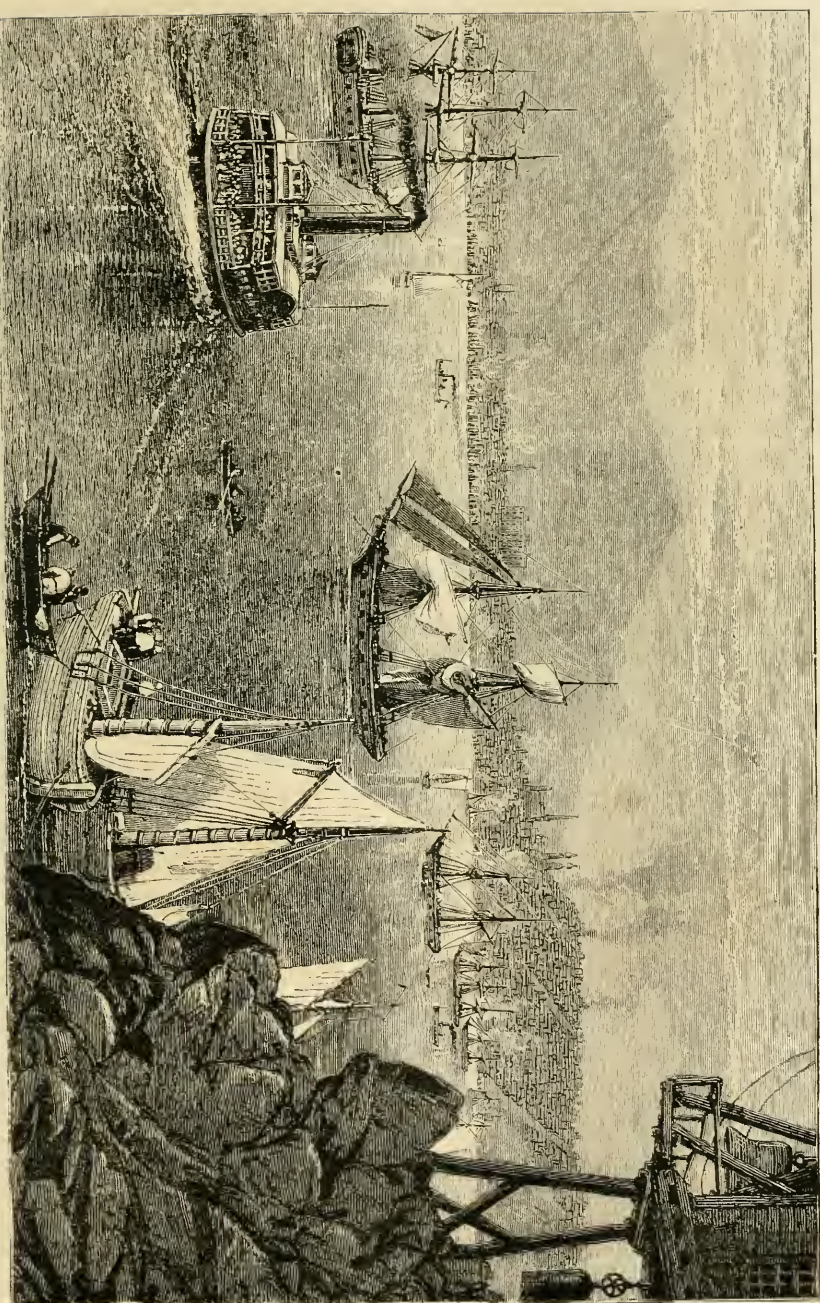
mountain, city, and plain. On the right, near the wharf, is Goat Island, a military reservation belonging to "Uncle Sam," and from the shore of which, on the morning of our passage, a fog whistle and bell were considerably and constantly sounding. The Golden Gate is north, or to the right of the city, being a water way about five miles long and a mile wide. The bay is strongly fortified at various points. Alcatraz is a naval station on an island at the end of the bay, at the entrance to the Golden Gate, and commands the whole passage from the ocean. Angel Island is another military reservation, well fortified. Northwest of this is visible on clear days the towering peak of Mount Tamalpais, the highest near the city.

There is one structural peculiarity of San Francisco which irritates the "Eastern folks" almost to the verge of exasperation, while it pleases, or at least amuses, Europeans. I suppose that there is no country in the world in which so much money is being spent on public buildings, churches, museums,



CITY HALL, SAN FRANCISCO.

universities, gaols, city halls, State Capitols, and the like, as is expended in the United States; and there is certainly no country with which, in the course of thirty-five years' travel, I have been acquainted, in which the science of architecture, both religious and secular, is at so low an ebb as it is in America, chiefly I apprehend because there is no recognised standard of



SAN FRANCISCO, FROM GOAT ISLAND.

architectural fitness, not to say architectural taste, and because there is no central directing force of public opinion to control or to reprehend the vagaries of imperfectly educated architects. I think that Sir John Vanbrugh, could he come to life again, would do remarkably well in the States. The architect of Blenheim was nothing if he was not florid; and excessive decoration of the most florid character is the keynote of modern American architects. If you criticise the *ensemble* or the details of a building in progress you are curtly told that the marble or brown stone was brought from some far distant State, and that the building itself cost a quarter, or a half, or a whole million of dollars, and is reckoned to be "one of the finest edifices on this Continent." After this you are expected to "dry up," or to take refuge in abashed silence. Prior, however, to their recent plunge into ultra-Byzantine, into exaggerated Italian-Gothic, and into turgid Renaissance, the Americans were very fond of what I may call the Packing-case style of architecture. In particular the big hotel of some fifteen years since was of the Packing-case order—a huge quadrangular block of brick or stone, pierced with so many tiers of narrow windows, destitute of any feature of portico, loggia, balcony, or parapet, and correspondingly bereft of any presentiment of superficial light and shade.

Now San Francisco—delighted to be in most things non-political, independent, and un-Eastern, that is to say, un-American—takes seemingly infinite delight in embellishing its mansions with windows of the form which for so long a period have found favour in the eyes of the members of our Pall-Mall clubs. Few private houses in 'Frisco are devoid of one or more bay windows, and the most recently erected and the most magnificent of the hotels—the Palace, the Grand, and the Baldwin—have their whole exterior surface corrugated with bay windows—in Eastern opinion, "to the great comfort of their guests and equal defacement of their external appearance." One Eastern critic, falling into a spasm of sarcastic indignation, remarks that "San Francisco has been called the Bay City, but

that it might just as well be named the Bay-window City"; while another censor, a little more tolerant, admits that "the mildness of the climate and the instinctive craving for sunshine are considerations which will always make bay windows a desirable and a favourite feature here." The truth is that the bay-window-corrugated façades of the Palace, the Grand, and the Baldwin, are delightful reminiscences of Henry the Seventh's Chapel at Westminster, and of many of the old Elizabethan manor-houses, so graphically portrayed by the late Mr. Nash. I grant that bay-windowedness carried to excess is apt to impart a slightly "crinkly" appearance to the frontage of a building, especially when, as is the case at San Francisco, the bay windows rise to a height of four or five storeys.

House tenure in San Francisco presents, like everything else in the city, features rare to meet with elsewhere. Furnished lodgings, so difficult to obtain in the majority of American towns, abound in 'Frisco to even a greater extent than they do in that Paradise of Transatlantic *chambres meublées*, New Orleans. A vast number of the 'Frisicans live in lodgings, and go out to restaurants for their meals. The tendency to a less nomadic mode of existence is, however, on the increase; and of late years a large number of private dwellings have been erected by building associations, as well as by private persons. The Real Estate Association, I have been told, build or sell, on an average, a house a day, and have done so these three years past. They build chiefly houses of six and eight rooms, and sell them for one-fifth cash and seventy-two monthly instalments, with a basis of nine per cent. interest, to compensate for the deferred payment. The houses are, as a rule, detached, this being considered safer should a fire break out. No great city can be exempt from the continued peril of widely-spread conflagrations; but San Francisco is said to be much more secure from the dangers of fire than the exceptionally modern nature of its outskirts would seem to infer. Owing to the spring fogs and the wintry rains, with the liability to earthquakes superadded, wood

is considered to be the most desirable material for dwellings. The timber habitually employed is the *sesquiuia*, or red-wood, so abundant in the Pacific Coast Range. This wood burns very slowly in comparison with timber from the East; and on this, as well as on the admitted efficiency of their Fire Department, the San Franciscans justifiably pride themselves.



TWO DIFFICULT PROBLEMS SOLVING THEMSELVES.



MURDERERS' ALLEY, SAN FRANCISCO.



CHINESE MARKET IN DUPONT STREET.

XVI.

CHINA TOWN.

San Francisco, *March 6.*

"LET, it be fully understood," thus I read the day after my arrival here, and in a monthly magazine called the "Californian," "that there is a small but rapidly increasing province of the Chinese empire established on the Pacific coast, and that, in the very heart of the Californian metropolis there is the city of Canton in miniature, with its hideous gods, its horrible opium dens, its slimy dungeons, and its concentrated nastiness of every kind." Harsh but pregnant words, these. I pondered over them thoughtfully as I proceeded to make enquiries as to the extent and population of the Pacific province of China, concerning which the vaguest and most extravagant notions are current in the Eastern States. Nor are such preposterous ideas confined to the East. They originated and still widely prevail on the Pacific Coast itself. In the address to Congress adopted at the famous anti-Chinese mass-meeting held in Union Hall, San

Francisco, on April 5, 1876—a meeting organised by the Mayor of the city, and presided over by the Governor of the State—it was boldly asserted that the number of Chinese west of the Sierra Nevadas amounted to 200,000, 75,000 of whom were settled in San Francisco. Reckoning from this basis, there would be about 400,000 “Heathen Chinee” in the whole United States—an assumption which by most sensible people is scouted as preposterous.

On the other hand, it has been pointed out by calmly reasoning statisticians that the Chinese quarter of San Francisco is



A STREET IN CHINA TOWN, SAN FRANCISCO.

certainly densely crowded in proportion to its area, but that the pigtailed multitudes occasionally visible there are not all permanent denizens of the district. China Town proper is six “blocks” in length (there are eight “blocks” to a mile, please

to remember), running north and south on Dupont-street from California to Broadway streets, and two blocks wide from east to west on Sacramento, Clay, Commercial, Washington, Jackson, and Pacific streets, from Kearney to Stockton, crossing Dupont, which is the main Chinese artery, at right angles. Now, if English readers will be so good as to picture to themselves New Oxford-street, London, W.C., as Dupont-street, and St. Giles's and the Southern portion of Bloomsbury as labyrinths of Chinese thoroughfares, some tangible idea may be gained of the topography and dimensions of the San Franciscan Canton; and it will be feasible to realise the fact that this Canton in miniature is literally "in the heart" of the magnificent capital of California. China Town is, in fine, as close to the palatial hotels, theatres, club-houses, banks, counting houses, and stores of Market and Montgomery streets as our amiable Seven Dials is close to the Garrick Club and the Royal Italian Opera on the one hand, and to Messrs. Meux's Brewery and the Soho Bazaar on the other. We have, indeed, a good many China Towns, in the British metropolis: only our Celestial immigrants hail from Connemara and Cork rather than from Canton.

The streets and alleys enclosed within the precincts which I have named are continually thronged with Chinese pedestrians; and especially on Sundays do these thoroughfares positively swarm with Ah Sing and his brethren. Closer acquaintance with China Town will, however, considerably modify early and hasty impressions as to the number of its sedentary population. The majority of the labouring Chinamen have a holiday on the Sabbath, and as they have no domestic life or homes in the Anglo-Saxon sense, and the Christian Sunday is not their day for worship, they are apt to wander about the streets when they are released from toil, simply because they have nothing else to do and nowhere else to go. After all, they may find sauntering in the sun pleasanter than being mewed up in the stifling bunks of their miserable sleeping rooms. On Sundays, likewise, crowds of Celestials come into China Town from Oakland, and

other outlying suburbs for the purpose of seeing their friends, doing a little shopping, or patronising the Chinese gambling-houses and the theatres. Admitting that it is an extremely difficult task—verging, indeed, on the impossible—to calculate with exactitude the number of Chinese in the States, it is believed by the best informed American authorities—and the Chinese Consul-General, with the officials of the Six Companies, concur in the belief—that there are in San Francisco about 30,000 Celestials; and that, as the population of the city is about 225,000, every eighth man is a Chinaman. In other parts of California there may be some 30,000 more, making 60,000 in the Golden State, of whose population about one-twelfth would thus be Chinese. In the remaining Pacific States and Territories—Nevada, Idaho, Montana, Utah, and Oregon, there may be 60,000 or 70,000 more Chinese; and yet a few more thousands are scattered about in States east of the Rocky



“DOES NOT A MEETING LIKE THIS MAKE AMENDS?”

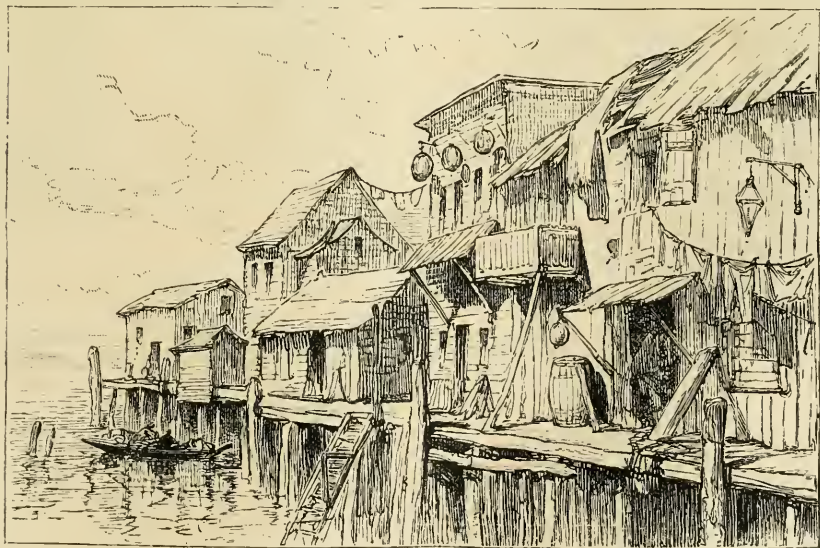
“Hello, Niggy man! Youlee golee West—Melee golee East.”

Mountains—in Massachusetts, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Tennessee, and Louisiana—in New York City, Chicago, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. According to the statistical report of Professor Porter, prepared for the Bureau of Education at Washington, there were, in 1870, less than one hundred thousand Chinese in the United States. Since that time, according to the returns of the San Francisco Custom House, about eighty thousand more have landed on the Pacific coast, and, deducting a fair percentage for deaths and returns to China, the present aggregate of the Chinese population in America may be taken as not more than one hundred and fifty thousand.*

I was solemnly warned by American friends, when I announced my resolve to explore the penetralia of the Chinese quarter, that I had best take a phial of aromatic vinegar or some other disinfectant with me, to counteract the effects of the horribly offensive odours with which my nose would be assailed. I cannot help fancying that the olfactory organs of the Americans are more sensitive than those of other people; but, on the other hand, it may be that prejudice has something to do with this excessive keenness of smell. For example, in a very clever and observant little book, "The Chinese in America," written by the Rev. O. Gibson, I find the following curious summary of what may be called international odours: "The Frenchman smells of garlic; the Irishman smells of whiskey and tobacco; the German smells of sauerkraut and lager beer; the Englishman smells of roast beef and 'arf-and-'arf; the American smells of corncake and pork and beans. The Chinese smell is a mixture and a puzzle, a marvel and a wonder, a mystery and a disgust, but nevertheless you shall find it a palpable fact. The smell of opium, raw and cooked, and in process of cooking, mixed with the smell of cigars and tobacco leaves, wet and dry, dried fish and dried vegetables, and a thousand other indescribable ingredients, all these toned to a certain

* The official census, published since the above was written, gives the number as being much below this estimate, or 105,000 merely.

degree by what may be called a 'shippy' smell, produce a sensation upon the olfactory nerves of the average American, which, once experienced, will not soon be forgotten." The reverend gentleman's strictures should not, I venture to think, be taken without considerable qualification. So far as personal observation entitles me to be a judge, the very worst parts of China Town do not smell worse than do the Rue Mouffetard and the Montagne St. Genevieve in Paris, than the Ghetto at Rome or the "Coomb" in Dublin. The seventy distinct stench of Cologne have become matters of history; but pray what do you think of the odour of most of the back streets in "La Bella Venezia," and of some of the courts in the neighbourhood of our own Drury-lane? And, again, it should in common fairness be remarked, that it is only a small portion of China Town that can be charged with having any disagreeable odour at all. The San Francisco Board of Health has indeed condemned the entire district intersected by Dupont-street as a nuisance, and declared that the very walls of the houses were so saturated with miasmatic and malarious exhalations as to make the wholesale



CHINESE HOUSES AT THE WATER SIDE, SAN FRANCISCO.

destruction of the houses inhabited by Chinamen a vital necessity. But the constitution of the Board of Health, whose members were elected on the notorious "working men's ticket," affords considerable ground for the suspicion that they were not altogether strangers to party prejudices and party influences, and that the condemnation of China Town as a nuisance was only a



(FROM "HARPER'S WEEKLY.")

plank in the great "Sand Lots" platform, of which the basis is, "The Chinese must go."

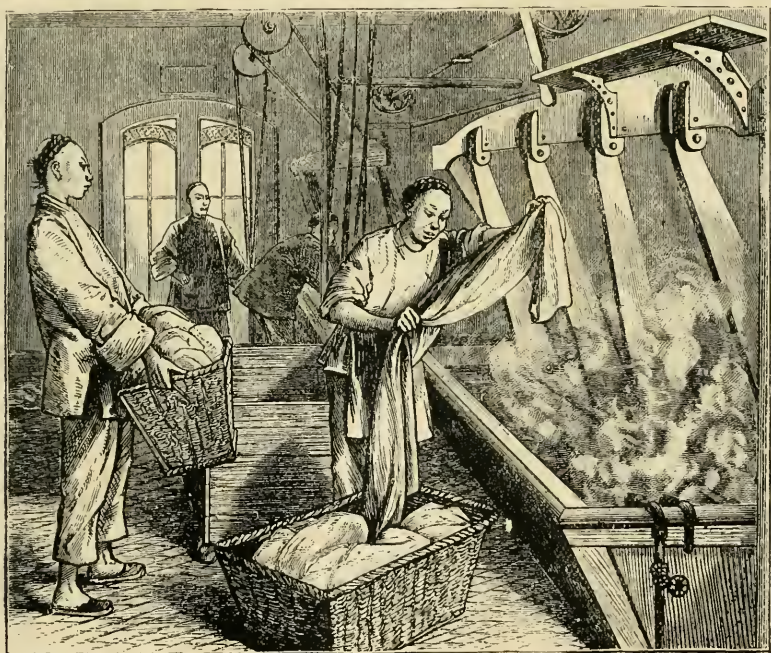
The Rev. Mr. Gibson, who was for several years a missionary in the Flowery Land, himself admits that, while in China the streets are narrow and without side walks for the use of pedestrians, thus forcing burden carriers and foot passengers of every grade to walk in one narrow thoroughfare, jostling and crowding each other in strange confusion, in China Town, San Francisco, the streets are wide and well paved, and have commodious side walks like unto those of the other parts of the city. And herein lies one of the strangest features of China Town. In the structural aspect of the quarter there is nothing whatever that is either picturesque or Oriental. The pagoda as a building is wholly absent. A few old "frame" or timber houses are still standing; but the majority of the buildings are of brick, two or three storeys high, and with cellars or basements, in which some kind of business is generally carried on. The architecture is thoroughly American in its tastelessness and monotony. A short-sighted person walking along Dupont-street in a hurry might imagine that he was traversing Clark-street, Chicago, or Chestnut-street, Philadelphia. It is only when his attention is attracted by the innumerable red and yellow sign-boards with quaintly painted and gilt inscriptions in mysterious hieroglyphics that he begins to realise the fact that he is in a section of the City of Canton, transported bodily to the shores of the Pacific Ocean.



I had the inestimable advantage of exploring China Town in the company of a gentleman who knew China and the Chinese intimately, and he was good enough to translate many of the hieroglyphics just mentioned. He gave me, too, an introductory lesson in the intricate science of Chinese proper names. Of the variations in their personal nomenclature some idea may be gained from the following list of Chinese letters advertised in a single week as lying to be claimed at the San Francisco Post Office. Thus, there were communications for Ah Coon, Ah Chung Wo, Ah Kung, Ah La, Chang Sing, Ching Chung, Choy, Sam and Co, Chung Wo Lung, Chong, Ga, Tong, Do Foo, Eh Dare Loro, Tong Kee, Fung Lung, Gee Tang Hing, Gee Wo Sang, Hong Wo Hong, Hi Lo, Hong Faut, Hong Song, Lung, Jake Lung, Kee Hion, Kong Chong Ling, Quong Chong Lang, Quong On, Quon, Tong Song, Nat Loe, Lee Dao and Co, Lo Hing Kee, Sam Kiam Wo, Sing Cow Wo, Sing Quing On, Si Wo Lung, Soin Sing, Sang Wah, Sa Wo Lung, Sin Sing, Tun San, Way, Sion Gow, Wong Ung, Yee Ching Lung, Yin Wah Hong, and Ye Wah Sung. It may be mentioned that "Ah Coon" is equivalent simply to "Mr. Coon," "Ah" being merely a title of respect, and that Chinamen who have three names are usually of a higher rank than those who have only two. Some Anglo-Saxon nicknames, such as Tom, Sam, Jake, Nat, Abe, and so forth, are very common Chinese appellations. When, however, the American is uncertain as to the precise designation of the Heathen Chinese with whom he is conversing, he invariably addresses him as "John," and this practice is also adopted by the few negroes in San Francisco when talking to the yellow-skinned strangers from the Middle Kingdom.

On the second day of my stay in 'Frisco I assisted at a very curious and entertaining interview between a Mongol immigrant and an American *citoyenne* of African descent. A youthful Chinaman, with a yellow face, high cheek bones, dark crescent eyes, tea-tray smirk, hooked finger-nails, clean white blouse, neatly braided pigtail, baggy galligaskins of blue serge, shoes

with paper soles, and all, presented himself at our door, with a large basket, very early in the morning—and intimated that he had come for “one piecey washing.” I am but imperfectly acquainted with “pigeon” English, but, after floundering about for a while in a labyrinth of “piecey,” “catchee,” “havee,” “belongee,” “savvey,” “masky,” “chop-chop,” and “topside gallow,” I thought that I understood the youthful Chinaman to say that he was employed in the laundry of the Palace Hotel—I



THE LAUNDRY OF THE PALACE HOTEL.

knew as a fact that some forty Chinese were at work there—and that he had been sent by his superior officer for our linen. So a washing list was made out. It happened that a bottle of ink had been broken in one of our portmanteaus while crossing the Rocky Mountains, scattering sable ruin all around; and the resources of my “pigeon English” were taxed to the utmost in endeavouring to explain to the Chinese laundryman that he must

procure some salts of lemon and do his best to efface the fearful ink-stains from the fronts of my best shirts. He was profuse in his ejaculations of "savvy" and "understandey," and I quite accepted him as a candid and upright young Chinaman.

But, alas! how deceitful is the heart of man, whether it be a heart Mongolian or a heart Caucasian! While the youthful laundryman was waiting, with his tea-tray smirk, all so childlike and bland, for the completion of the washing list, there entered the room one of the black chambermaids of the hotel. She was about sixty years of age, and wore a very large yellow turban and a pair of heavy gold earrings. Suppose we call her Aunt Sally. The first thing she did was to survey the smirking young laundryman with what is known as an "up-and-down" look. Apparently dissatisfied with the result of this scrutiny, she proceeded to ask him, in a tone in comparison with which vinegar would be dulcet and assafœtida delicious, "Who gib him leaf to come dere?" The youthful Chinaman's yellow cheek now assumed a faint chocolate tint, which may have been the Celestial substitute for a blush. He murmured something about "piecey" and "catchee" and "belongee." "But de washin' no belongee you, John," retorted, with austere dignity, Aunt Sally. "An' you no belongee to de hotel, an' you keep de profits away from de hotel by coming here when nobody sent to you."

The untruthful young laundryman wriggled about uneasily, shuffled his paper-shod feet, and folded his hands as though in deprecation of Aunt Sally's wrath. But that incorruptible *employée* of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, was not to be conciliated, and she continued to reprove the guilty Heathen. "It was very wrong of you, John," she went on. "If I was to tell 'em in de Hoffice dounstars dey'd neber let you inter de hotel agin, John. It was right mean ob you, John," and at this conjuncture the stern and measured tone in which Aunt Sally had hitherto delivered her lecture rose to a shrill treble; "it was like your dam imperence, you cuss, wid a face like a punkin, to come

smouchin' around here looking after de white folks' washin'." With which, I am sorry to say, she fetched the unhappy, albeit untruthful, Chinaman a sounding box on the ear. Gathering up



the basket in which he had hoped to carry off his spoils, he beat an ignominious retreat, and I saw him no more. Poor, smirking Mongoloid!

The corridors of the hotels, Aunt Sally hastened to explain to us, are continually infested by outsiders—Free Lances of the wash-tub and Bashi-Bazouks of the mangle and box-iron—who

furtively tout for custom, and surreptitiously strive to obtain possession of the washing which should be "done" in the hotel laundry. It is possible that "John" might have been a poor,

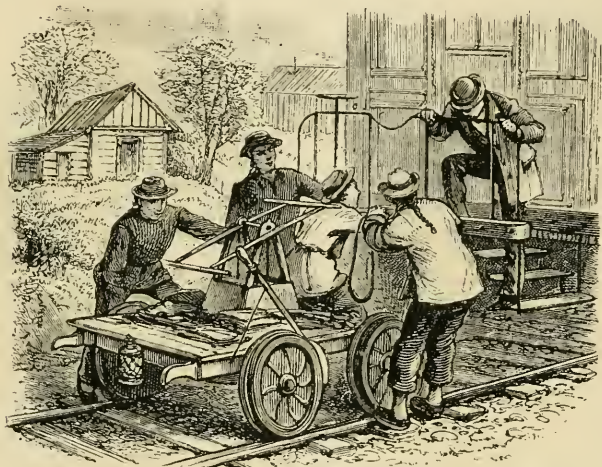


THE IRONING ROOM OF THE PALACE HOTEL LAUNDRY.

but industrious, washerman, anxious to pick up a job and earn an honest penny, and this was the most charitable hypothesis to adopt in his case; but on the other hand, it was not by any means unlikely that the youthful Heathen was a "fraud," a swindler and impostor, and that had we trusted him with our linen we might never have beheld it again.

China Town, nevertheless, contains large numbers of Chinese laundries, very respectably conducted, and where washing is done at a much cheaper rate than is charged at the hotels. It is, in truth, very difficult to decide what industries are not carried on by these indefatigably patient,

laborious, and neat-handed immigrants from the Flowery Land. They will undertake the most toilsome and repulsive manual labour and the nicest arts and crafts. They will be railway



CHINESE RAILROAD LABOURERS BEING TOWED BY THE TRAIN.

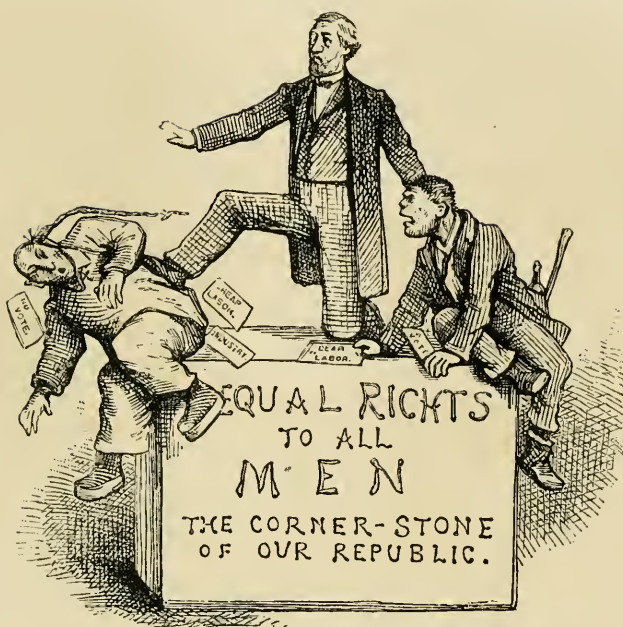
navvies, waiters, mechanics, house servants—anything you please. They will be content to work for fifty or seventy-five cents a day, and will save money out of that slender stipend; while the newly landed Irish day labourer will scorn to handle a pickaxe or carry a hod for a dollar a day. The number of Chinese laundrymen is estimated at 3,500; and in the cigar factories of San Francisco there are no less than 7,500 Chinese workmen. More than 1,000 are sewing-machine makers. Then there are Chinese makers of soap and cigar boxes, of boots, shoes, and slippers, of saddles, whips, and harness. There are Chinese weavers and stonecutters, broom makers and coopers, watch and clock makers, tailors, milliners, and dressmakers. Add to these about 150 itinerant vendors of fruit and vegetables, 5,000 merchants, traders, and clerks, 4,500 cooks and domestic servants, 150 wives and daughters of respectable Chinese families, and, alack! no less than 2,600 enslaved Chinese courtesans. Transient visitors from China, agents and officers



CHINESE AT SAN FRANCISCO CRUSHING SHRIMPS FOR EXPORTATION.

of various associations, with emigration agents, boarding-house keepers, crimps, smugglers, and general loafers, "hoodlums," cut-throats, and outlaws may "foot up" to about 3,000 more.

Whether the presence of the Chinese in California is a boon or a curse is perhaps the most vexed and the most "burning" of existing American questions; and the wisest of American statesmen may well be puzzled how best to settle it. When the late Mr. Seward, in the course of his journey round the world, visited San Francisco, he was importuned by the anti-Chinese party to inspect China Town that he might see for himself how unfit were its denizens to become citizens of the United States; but, curious to relate, the ex-Secretary of State was pressingly invited by the Chinese themselves to visit their quarter, in order to satisfy himself how industrious, how harmless, and how profitable to America was the character of Chinese colonisation. Mr. Seward cautiously declined both invitations; but, although the Republican section in California, for party reasons alone, had acquiesced in the anti-Chinese policy of the Democrats—the Irish, I may observe, are all Democrats, and all furiously anti-Chinese—the ablest Minister



of Abraham Lincoln afterwards protested against the policy of exclusion, and stoutly maintained that immigration and expansion were the natural, inseparable, and inevitable elements of civilisation on the American Continent, and nowhere more so than on the Pacific Coast. It was the unqualified opinion of Mr. Seward that any attempt to stifle or to suppress the "invigorating forces" of foreign immigration would be a failure. Yet when the people of the State of California were recently polled to express their opinion on the Chinese question, 154,638 votes were found to be against Chinese immigration, and only 883 in favour of it.

The Anti-Chinese feeling is forcibly expressed in a speech made two years since by Mr. Sargeant in the Senate of the United States. "The Chinese," remarked the orator, "work for wages that will not support the family of a white labourer; while the Chinese themselves are more than well fed on a handful of rice, a little refuse pork and a desiccated fish, costing

but a few cents a day, and, lodged in a pigstye, they become affluent according to their standard on wages that would beggar an American." And an able American essayist, Mr. J. Dee, discoursing on Chinese immigration in the "North American Review," remarks with caustic felicity, if with scant philanthropy, of poor John Chinaman, that it is precisely his "revolting characteristics" which make him formidable in the contest for survival with other races of men. His miserable little figure, his pinched and wretched way of living, his slavish and untiring industry, his indifference to high and costly pleasures which our civilisation almost make necessities—his capacity to live in wretched dens in which the white man would rot if he did not suffocate"—these, according to the writer in the "North American Review," are among the "revolting characteristics" of the Heathen Chinese. From Mr. Dee's showing, it is possible—paradoxical as it may appear—for frugality, abstemiousness, patient industry and ingenuity, and a capacity for "roughing" it, to be positively crimes against modern Caucasian civilisation.

From this point of view John Chinaman in California is assuredly a most atrocious criminal. It is a crime to be recorded against him that, in the long warfare of his race for the means of existence, his physical character has become adapted to the very smallest needs of human existence, and with a capacity for the severest toil. It is criminal in him to be a man of iron, whom neither heat nor cold seems to affect, and of that machine-like calibre which never wearies.* It is an additional piece of criminality on his part that "his range of food is the widest known among animals—embracing, as it does, the whole vegetable kingdom, and including every beast of the earth and creeping thing, and all creatures of the sea, from the tiny shrimp to the leviathan of the deep." Miserably criminal, abandoned,

* It is in this that he differs most diametrically and constitutionally from the negro. "Is he an idle man?" asked an examining counsel of a sable witness as to the character of a "darkie" in trouble on a suspicion of spoons. "I wunt 'zactly say he's idle," replied the truthful witness on the stand; "*but I 'spect he was born naturally tired.*"

and depraved John Chinaman, who can subsist on anything and almost on nothing! He is clearly, in American opinion, out of place in a land overflowing with milk and honey, with tenderloin steak and Little Neck clams, with sweet potatoes and sugarcured hams, with canvas-back ducks and gumbo soup, with scrambled eggs and buckwheat cakes, with hog, hominy, striped bass, turkey, tomatoes, and terrapin.



UNCLE SAM'S HOSPITALITY.

Keep off! You are so industrious and economical that our boys
can't compete with you.



THE ALL-NIGHT SUPPER IN THE DRESSING-ROOM OF A CHINESE THEATRE.

XVII.

THE DRAMA IN CHINA TOWN.

San Francisco, *March 10.*

THE Golden City abounds in theatres, in the ordinary acceptation of the term—that is to say, roomy and comfortable establishments, well lit and well ventilated, elegant in their decorations, and not extortionate in their prices of admission, all these being features pleasantly characteristic of the great majority of theatres in the United States. I have already mentioned having had the advantage to witness at the Bush-street Theatre, San Francisco, the six thousandth performance of Mr. Sothorn as Lord Dundreary; but it was shortly afterwards my privilege to behold a spectacle far more curious and remarkable than that even of “Our American Cousin,” a piece which has been so

repeatedly modified and modulated to suit the Dundrearyan idiosyncrasies that it may be said, in degree, to resemble those celebrated silk stockings of Sir John Cutler, which, according to Pope, had been so frequently darned with worsted that little, if anything, of the original fabric remained. The peculiar performance which I am about to describe struck me as being the most extraordinary that, in a somewhat lengthened career of play-going, I had yet gazed upon. A nigger minstrel entertainment in the Theatre of Bacchus at Athens might satisfy most amateurs of the abnormal in lyric art; and three or four years ago, being at Constantinople, I was induced to think that I had rarely been present at an odder sight than that of "Les Deux Aveugles" at a music-hall at Galata, played before an audience composed of Franks, Greeks, Armenians, Turkish artillery officers from Tophané, and sailors of all nations. Between the acts those of the spectators who had any *medjilîes* to spare adjourned to play roulette in a gambling den conveniently attached to the premises, and towards the close of the evening a cattle-dealer from Odessa was stabbed by a Maltese stevedore. A thoroughly cosmopolitan entertainment. But the merry memories of the Galata music-hall have been, in my mind, all but completely eclipsed by the humours of the Chinese theatres of San Francisco; nor, I apprehend, shall I ever again be so fortunate to see anything more out of the way in the dramatic or musical line; unless, some of these days, I should have the good luck to assist at the performance of "Box and Cox" in a balloon, or to see the "Pirates of Penzance" at the bottom of a coal mine.

My polite pioneers to the penetralia of "Canton on the Pacific" had resolved that I should "do" China Town thoroughly, both in its diurnal and nocturnal aspects; and one of the principal items in the programme arranged for me was a visit to the Chinese playhouses. There are two large establishments of the kind, both in Jackson-street, between Kearney and Dupont streets, on opposite sides of the road, and all but facing each other. The baneful effects of theatrical entertainments—if they

have any baneful effects—on the morals of the people is in one respect counteracted here by the circumstance of there being next door to one of the Chinese theatres, and immediately over against the other, an unpretending brick building, of which the name in Chinese is “Foke Ham Tong,” and in English the “Gospel Temple.” In plainer English, it is a Methodist chapel, where zealous American missionaries labour for the conversion of the heathen.

The largest and most popular Chinese theatre is called the “Royal”—why, I know not. “Imperial” would have been a more appropriate name. The outside of the playhouse is in nowise remarkable, and, in fact, it is ugly, dingy, and Anglo-Saxon looking enough to be easily mistaken for one of those Nonconformist places of worship of the last generation—they are much more tastefully built nowadays—which, with scant politeness, Sydney Smith dubbed the “brick barns of Dissent.” There was but a single door, so far as I could make out, for the ingress and egress of the public—a structural circumstance which might well have attracted the notice of the San Francisco Fire Department; although, seeing that the entire district of China Town has been solemnly condemned as an incurable nuisance by the City Board of Health, its demolition is loudly demanded; and it might be thus scarcely worth while to take the inadequate *vomitoria* of the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, into account. We ascended a short, narrow, and not over clean wooden staircase, until we found, ensconced behind a door and sitting at the receipt of custom, a personage of unmistakably Anglo-Saxon extraction, with a sandy “goatee,” and wearing the typical Anglo-American “soft” hat. This was the money-taker, and he was good enough to inform us, in a sonorous Western accent, that “the show” was “in full blast.” The time, I should observe, was just four o’clock in the afternoon; but there are nightly as well as daily performances at the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, which is open all the year round, Sundays included. The English-speaking money-taker puzzled me some-

what. Was the "show," I asked myself, "run" by an Anglo-American speculator? I was subsequently informed that such was not the case. The place is under exclusively Chinese ownership and management; and it is possible that an American money-taker might have been appointed by the Chinese authorities to meet the convenience of the large numbers of English-speaking strangers who visit the theatres in Falcon-street as being among the most queerly interesting sights in San Francisco. A Chinese money-taker, you may say, would have answered the purpose quite as well; but it is worth while noticing that the number of Chinamen in San Francisco who can talk even "pigeon" English is, considering the vastness of their aggregate, surprisingly small.

Be that as it may, we paid our fifty cents as entrance money; and, crawling up a few more steps, found ourselves in the body of the house, which was already three-parts full. We had entered the house by the gallery, and looked down on an area, amphitheatrical in form, which might accommodate from eight hundred to a thousand spectators. This, in American playhouse parlance, would be the parquette. With us it would be the pit. Casting your eyes downwards you looked upon a huge sea of black low-crowned hats. That is the all but universal headgear of the Heathen Chinee in San Francisco. When he does vary it he assumes a brimless *coiffure* of felt or silk, sable in hue, and in shape something between the *beretta* of a Roman Catholic priest and the "pork-pie" of an Andalusian *majo*. The grandees of China Town, among whom are personages of dignity approaching mandarin rank, wear the traditional and picturesque Mantchee head-dresses; but the Chinese mechanic, servant, or labourer abides almost invariably by the low black-crowned hat that I have noticed. I never saw "John" in a "stove-pipe" or a "soft" hat. In summer time it is his delight to array himself in a short jerkin and baggy trousers, scarcely reaching to the ancle, of spotless white jeans; but this is very early spring, and a chilly spring to boot, and the

occupants of the "parquette" wore, as a rule, a jerkin and galligaskins of dark blue or black serge. Rarely does the Heathen Chinee wear boots. He affects his peculiar national shoes, with thick substrata of whitey-brown paper between the soles and the upper leathers; and it is with rage and envy that the white working men and women of San Francisco call to mind that the whole of the Chinaman's wardrobe—jerkin, galligaskins, shoes, underlinen, and all—is made by the Chinese themselves.

Not content with thus injuring the Caucasian, the crafty Mongol has taught himself how to make—and to make very well, too—boots and shoes and garments suitable for Anglo-American use, and he makes them in immense numbers, and for wages far inferior to those which a white artificer would condescend to receive. There is no end to the industrial turpitude of John Chinaman. He has even become a specialist in the cutting-out and confection of what the Americans discreetly term "ladies' fine under-wear"—dainty articles with frills and "insertion," and tucks and what not. The ladies declare his "underwear" to be exquisitely neat and of most durable workmanship, and his proficiency in this craft, of which he is rapidly acquiring a monopoly, is naturally and most bitterly resented by the white sempstresses, who would be glad to work their fingers to the bone for eighty or even for sixty cents a day, but who find to their anger and despair that "John" will work for fifty, and will save money even out of that wretched pittance. All these things add in an immeasurable degree to the exasperation against the Chinaman on the Pacific coast among those of the white race whose lot it is to labour. As for the employer of labour, he may theoretically dislike the incorrigibly indefatigable Mongol, but practically he does not cease to avail himself of the cheap services of a steady and handy craftsman. These are surely industrial facts, demanding serious and attentive consideration; and yet, I asked myself, looking at the eight hundred wearers of black hats—or, rather, the twelve hundred, for there were about four hundred more in the gallery—how

came this great company of working people in a playhouse at four o'clock in the afternoon, and how could they, who are known to work for what the white man considers starvation wages, afford to pay fifty cents, or two shillings sterling, a head for admission?

I could not hope to solve the problem then, so I took to considering their pigtails. Those appendages, likewise, are, after a manner, mysterious. How much of the neatly braided queue is real hair, and how much silk? Are Chinese babies born with pigtails? Why do the men never wear whiskers? Why do only elderly men venture on a slight moustache, and what may be termed the phantom of a beard? I am told that those American writers are in error, who have stated that the few Chinamen in California who have been converted to Christianity as a rule discard the queue, and adopt the American style of dress. The missionaries, however, admit that probably one half of the Chinese in America might be induced, with or without conversion to Christianity, to cut off their tails and assume Christian hats and Christian pantaloons if a general move could be made in that direction. But the same argument might be employed in favour of the adoption by the ladies of America of the Bloomer costume. It is manifest that the dress reform proposed by Mrs. Amelia Bloomer—by the way, that estimable lady was lately living, if she be not still living, at Council Bluffs, over against Omaha—was a sensible reform tending to bring about comfort, cheapness and the strictest of decorum in feminine dress; but, as it happened, there was no “general move” in the direction of ladies on either side of the Atlantic abandoning their trailing skirts for Turkish trousers; and the Bloomer movement came to nothing. And even more strongly is the dilemma caused by the absence of a general move in a given direction illustrated by the story of the ambitious gentleman Down East, who, jealous of the virtual monopoly enjoyed by the States of Pennsylvania and Maryland, in the production of canvas-back ducks, essayed to acclimatise those delicious

birds in his own Down Eastern State. He laboured long ; he planted celery on the banks of a river ; he brought multitudes of live ducks to the spot ; but the result of his endeavour was lamentable failure. "There's the river," he was wont to say, gloomily ; "there's the celery a-growin' wild ; there's the ducks ; but, ——— them, *they won't eat it.*" That's where it is. There was no "general move" on the part of the ducks, in the direction of feeding upon the celery artfully planted on the banks of the Down Eastern river. As with the ducks, so with the pigtails. It is, I suspect, obstinately traditional conservatism that makes the Chinaman cling to his queue. He himself tacitly owns that it is an encumbrance, for when he is at work, in order to get the oscillating tail out of his way, he twists it round and round at the back of his head, when it forms a chignon, remarkably offensive and hideous to view.

The black-hatted occupants of the parquette wore their pig-tails down ; still that fact failed to make them look any the lovelier. The uniformity and the sombre hue of the garb gave them a convict appearance, and instinctively you looked to see whether there were any emblems of the Broad Arrow branded on their jerkins and trousers. Physiognomically they might be divided into two classes. The young Chinaman, although altogether too mock-faced and girlish, is not a bad looking fellow. The effeminacy of his features is relieved by the brightness of his bead-like eyes, and his sempiternal simper has a good deal that is naturally candid and kindly. As he grows older that simper will degenerate into the sinister smirk of the hypocrite, the loathsome leer of the habitual profligate, or the vacant grin of the downright idiot. Take him for all and all, the adolescent John Chinaman is a smart, spruce, knowing, and good-natured youth. But just look at his senior, or his apparent senior, for few things are so difficult to determine with accuracy as a Chinaman's age. Survey that attenuated body that bent spine, those bony inert hands listlessly planted on the knees. Contemplate that yellow, withered countenance, those

deep sunken eyes, the balls of which are bleared and glossy. The unhappy creature looks boneless, bloodless, nerveless—a mere sack of parchment holding a feeble frame work of gristle. He looks stupefied, “played out.” Unless I am very much mistaken his digestive organs are hopelessly impaired. Unless I am very much more mistaken he is a habitual opium-eater. And then I recall that American definition of the “Chinese smell” which I touched upon in my last letter from China Town. Yes; there is a distinct, peculiar, and horrible Mongol odour—a perfume which dominates that of the cigars and the tobacco leaves, wet and dry; the fried fish and the dry vegetables; the tallow chandlery smell, the tan-pit smell, and the “shippy” smell. It is the combined odour of morphine, narcotine, thebaine and meconine. It is the Opiate Smell.

The eight hundred Chinamen, more or less, in the parquette—there is not a woman among them—and the four hundred Chinamen, in the gallery are as silent as though they were twelve hundred quakers. Not the faintest sign of applause is audible as the play goes on. Once only, when the funny man is at the very apogee of his funniments, the faintest of titters ripples over the ocean of parchment-coloured faces. They are not all, however, wholly without motion. One-third at least, of the audience are smoking cigars or cigarettes, not impregnated with opium, as some travellers would make you believe, but made from very fair “domestic” tobacco; and these cigars and cigarettes they manufacture themselves, these incurably laborious heathens and aliens! Another third of the audience are eating something—goodness knows what it is; but it is something, no doubt, that the white man would consider nasty. During the performance slim Chinese boys, bearing napkin-covered baskets, elbow and shin their way between the benches, just as the old “cakes, apples, oranges, ginger-beer, and bill of the play,” women used to elbow and shin their way through the several ranks of groundlings in the old times, when the Haymarket Theatre had a pit. The boys with the baskets dispense occult

delicacies to their customers; and pray do not lose sight of this little fact. In this Golden City, in this superbly opulent and luxurious San Francisco, there is no coin of a recognised value less than a "nickel," or five cents. There are, unfortunately, a good many beggars just now in amazingly opulent 'Frisco: but you can't give a mendicant a penny as you might in London, if you had not been well schooled as to the sinfulness of indiscriminate almsgiving, and if you had not the fear of the Charity Organization Society before your eyes. In San Francisco you must needs give the beggar a "nickel," which is twopence-halfpenny, or nothing.

It follows then that not one of the delicacies vended by the boys with the baskets was to be purchased for less than five cents; and as the eating portion of the spectators seemed to all appearance to be munching without intermission during the two hours that I remained in the theatre, each pig-tailed and low-crowned-hatted Celestial must have consumed to his own share "goodies" to the value of a considerable number of "nickels." How could they afford these luxuries? It may be that there are private importations of cowries and "cash" into China Town from Canton for exclusive circulation among the Ah Sings, Go Longs, and Rum Coons. Perhaps they have among themselves a paper currency of "chops"—ten to the cent possibly—with which they buy their own delicacies from their own purveyors. The composition of those eates is quite beyond my ken; but they may be much more inexpensive than, at the first blush, one might imagine. Dried slugs cannot cost much, pickled chestnuts should be a drug in the market, and spiders candied in molasses may be cheaply manufactured, I should say.

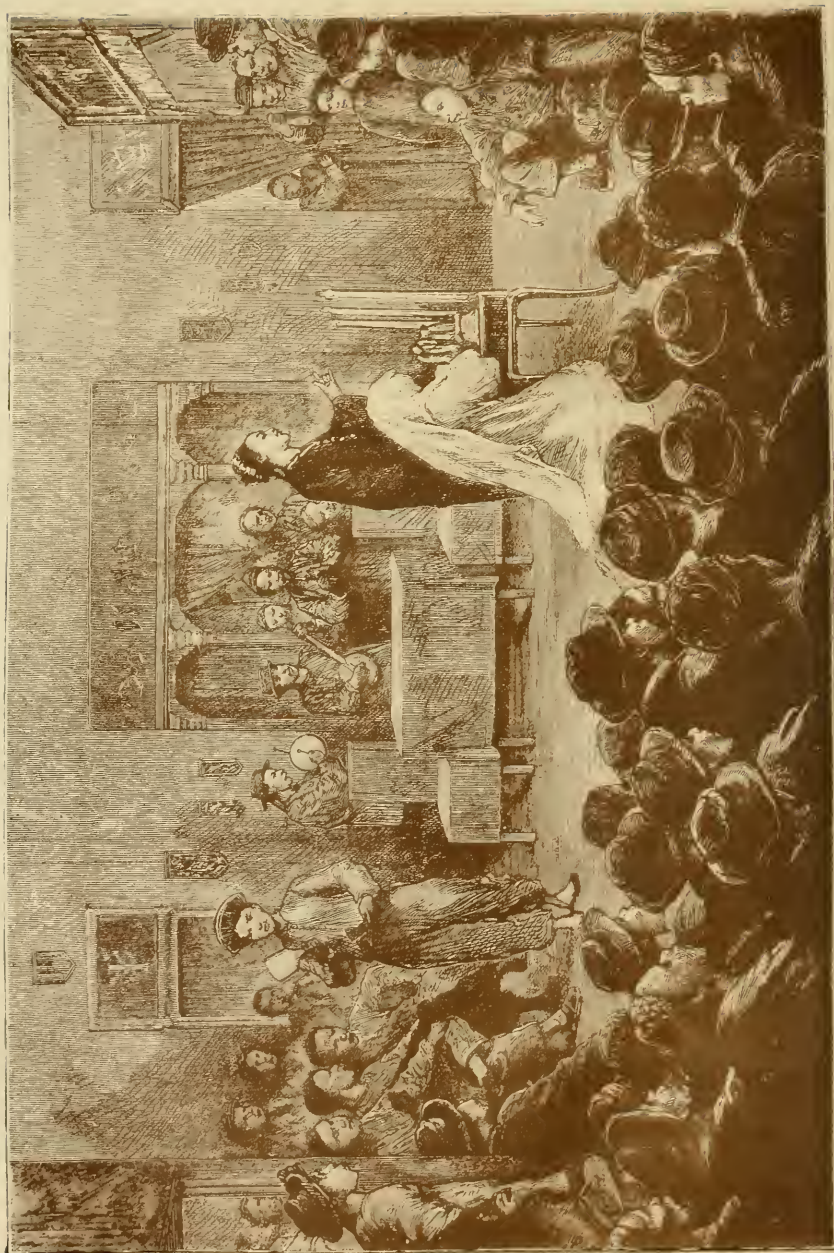
We were not entirely bereft of the society of the fair sex. Of the unhappy Chinese women, more than 2,000 of whom are, as I have already mentioned, detained in shameful and cruel bondage in California, no sign was visible; but, in a small side gallery to the left of the proscenium, there were between forty and fifty females and perhaps half as many children. Some ninety of the

former, dumpy little dames, not by any means ill-favoured, with beautiful black hair and very richly-dressed, with a profusion of jewellery, chiefly consisting of pearls and garnets, were, so one of my obliging conductors informed me, real ladies—even “high-toned” ladies—being the wives of wealthy and respectable Chinese bankers, merchants, and traders settled in San Francisco. These possessors of the Golden Lilies, or Small-footed Ones, were in many cases accompanied by their female servants. In almost every case they were smoking, either cigarettes or small reed pipes, gaily ornamented. At intervals between their smoking they munched—preserved snails, baked wasps, pickled bilberries, candied frogs?—“*que sais-je?*” and now and again they relieved the lugubrious taciturnity of the auditory by a brief but shrill giggle.

There were also three or four private boxes—literally “boxes,” mere square bare wooden compartments, with a couple of uncovered and uncomfortable seats to sit upon—and to one of these boxes we were ceremoniously conducted. I thought at first that the Chinese management were showing us “the courtesies of the house,” which is the American euphemism for giving you an order for the play; but I found out afterwards, quite accidentally, that one of my pioneers had paid four dollars for our additional accommodation. Assuredly the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, must be a paying concern. We had a capital view of the stage. Such a stage! It had no “flies,” no “wings,” no “flats,” “drops,” or “set-pieces,” no curtain, green or otherwise, and, in fact, no shifting or permanent scenery of any kind. It was merely an elevated platform at the back of the auditorium, with two doors of entrance and exit in the wall to the right and left of the musicians, who sat on three-legged stools, and were placed, not in what should have been the orchestra; but in the centre of the stage behind the actors.

I think the appearance and performances of these Celestial “musicianers” would have slightly astonished Sir Julius Benedict, and have afforded Mr. Arthur Sullivan some food for cogi-

tation. There was a grotesque guitar, something between a banjo and a Russian *balalaika*, and there was an instrument resembling a hurdy-gurdy grafted on to a fiddle. There was an attenuated drum with a hole in the centre of the parchment, whether designedly or accidentally so made I am unable to state. I should say that the latter was the case, for I noticed that the yellow-faced gentleman at the drum attacked, not the top, but the sides of his instrument, using in lieu of drumsticks two articles which looked like elongated wooden spoons with the shanks straightened. It was the vocation of another to bang what seemed to be an Italian "gauffering" iron with a pair of tongs, while another threw himself heart and soul into the task of extracting out of a description of fife the most unearthly sounds I have ever heard since the old catcall and "scratcher" days of Bartholomew and Greenwich Fairs. One instrumentalist very much mystified me. He sat before a curious metallic "arrangement" on four legs, which bore the appearance of a miniature "kitchener," or cooking-stove. In the centre of the top of this weird machine there was a circular orifice with a metal cover, like a saucepan-lid, and at irregular intervals the instrumentalist lifted this saucepan-lid as if to see what was going on in the kitchener below. I fancied at first that he was the cook of the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, and that he was busy preparing the company's supper; but I noticed that when he replaced the saucepan-lid he brought it down with a clang, and that the seeming cooking-stove thereupon emitted a sepulchral and ear-piercing shriek, such as, with a lively fancy, you might imagine to have been uttered by the Oracle of Dodona with a toothache brought on by a continuity of easterly winds. The chief instrumentalist, however, was a man with a gong, who contrived to keep up a perfectly diabolical din. There seemed to be some standing feud between him and the man at the kitchener, for, immediately after the latter had made play with his saucepan-lid, the presiding genius at the gong would frantically thump that instrument as though to drown the reverbera-



AT A CHINESE THEATRE IN SAN FRANCISCO.

tions of his rival's apparatus, and as though to say to the audience, "Hear how much louder and beautifuller my noise is than the clatter of yonder conceited donkey with his saucepan-lid." It was a sad thing to suspect that such a sentiment as jealousy existed between these two accomplished artists. Let us be thankful—proudly thankful, my brethren—that no such envious rivalries are to be found among artists in Europe.

On either side of the performers on the stage there sat, stood, lounged, or loafed about a group of Chinamen, smoking and munching, even as their *confrères* in the parquette did. They would cross the stage from time to time in the most unconcerned manner, threading their way through the ranks of actors, of whom there might be as many as thirty on the stage at a time, and who, on their part, took not the slightest notice of these interlopers, who must have been in some way connected with the house, since every now and then they disappeared through the doors in the rearward wall, returning after a time to resume their loafing and lounging-places of vantage on the stage. Who were these hangers-on, cool as so many cucumbers, and yellow as so many bananas? Were they gentlemen amateurs, privileged to stand there at their ease, and mingle with the actors and stroll into the green-rooms and dressing-rooms at their pleasure, even as it was the privilege so to do of the French *noblesse* of the old *régime* when they condescended to patronise the Opera or the Comédie Française? No, they could scarcely be gentlemen amateurs, for they wore the same jerkins and trousers of dark serge, and the same low-crowned black hats, as did the twelve hundred silent Chinamen in the pit.

I noticed also that at each side of the stage there was a short flight of steps by which the mysterious hangers-on occasionally descended into a vacant area which should have been the orchestra. But no spectator from the body of the house—none that I saw, at least—ever presumed to ascend the steps leading to the stage. Could these hangers-on at some period of the drama unwitnessed by me fulfil the functions of chorus? But I

refrained from puzzling myself any more about them, remembering that the play was the thing, after all, which I had come to see; only, when it did begin I found myself more puzzled than ever. I frankly confess that of the drama enacted I could make neither head nor tail. Its outward aspect was somewhat as follows. You will understand that with the exception of a couple of very dingy striped curtains veiling the doors of entrance and exit the scene was absolutely barren of decoration. Stay, high up above, in the keystone of the arch of the proscenium, where in old theatrical times we should have inscribed "*Veluti in speculum*," there appeared a placard on which, in gaily spangled Roman letters—for the edification, no doubt, of the Outer Barbarians—there was written up the words—if my remembrance serves me correctly, for I dare not carry a note-book with me, lest the faculty should fail me altogether—"Quai min Yuen." But the management had forgotten or disdained to tell the Outer Barbarians what "*Quai min Yuen*" meant. One of my companions told me that the words implied "pleasure, or amusement combined with instruction." A very good motto, indeed, for a playhouse. It was the same obliging companion who, while we were walking to the theatre, translated the hieroglyphic signboard over a Chinese apothecary's shop as signifying "*The Golden Temple of Ten Thousand Heavenly Harmonies*." A queer people. Are they so very queer? Are they the only queer people in the world? I wonder, when a stray John Chinaman comes to England, what he thinks of the lions, unicorns, harps, and other strange emblematic devices over some of our shop doors—apothecaries,' butchers,' bakers,' and candlestick makers,' and what not, and to what extent he would be edified if any kind English guide, philosopher, and friend translated "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," or "*Dieu et mon droit*," into Chinese for him.

But the play. The Chinese, I was told, are passionately fond of dramatic performances. The play generally represents some historical train of events extending through the entire

dominion of a dynasty or an interesting national epoch. Little or nothing is left to the imagination of the spectator; and the literal text of the play does not develop the plot with anything like the rapidity which characterises a European drama. The Chinese play is emphatically a physical delineation of events from their inception to their conception. Is there not a certain Greek trilogy, dealing with a certain Clytemnestra and one Orestes and an unfortunate gentleman by the name of Agamemnon, and sundry personages called the Eumenides, which, similarly pursues a train of events from their beginning even to their end? In a Chinese play the most trivial occurrences of life are portrayed, and the tragic business is relieved from time to time, as in our own miracle and mystery plays, by ribaldry and buffoonery, sometimes of a very coarse order. In these "comic scenes" almost as many varieties of devils as those who tempted St. Anthony are introduced. I think that in the play which I witnessed there were thirteen demons of as many hues and of astounding ugliness. In addition, there seemed to be an indefinite number of conspiracies, rebellions, battles, sieges, terrific combats of two, four, and six.

I was told that on certain afternoons astounding feats of tumbling, jumping, turning "cart-wheels," throwing somersaults, juggling, and knife-throwing were performed; but the entertainment of which I was an absorbedly interesting spectator was purely lyrical and dramatic. The lyrical portion consisted of sundry songs given in a most abominable falsetto; yet, for aught I could tell, this hideous screeching may have been as delightfully acceptable to the ears of the Chinese audience as the notes of a Patti or an Albani are to ours. You may remember that when the shrewd and kindly Michel Sieur de Montaigne was playing with his cat he was not entirely free from the misgiving that while he was laughing at the antics of pussy the inscrutable feline might be laughing at him. So may it be with John Chinaman. The most mellifluous sounds—mellifluous, at least, to us—which the Messrs. Gye or Mr. Mapleson could provide to

soothe his ears withal might seem to him so much barbarous cacophony provocative alike of his derision, his pity, and his disgust; whereas he may derive the most exquisite pleasure from listening to what to us is so much discordant squeaking and yelling and Punch-like "rooty-tooing," combined with the charivari of pokers and tongs, tinpots and saucepan-lids. By the way, one of the attributes of the man with the saucepan-lid was to bring it down so as to mark the rhythm of the recitative in which the dialogue appeared to be declaimed. For example:

Chung Rung Long Fong, Chang Ching, La Sing, Lang Com.

Bang! (with the saucepan-lid).

Rum (bang) Ching, Ching Ling, Tum Sung, Tum Ring, Tum Com. Bang!

I fancied from time to time that I was listening to "To be or not to be" in Chinese. But that dreadful man with the gong persisted in slurring his rival's marking of a cadence, and all became a Chinese chaos again. The actors in the play seemed to me to be innumerable, but the majority evidently belonged to the "super" class. There were several female characters, but they were in all cases sustained by men, who, with their faces shaved and plastered and rouged and pomatumed up, seemed to us inexpressibly revolting. Well, our earliest Desdemonas and Ophelias were the young gentlemen of her Majesty Queen Bess's Chapel. I had been led to expect some very magnificent costumes at the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, and I was told that the entire wardrobe of the company was insured for \$30,000; but in a sumptuary sense I was wofully disappointed. Some of the leading actors wore robes of brocaded damask and velvet, embroidered with gold, which had once, no doubt, been handsome, and had cost a great deal of money; but the greater number of these dresses were faded, tarnished, and disgustingly dirty. Perhaps the splendid dresses are reserved for high days and holidays. I must come again in the evening, my companion said, to see the Chinese Theatre in its fullest bloom.

Meanwhile I take note of two concluding items. I noticed that when an actor was supposed to be killed in one of the

innumerable combats represented, a "super" at once stepped forward and placed under the head of the corpse a small block of wood to serve as a pillow. At the close of the scene the deceased would arise, and with his wooden pillow under his arm coolly walk off the stage in full view of the audience, irresistibly reminding me of the admirable and lamented Mr. Compton as Whiskeranderos in "The Critic." Finally, I should tell you that from four to six months are generally consumed before the acts of a Chinese play are finished. The particular drama of which I saw a small portion began, I was told, a fortnight before Christmas, so that about the middle of next May it may be expected to come to a close. Shade of mad Nat Lee, who wrote a tragedy in twenty-six acts, how puny were the efforts which your patron, Sir Car Scroop, Baronet, thought so colossal; and in the presence of a Chinese drama six months long what French playwright will venture to boast of the amplitude of a "Monte Christo" or a "Reine Margot?"





CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE AT SAN FRANCISCO.

XVIII.

SCENES IN CHINA TOWN.

San Francisco, March 11.

SINGULAR to relate, I had no sooner quitted the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street, than, right in the centre of the sidewalk, I met a Ghost. There is no absolute necessity, I conceive, that apparitions should be confined to those of the human species, such as the ghosts of Molly Brown, Mrs. Veale, Admiral Hosier, Hamlet's Father, Banquo, or "Old Booty." Macbeth saw the ghost of a dagger; the Bad Lord Lyttelton that of a white dove, and crazy William Blake, *pieter ignotus*, imagined that he had beheld the phantom of a Flea. Everybody who has read Captain Marryat, or seen Mr. Henry Irving as Vanderdecken, is bound to believe in the spectral craft known as the Flying Dutchman; and if the ghost of a ship be feasible, why not the ghost of a house? The vision which rose up before me in Jackson-street was that of a theatre full six thousand miles away. All you who have travelled in Northern Italy will remember that peerless architectural inspiration, the Teatro Olimpico of

Palladio, at Vicenza. I call it an inspiration, since, as has been cogently pointed out by Augustus von Schlegel in his lectures on the theatre of the Greeks, Herculaneum and Pompeii were still undiscovered when Palladio raised his wondrous structure, and it is obviously extremely difficult to understand the ruins of an ancient theatre without having seen a complete one. Schlegel goes on to remark that although Vitruvius is, as regards accuracy of detail, the most valuable authority that could have been consulted by Palladio, the statements of the ancients have been twisted out of shape by architects unacquainted with the writings of the Greek and Roman dramatists; while, on the other hand, the classical scholars and philologers have blundered quite as sadly through their ignorance of architecture.

Even at the present day it is perplexing to determine the precise technical manner in which the strange fancies of Aristophanes were embodied before his audience; the learned Abbé Barthelemy's description of the Greek stage is very confused, and his annexed ground plan materially incorrect, while in attempting to describe the acting of a Greek tragedy such as the "Antigone" or the "Ajax," he goes hopelessly astray. Palladio worked more than two centuries before the days when Lübke and Guhl and Kohner, to say nothing of our Anthony Rich and our Donaldson, were to throw a flood of light on the minutest matters connected with the antique stage; and the illustrious Vicenzan architect seems to have evolved his idea of the Teatro Olimpico partly from his own consciousness of beauty and fitness, and partly from patient and loving study of the works of ancient authors. But you must have seen that marvellous theatre at Vicenza—you who in duty bound have "done" your Venice and your Padua, your Rovigo and your Verona. I have not, unfortunately, such a thing as a Murray's Guide to Northern Italy by me, else I would technically describe the features of the phantom that I beheld in Jackson-street; so, lest I should err in any points of detail touching the *cavea* and the *præcinctiones*, the *orchestra* and the *thymele*, the *proscenium* and

the *pulpitum*, and confuse the attributes of the Odeon of Pericles at Athens with those of the theatre of Marcellus at Rome, I will merely remark that the seats in Palladio's theatre are amphitheatrically arranged, that there is a parquette and a gallery, that there is no curtain, that there are no shifting scenes, and that the permanent scene is merely the back wall of the stage, on which, in low relief and with wonderful power in deluding the eye, are represented a central building and two streets diminishing in perspective. In this wall there are three openings or portals. The central one is for the entrance and exit of emperors, kings, high priests, and other grandees; the doors flanking the middle one are for citizens, mechanics, slaves, and others of the meaner sort. Such, broadly outlined, was the phantom that I saw; but I lack both the space and the capacity to picture in words the grandeur, the nobility, and the exquisite harmony in proportion of Palladio's masterpiece.

When, in the sunny afternoon daylight, this vision appeared to me the theatre was quite empty—as empty as it was when, wandering in Italy fourteen years ago, I first peeped, with wonder and delight, into the dusty shadowy place; but—would you believe it?—the visionary amphitheatre became suddenly peopled with humankind. There was a crowd in the *cavea*; there were actors on the stage. But it was no audience in toga or stola, in peplum or chlamys; the actors wore no masks, nor sock, nor buskin. Not the “Agamemnon” nor “The Seven before Thebes,” not the “Adelphi” nor the “Andria” were they performing. Upon my word, although the theatre was still Palladio's, every inch of it—that is to say, the exact counterpart of an ancient *Theatrum Tectum*—the several masses of spectators were exclusively composed of Heathen Chinese; John Chinaman and his compeers were loafing, lounging, and smoking in the *præcinctiones*; they were Chinese actors who were mouthing and squeaking on the stage; and in front of the central entrance, reserved for kings and emperors and high priests, a Chinese orchestra were whacking and banging,

hammering and clattering with their "Katzenmusik" of gongs and tongs, tin pots and saucepan lids.

And then this unaccountable vision faded away, and another portent passed before me. The sky was very blue, but it was the sky of Greece, not of California. And I saw a great multitude of rustics sitting on a hill-side. It was in the month Poseidon, the vintage time. The feast of the "Country Bacchus" was in full celebration; and the rustics were shrieking with laughter at the antics of a company of mummers, who, grotesquely disguised and their faces besmeared with wine lees, were disporting themselves under the leadership of one Thespis,* in a wagon. There was music. Of what nature? Woe is me! I heard the bang of that infernal Chinese saucepan lid; and Thespis and his merry men, the hillside and the laughing rustics all dissolved, leaving not a wreck behind beyond the profound and serious conviction that if the Chinese did not borrow their first rude notions of the acted drama from the early Greeks, those Greeks borrowed *their* notions of the acted drama from the still earlier Chinese. But whether the Argonauts voyaged to Canton or a Chinese junk visited the Piræus many centuries before the birth of Theseus, I am unable—my name being Davus not Œdipus—to resolve.

We had determined to "do" China Town by night, and there yet intervened a couple of hours between us and darkness. So we sent the lady of our party home to the Palace Hotel, our ultimate business being to explore dens which no lady could behold without shuddering. We did not, however, bid farewell to respectability until it was quite dark; and there were more plays to be seen in China Town than were enacted in the Theatre Royal, Jackson-street. First, I paid a visit of ceremony to the Chinese Consul-General, to whom I was introduced by Colonel Bee, a most intelligent and courteous gentleman, who has long acted as Vice-Consul for China in San Francisco. Colonel Bee's pro-Chinese sympathies, I heard it more than

* *Θέσπις* :—a divinely-inspired Prophet or Talker.

once hinted, are of too pronounced a type ; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that he has lived among the Chinese for years ; that he understands John Chinaman thoroughly—his language, his manners, his customs, and everything that is his—and that he has been a witness of the wicked misrepresentations and the cruel persecutions to which this unfortunate people have been subjected almost ever since their first arrival on the Pacific shores. The Rev. Mr. Gibson, an enthusiastic American missionary, who has long laboured for the spiritual benefit of this unhappy race, has graphically described their tribulations in California. Their first experience of man's inhumanity to man is when they land at San Francisco. They are jostled, pushed, and all but kicked from the gangway of the steamer into the Custom House. Then "John" is made to hold up his hands, while a Custom House officer manipulates him from head to foot, fumbling into every nook and corner of the ample sleeves and legs of his clothing. The Chinaman seems to consider this humiliating process as an integral part of the peculiar civilisation of America, and quietly submits to be searched. Sometimes a flash of the eye or a burning of the cheek tells that the indignity is distasteful even to a Chinaman, but not the slightest resistance is ever attempted. The Custom House authorities plead in extenuation of their rigour that the Chinese immigrants are the most persistent and the most cunning smugglers ever heard of in the annals of contrabandism, and that in particular the quantity of opium which, notwithstanding a minute personal search, they contrive to smuggle into California is something enormous. John Chinaman might to this adduce the sur-rebutter that Americans as well as Englishmen smuggle every year immense quantities of opium into China.

The manipulation over, the newly arrived "John" gathers up his scanty effects—which rarely go beyond a few rags and a pot or a pan or two—and, under the guidance of friends who have come to meet him, or of the agents of the six companies, begins his journey to China Town. They crowd pell-mell into

the carts provided for them, or, filling the carts with their baggage, they run behind or by the sides of the vehicles, keeping up with the wagons as closely as possible, lest the drivers should prove to be rascals and run away with their belongings, as the wicked young man did with poor little David Copperfield's half-sovereign, saying that he would "drive to the polis," but never coming back again. Sometimes they get through the city without much inconvenience; but too frequently they are attacked and maltreated in the most savage manner by the "hoodlums" or roughs of San Francisco—a class of whom I shall have to say something by and by. The wretched Chinamen, with their shaven crowns, their braided queues, their flowing sleeves, their peculiar pantaloons, their discordant speech, their piteous mien,



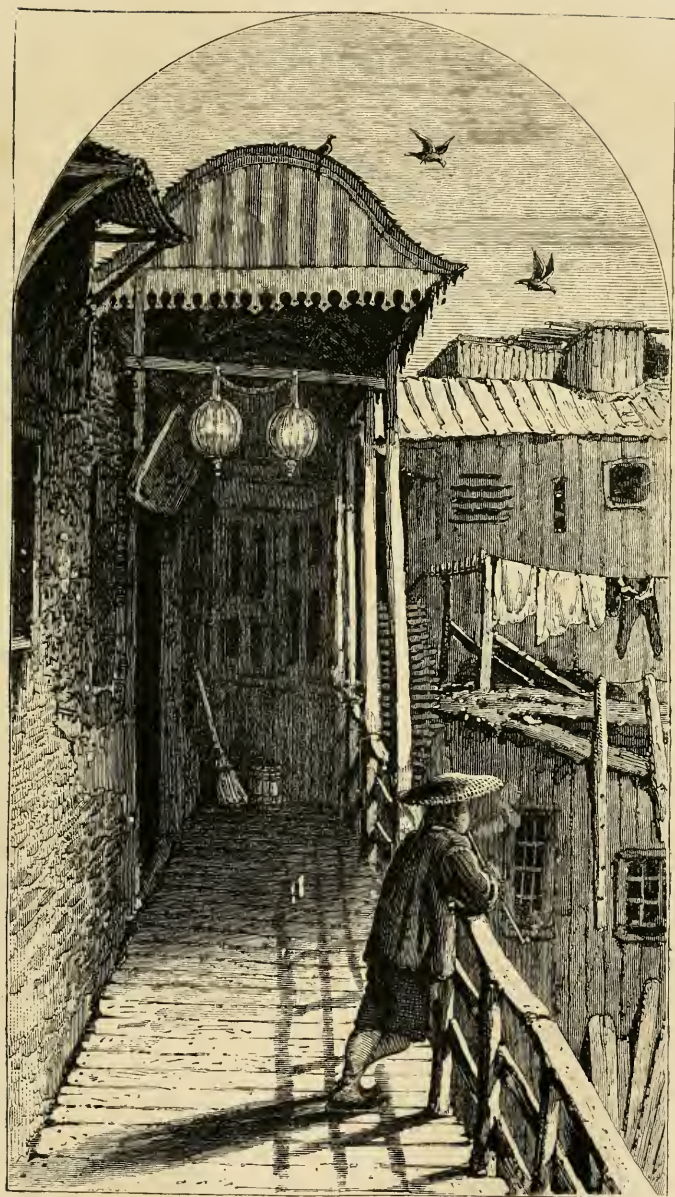
and their utter helplessness, seem to present a positive attraction for the practice of those peculiar amenities of life for which the San Francisco "hoodlum"—especially the youthful one—is notorious. These scamps follow the Chinese through the streets howling and screeching, in order to terrify them. Then they pelt them with stones, mud, and brickbats, so that the unhappy heathen, coming by virtue of solemn treaty stipulations into a Christian land, arrive in the Chinese quarter of the Golden City covered with cuts and bruises. Sometimes the police have made a show of protecting the wretched aliens, but too often the show has been a sham, fully appreciated by the "hoodlums," who were in the joke, and enjoyed it immensely.

A few years ago the ill-usage of the Chinaman had become so systematic and so disgraceful that a number of private citizens of San Francisco organised a "Chinese Protection Society," of which the object was to do what the regular police force either could or would not do, and to secure the arrest and punishment of those who wantonly and unlawfully assaulted the inoffensive strangers. This Society did actually succeed in bringing about the prosecution and conviction of a considerable number of villains of the hoodlum class; but in process of time the Society languished to extinction through lack of funds. Strangely enough, the Chinese themselves did not seem to appreciate to any great extent the exertions made on their behalf. Six thousand dollars were spent by the Society, and of this sum only 600 dollars were subscribed by the Six Companies. They seemed to think that they were protected by the Burlingame Treaty, and that if any additional expense was incurred in defending them from outrage, the cost should fall not on the Chinese but on American shoulders. As for the newly-arrived immigrants, those deplorable objects, so soon as their wounds and bruises were healed, possibly thought no more about the matter. It is their lot to labour and be beaten, and between bamboo in their native land, and brickbats and bludgeons in California, they may have discerned little if any difference. So they betook themselves to



"HODDUMS" PELTING CHINESE EMIGRANTS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT SAN FRANCISCO.





IN THE CHINESE QUARTER, SAN FRANCISCO.

work, and at night slept the sleep of the weary in their crowded and filthy lodging-houses. To save rent they are packed closely

into bunks, tier above tier, and scarcely have more house-room on shore than they had in the steerage of the steamer which brought them from Canton. In every hole and cranny, from cellar to garret, wherever a breath of air can be coaxed to fulfil its life-sustaining purposes, there you are sure to find lively and apparently healthy Mongolians.

Sleeping where Americans would be smothered for the want of fresh air, the Chinaman, to all appearance, thrives. It has come to be a matter of grave doubt whether any atmospheric conditions whatsoever exist which the lungs of a Chinaman cannot readily convert into a vitalising air. So is it with his eating and drinking. He would relish and thrive on the poisonous pot-herbs grown in Proserpine's garden, "where naught but what was baleful grew." It is no uncommon thing to find in an apartment fifteen feet square three or four businesses, employing at least a dozen men, carried on. In rooms where the ceiling is high a sort of *entresol* is fitted up, and here a dozen or more Chinamen may be seen toiling at their various crafts, and eating and sleeping upon and beneath their benches and tables. Many of them sleep in underground holes, into which scarcely a ray of light or a mouthful of fresh air ever penetrates. Under these circumstances the maintenance of anything approaching domestic order and neatness is quite an impossibility; and the tenement and lodging-houses are simply dens of unutterable nastiness. It is marvellous, looking at the pigsties in which they wallow, that the Chinaman can come out of such a place looking so clean and tidy as he generally does. And, although able to exist in a kind of Black Hole at Calcutta by night, no people are more scrupulous than are the Chinese in California about enjoying pure, fresh air throughout the day. It will thus be seen that, even when the interesting hoodlum isn't hoodling, when the corner-loafer is quiescent, when the scallawag ceases to trouble, and the bumner refrains from casting brickbats, the life of the Chinaman in California is, on the whole, not a happy one.

We found the Consul-General—I have not the slightest

remembrance of his name, nor, had I noted it, would it have presented any purport or significance to English ears—a most polite, agreeable, and well-informed personage. I did not understand one word of what he was good enough to say, nor did he, I fear, comprehend much of what I took the liberty of saying; but we “took it out,” as the saying is, in mutual bowing and salaaming and smiling. He had, however, another Chinese gentleman with him, a thoroughly well-bred and distinguished Celestial, who spoke capital English, and was well “posted-up” about England, as well as about the United States. He made quite a little speech in praise of my “honourable nation,” to which I attempted to make the best reply in my power; and then we all bowed and salaamed and smiled all round. Both the Chinese gentlemen were very handsomely attired in their national dress. What their precise rank in China might be I hesitated to ask of the Vice-Consul; but, if urbanity and quiet dignity of manner are factors in the making of a gentleman, the Consul-General and his friend must have been persons of consequence in their own country. And I am told that there are hundreds of Chinese bankers and merchants in San Francisco as fully entitled to be termed gentlemen as any native Americans, engaged in similar pursuits, can be. I just mention this for the reason that the more virulent section of the opponents of Chinese immigration are accustomed to assert that the Chinese in California are composed almost exclusively of the lowest dregs of the boat population of Canton, and that there are few, if any, respectable persons among them.

Having visited a Chinese theatre, my conductors deemed that a visit to a Chinese temple might not be inopportune, so having taken our leave of the urbane Consul-General, whose residence was a pretty villa on one of the “foot hills” surrounding the city, and furnished partly in European and partly in Chinese style, we returned to Dupont-street, and made our way to the nearest joss-house. There are half a dozen temples of considerable size—one of them a disused Protestant church—in China

Town, besides a crowd of smaller joss-houses. Each of the famous Six Companies, with the exception of the Yan Wo

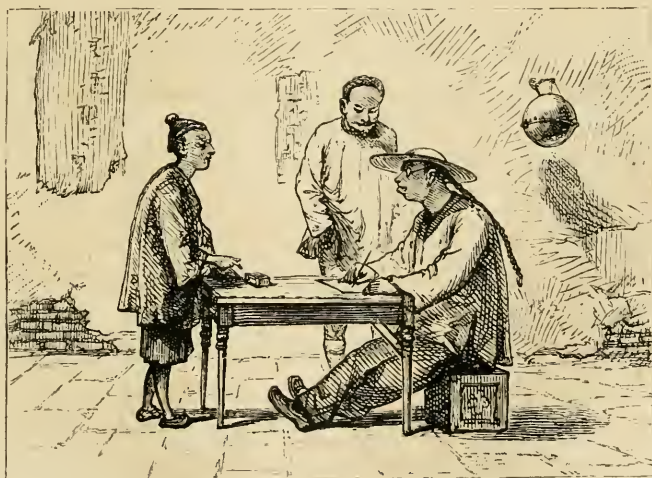


OFFERING UP A PRAYER IN A CHINESE JOSS-HOUSE.

Company, owns or controls a temple. One of the principal joss-houses, called "The Eastern Glorious Pagoda," is owned and controlled by Dr. Lai Po Tai, a noted Chinese quack, who, it is said, has accumulated a large fortune by practising medicine, not among his own countrymen, but among native Americans of both sexes and of the credulous sort. In the central hall of this temple there is a trio of idols, the central one of which, known as "the Supreme Ruler of the Sombre Heavens," has control over all the northern gods. He is said to be "a whale at swamping fires," and is sometimes known as the "water god." He eats only vegetables. To his left is the god of war, called the "Military Sage;" and on his right is a calm-faced image who bears the title of the "Great King of the Southern Queen." This god is noted for his charity and benevolence. For the rest, one joss-house is very much like another joss-house. The one we visited reminded me very much of the Crystal Palace Bazaar—amiable old Crystal Palace Bazaar—gone mad, with all the

fancy articles from the stalls piled one upon the other in inextricable confusion. There were "gods many and lords many," in wood, stone, ivory, ebony, jade, and terra-cotta, with a host of inferior goddesses and attendant divinities of the "one-horse" sort. There were incense burners and incense tongs, tablets with inscriptions in every colour of the rainbow, grotesque carvings richly gilt, gongs, cymbals, and triangles—fortunately there was nobody to make a noise with them—a very wilderness of artificial flowers, and a number of mysterious looking tubes which bore a suspicious resemblance to squibs and crackers of an ornate description.

The Chinese, I was told, have no congregational worship. There are certain festival days and birthdays of their gods and goddesses when large crowds throng the temples; but single straggling worshippers may be found in the joss-houses at all hours of the day. When we left the joss-house, which had put me in mind of the Crystal Palace Bazaar in a state of insanity, the shades of evening were gathering over Dupont and Jackson-streets. We concluded to take tea in a Chinese restaurant and then to begin our exploration of China Town by night.



CHINESE LETTER WRITER AT SAN FRANCISCO.



CHINESE OPIUM SMOKERS AT SAN FRANCISCO.

XIX.

CHINA TOWN BY NIGHT.

THE restaurant to which our party proceeded was in the very heart of the Chinese quarter; but whether it was on Sacramento, or on Commercial, on Dupont, on Pacific or on Jackson-street, I am scarcely prepared, at this distance of time, to particularise. There were two large rooms on the first floor reserved for "high-toned" customers; and these apartments were tolerably clean and gaily decorated in the way of wall painting, cretonne hangings—they did not "run" to silk—coloured lanterns and carved bamboo furniture. We ordered tea; and when that refreshment was brought, tried very hard to "make believe" that we liked the tepid washy and pallid infusion of the herb which was poured by a simpering attendant into cups not much larger than those used for the reception of eggs. But we remembered the herculean efforts of the Marchioness in "The Old Curiosity Shop" to "make believe"

that orangepeel and water were sherry wine; and at length we succeeded in persuading ourselves that of whatever form of tea—Bohea, Souchong, Congou, Flowery Pekoe or young Hyson: it was assuredly not gunpowder—the mild and mawkish beverage was composed, it was a cup which could not inebriate, however it might fail in imparting cheerfulness to the heart of man. That it needed some kind of a fillip or zest to give it a “high tone” seemed evident enough from the assiduity with which the waiters pressed us to partake of some kind of spirituous liquor which was served in tiny porcelain cups. It was white, it is true, but more “milky white” than pellucid, and in consistency was slightly viscid: that is to say “ropy” or glutinous to the palate. I just put my lips to it, and found it faintly—very faintly suggestive—equally of newly distilled arrack, very bad whiskey of the celebrated “cocked hat” or “torch-light procession” kind: illicitly distilled Russian vodka, “gin wash” with a suspicion of the flavour of carraway seeds, Mexican *pulque* with the fine old original *haut goût* of addled eggs, and the very worst Turkish raki feebly impregnated with turpentine. In any case I thought this festive cup intolerably nasty.

On the weakness and faintness both of the tea and the preparation of alcohol I dwell for the reason that such seem to be curiously conspicuous characteristics of a great many of the “Things of China” besides articles of food and drink. The flavouring of the Chinese *cuisine* is undeniably of the weakest. John Chinaman is fond of mincing up his viands into the tiniest of morsels, and mixing together ingredients which to us would appear of the most discordant kind. The cooking, however, if there were only a little backbone or strength in it, would not be by any means bad; and oddly enough, when the Chinaman emerges from his own quarter, and goes into service as *chef* in an American family, he does not in the slightest degree object to make use of the sauces and condiments employed in the Christian kitchen, and in a comparatively short space of time becomes what, from our point of view, would be

considered a capital cook. *Chez lui* on the other hand, and in his restaurants his predominant shortcomings of faintness and feebleness neutralise the other skilful preparation of his dishes.

In the "high-toned" Chinese restaurants, knives, forks, plates, table-cloths and napkins *à l'Européenne* are kept; and the proprietor will do his best, at a tariff of from two to three dollars a head, to provide a tolerable American dinner; but a genuine Chinese dinner should be eaten with chopsticks—the manipulation of which is to European and American exceedingly difficult—and many of the dishes are hideously distasteful to non-Celestial palates, owing to the rancid oil or the "bosh" butter with which they have been prepared. The guests, too, have a horrible habit, when they have stripped a bone—always with their teeth—of flinging the bone itself on the floor; and this practice, in the "low-toned" cooks' shops in the Chinese quarter, gives them an indescribably filthy aspect. The Rev. O. Gibson thus describes a dinner of which he partook in a restaurant on Jackson-street in company with the Rev. Dr. Newman, Mrs. Newman, the Rev. Dr. Sunderland of Washington City, and Dr. J. T. M'Lean of San Francisco. "Dr. Newman took hold and ate like a hungry man; and when *I thought he must be about filled* he astonished me by saying that the meats were excellent, and that were it not that he had to deliver a lecture that evening, he would take hold again, and eat a good hearty dinner. Dr. Sunderland did not seem to relish things quite so well. But Mrs. Newman, relishing some of the meats, and failing to get the pieces to her mouth with the chopsticks, wisely threw aside all conventional notions; used her fingers instead of chopsticks, and, as the Californians would say, "ate a square meal?"*

We did not partake of a "square meal" *à la Chinoise*, but were content to limit ourselves to tea and rusks—the last covered with finely-powdered sugar interspersed with some seeds of a

* This was written in 1877. At present the term "square meal," to express a duly set and proper dinner *ab ovo usque ad malum*, is common throughout the American continent.



CHINESE OPIUM PALACE, SAN FRANCISCO.

species wholly unknown to me, but not unpleasant in flavour. In the next room a very "high toned" wedding supper was in progress. There were folding doors between this scene of festivity and the more modest apartment where we were sipping our tea; but no steps were taken to insure the privacy of the wedding party; nay, one of the simpering waiters very obligingly threw the folding doors even wider open than they had been before: doubtless with the view of the "Mellikans" being awe-stricken by the spectacle of a Celestial wedding feast. The gastronomic part of the entertainment appeared to have come to a close; but there was a good deal of drinking and smoking—as yet only of cigarettes and cheroots—going on. I missed the vapid odour of opium; and was informed that indulgence in that narcotic would not begin until a much later period of the evening and when the bride and bridegroom had retired. Meanwhile we noticed that more than half of one side of the room in which we were taking tea was occupied by a raised wooden platform, railed in with a fantastically carved balustrade, and surmounted by a canopy. This platform, or *daïs*, was occupied by a long low divan, covered with dark-green serge, and provided with a couple of pillows. Here, I was told, the opium smokers came with their pipes and pill-boxes, and enjoyed the fumes of the drug until they had reduced themselves to the required condition of idiotic beatitude.

It has been cogently observed that opium is the curse of the Chinese, just as strong liquor is the curse of Europeans and Americans; but an Englishman, I should say, can scarcely inveigh against the evils of opium-smoking among the Chinese without something like a burning blush of shame overspreading his manly cheek. How many thousand chests of opium do we annually export from India? and how many millions of rupees do we annually make out of the poisonous, demoralising, and abominable opium traffic? One of the most impudent pleas advanced in extenuation of this accursed trade is, that if the Chinese did not buy opium from us, they would

obtain it by some other means and from some other quarter. By a parity of reasoning, a rascal who dealt in loaded dice, marked cards, and biassed roulette-wheels, might urge that if he declined to sell such palpable implements of swindling, his rivals in trade, the scoundrel over the way and the rogue round the corner, would be ready to supply any quantity of cogged dice, fraudulent cards, and unjustly biassed roulette-wheels.

We left the wedding party in the next room chattering, gambling, smoking, and drinking to the sounds of minstrelsy similar to that which we had heard in the orchestra of the theatre, and then we went downstairs into the cheaper department of the restaurant:—a huge room on the ground-floor, flaring with gas, and set out with long tables of plain deal in parallel rows. An aisle ran at right angles between the rows of tables, just as it does between the rows of seats in a railway car; and up and down this gangway the Chinese waiters were hurrying and scurrying bearing aloft towering piles of small plates, and uttering responsive yells to the shrieks of the customers, who were exclusively of the pig-tailed or male sex. As I have already remarked, a considerable portion of the wealthy merchants and well-to-do Chinese shop-keepers in San Francisco bring their wives and families with them from the Flowery Land; and many of these Celestial females are, to all intents and purposes, ladies; but Chinese women of the lower class are never seen in any place of public resort. The poor creatures are imported by hundreds every year into San Francisco; but they are sold into a life of shame, and are the most miserable slaves imaginable.

What the customers in the lower hall of the restaurant were eating I could not well make out. Everything edible seemed to be minced and shredded and chopped up into “snips and snails and puppy-dogs’ tails,” so to speak. Of course the “hoodlum” class of Chinaman-haters declare that the Yellow Man eats not only dogs and cats, but also “rats and mice, and such small deer.” It is certain that in the Chinese meat stores you see a number of scraps of meat of the “block

ornament" order, the dubious hue of which—usually a dingy greyish purple, with streaks of drab fat—and fantastic shape of which are replete with all kinds of embarrassing suggestions; while in the grocery stores you are cheerfully shown an amazing variety of dried vegetables, pulse, and preserved poultry, fish, and fruit, which have been brought from the Middle Kingdom for the use of the Chinese denizens of 'Frisco. You never set eyes on these strange-looking esculents in the American quarter; but if John Chinaman chooses to patronise the products of his own Crosse and Blackwell, his own Elizabeth Lazenby (without whose signature none is genuine), and his own Huntley and Palmer, who is to gainsay him? Many of the extremely nasty-looking viands and vegetables in which the Yellow Man seems to take so much delight may have been popular in China thousands of years before Worcestershire Sauce, Anchovy Paste, the Yorkshire Relish, or Captain McPeppery's Real Nabob's Curry Powder were ever heard of; and, indeed, if Englishmen were to rally a Chinaman on the bizarre aspect and the curious odour of his *cuisine*, the Celestial—if he had lived in London and studied our manners—might retort that among all nations calling themselves civilised, the English were the only ones who ate venison and game in an absolutely putrid condition, and who concluded a grand banquet by swallowing scraps of red herring or of caviare instead of eating those appetisers as *hors d'œuvres* at the commencement of the repast.

The lower hall of the restaurant was indescribably dirty. Not so dirty, nor so reeking with complicated stench as one or two low cookshop cellars into which we subsequently looked, and which, although it was now past ten o'clock, were all densely crowded. Here chopsticks were in universal use, and the culinary operations were carried on by means of an American "kitchener," in a corner of the cellar itself. Into any of the gaming houses which abound in the Chinese quarter we did not penetrate: our guide dissuading us from such an expedition on the grounds, first, that it was not quite safe; the lowest and

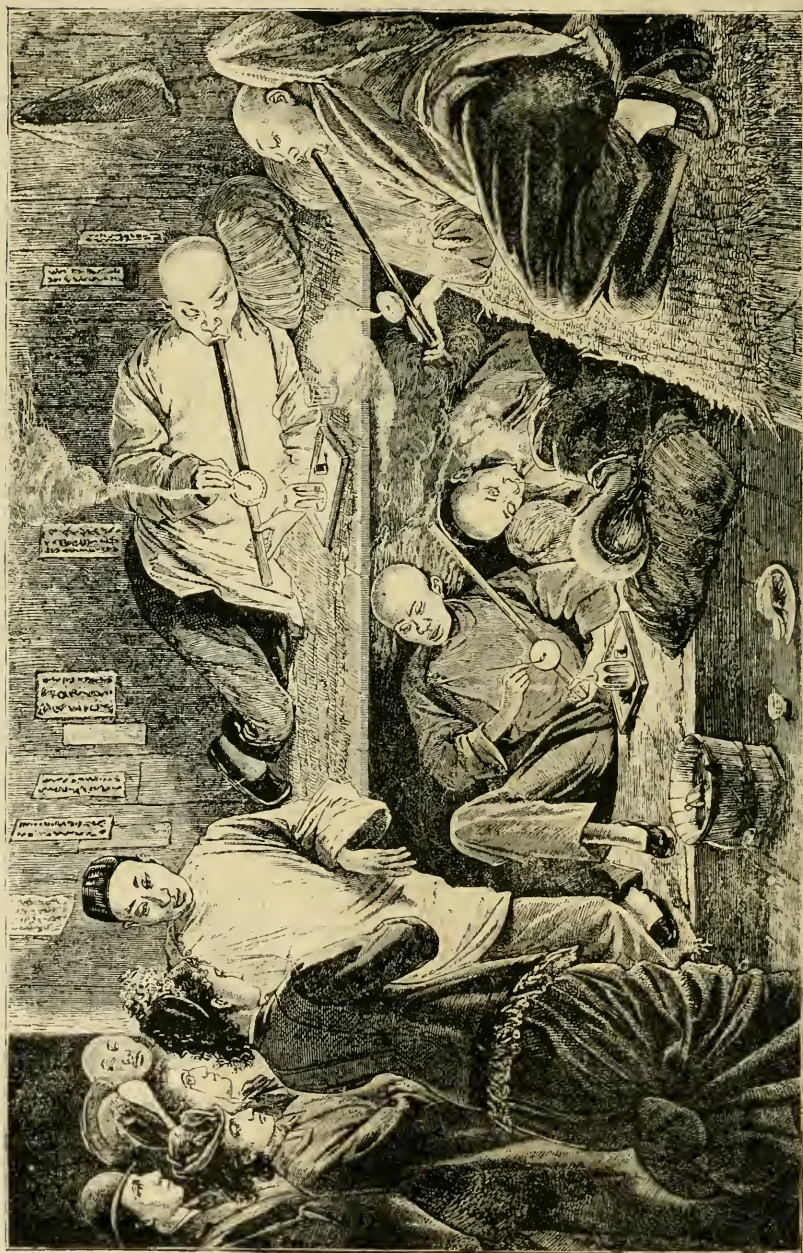


GAMBLING DEN AT SAN FRANCISCO.

most ruffianly of the Chinese being among the frequenters of these places; and when they are excited with something stronger than *samschu*, that is to say with the very worst Californian brandy, being apt to use their knives; and next because a very severe municipal ordinance against the Chinese gambling houses had just been issued, which would compel the police, for a season at least, to use diligence in the suppression of these dens, so as to render it far from unlikely that while we were watching the gamblers at their devices a posse of police might swoop down on the *tripot* and carry off the whole company, croupiers, gamesters, and spectators, pigeons as well as rooks, to gaol.

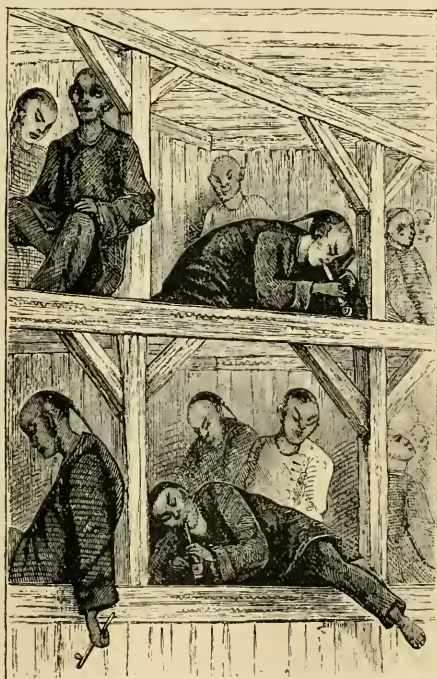
We concluded our investigation of China Town by night by a visit to some three or four of the common lodging houses occupied by Chinese artificers and labourers. There was certainly nothing picturesque about them. You have only to think of a combination of Flower and Dean-streets, Spitalfields, Tiger Bay, George-street and Church-lane, St. Giles's, the "Coomb" in Dublin, the Rue Mouffetard in Paris, and as much as is left of the Five Points at New York, and perfume the whole





THE CHINAMAN'S PARADISE.

strongly with the reek of opium, and a legion of other equally malignant but even more offensive stench, to be able to form a tolerably palpable idea of a Chinese lodging-house in the Golden City. There were scores of Chinamen in their narrow cribs extended on the filthy mats and filthier straw mattresses which served them as bedding, and who appeared to be in various stages of epilepsy, catalepsy, tetanus, and *delirium tremens*. They were only smoking opium; and that they did not set the rotten tenement in which they dwelt in a blaze, with the candles and paraffin lamps which they took to bed with them to kindle their pipes withal, was to me little short of a miracle. The spectacle was, on the whole, an eminently disgusting one; and I was glad to get away from it, and return to the Palace Hotel to bed. My dreams, I fancy, were of Aladdin and the Wonderful Lamp; but there was a "transformation scene" of St. Giles's smelling very "loudly" of opium.





BLACK ROCK, GREAT SALT LAKE.

XX.

FROM 'FRISCO TO SALT LAKE CITY.

I READ in Captain Richard F. Burton's excellent book of Western travel, the "City of the Saints," published just twenty years ago, these justifiably self-conscious words:—"I need hardly say that this elaborate account of the Holy City of the West and its denizens would not have seen the light so soon after the appearance of 'a Journey to Great Salt Lake City by M. Jules Rémy' had there been not much left to say. The French naturalist passed through the Mormon settlements in 1855; and five years in the Far West are equal to fifty in less (more?), Conservative lands." Thus wrote Captain Burton in 1862; and although in the way of increase of population and growth of material prosperity,

the progress of the Territory of Utah in general and of Salt Lake City (not Great Salt Lake—the augmentative belongs to the Lake not the City) in particular may in the course of twenty years have been equal to a hundred years' progress in civilisation in the Old World, there is not half so much to be said concerning Life among the Mormons at the present day, as there was at the periods when Jules Rémy and Burton explored what was then a mysterious, and to a certain extent a picturesque region. Since the completion of the Central and the Union Pacific railroads, and the development, almost to perfection, of the Pullman Palace Car system, the journey across the American continent from east to west has been made so swift and so devoid of discomfort that almost every tourist from Europe—who can conveniently contrive to extend his trip to the States three or four weeks beyond the time he had originally fixed for the duration of his outing—makes the “run” from New York or Boston to San Francisco, and “looks in” at Salt Lake City either on his way to, or on his return from El Dorado.

I scarcely think that many mere pleasure travellers leave England with a definite intent of visiting Utah. The poet tells us that the name still is of account, and that the river still hath charms of “Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, Lord Lyon King of Arms.” Analogously it may be said that over the minds of untravelled or of moderately travelled Englishmen the bare name of the Rocky Mountains still exercises a potent spell. Charles Dickens used to say that of all the wearisome people to be met with in society the Rocky Mountains bore—the man who had seen the Devil's Slide, passed “Summit,” scaled the Sierras Nevadas and descended the Pacific Slope—was the most intolerable. The great novelist possibly thought such a traveller a *fâcheux* because he himself had never crossed the “Rockies.” Similarly Prince Bismarck has,—in terms of almost brutal coarseness, stigmatised the illustrious Alexander von Humboldt as a bore of the first magnitude because the great traveller used frequently to talk about Mexico, and the two

famous mountains, Popocatepetl and Istclasiwatl. According to the impatient German chancellor Humboldt was continually drawing the shadow of a cypress tree of ennui over the tea-table conversation at the Royal palaces of Berlin and Potsdam by shrill references to "Popocatepetl, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the level of the sea." If Prince Bismarck had been sent as Minister Plenipotentiary to Mexico instead of St. Petersburg, and had seen the snow-clad Popocatepetl and its sister peak Istclasiwatl "the Virgin in White Reclining" he would, probably, not have thought Alexander Von Humboldt such a very desperate bore, after all. I remember once, at Brighton, listening to a monologue lasting full twenty minutes delivered by General Ulysses S. Grant exclusively on the subject of Mexico and having chiefly reference to Popocatepetl, of which giant volcano the general had made a partial ascent. General Grant is usually accounted the most taciturn of mankind; but he talked fluently and even eloquently about matters with which he was intimately acquainted; and, not for a moment, did he bore me; seeing that I had been to Mexico, and preserved in my mind's eye a vivid picture of that strange country.

Utah, to my thinking, is no longer a "strange" country. The Great Salt Lake valley is certainly as picturesque as any valley in Switzerland, which is saying a great deal; but tourists and landscape painters from Europe have not yet devoted themselves, alpenstock or sketch book in hand, to climbing the peaks of the Wahsatch Range, or exploring the passes of the Oquirrh mountains. The most prosaic of railway lines conveys you from Ogden, the junction of the Central and Union Pacific lines, to Salt Lake City, which in its external aspect at least, is as plain-sailing, downright, straightforward, unpoetical and ugly a place as any other "Gentile" American town of from twenty-five thousand to thirty thousand inhabitants. As I have said, English tourists when drawing their cheque in payment for a return ticket per Cunard line, do not often contemplate a journey to California, and a "branching off" from Ogden into Mormon-

dom. About the name of the "Rockies" there yet lingers a dim suggestion of grisly bears, savage Indians, and not much less savage "Jims" and "Moses" and "Outlaws of Poker Hats," "Booters of Shanghae Cañon," "Moonshiners of Blood Boulth Gulch," and the like.

Before I undertook my second journey to the States, I had read all about the "bhoys" and the bar rooms of the Great West, the "hoodlums" and the "heathen Chinee" of San Francisco in the books of Mr. Bret Harte and Mr. Mark Twain. Of course I thought that I should very much like to go to California before reach-



ing the rapidly approaching stage when I should not go anywhere save to Kensal Green; but I did not, on leaving England, harbour any hope of being able to penetrate further west than Chicago, or, at the very utmost, St. Paul's, Minnesota. Besides, I had a dear companion whose views as to traversing the American continent, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, might not accord with mine; and finally there was the question of expense (by no means an unimportant one) to be borne in mind.*

* Our journey covered four months and a half. I earned by letter writing (paying my own expenses) nine hundred and twenty pounds; and I spent between the end of November and the middle of April just one thousand and thirty-five pounds. I may add, first, that we lived as economically as we could, and that our consumption of wine at dinner (for two) never exceeded a pint of claret or of champagne; and next that we travelled twenty thousand miles, of which about nine thousand were, through the courtesy of the railway companies, "gratuitous transportation." But in the article of Pullman cars I must have spent at least two hundred pounds.

It is when the tourist reaches Chicago that the temptation (as I have more than once hinted) to cross the "Rockies" first takes a tangible shape and becomes at last irresistible. So far as I am concerned I found travelling in California and Utah so ridiculously easy that I felt (and still feel) to some extent ashamed of having done so little. I remember standing in the balcony of the Clifton House at the Golden Gate, San Francisco, and peering far beyond the Seal Rock, far over the blue Pacific and murmuring to myself, "Why not be bold—why not go to Honolulu, to Hakodadi, to Hong Kong, to Sydney?" Having got so far, why halt? I had got the ship—an ocean steamer was to start on the morrow—I had got the money, too. But I remembered, ruefully, that to lighten our *impedimenta* we had left trunks, portmanteaus, dressing bags, despatch boxes, rugs, and furs at divers hotels along the line of route; and that it would only be in accordance with the commonest dictates of prudence to pick up these articles on our way back. So I "concluded" not to come home by the way, either of Japan or of the Antipodes; but to content myself with remembering that "Faith never rides single, but ever has Hope on a pillion," and indulging in the (perhaps fond) hope and belief that I should see Japan and the antipodes before I died.

So, bidding a long, but, I hope, not a last farewell to friendly San Francisco, in due time a Silver Palace Sleeping Car on the Union Pacific Railway, returning from Eldorado, deposited us at Ogden in the territory of Utah, whence the Utah Central Railway, connecting with the Union and Pacific lines, makes the *détour* to Salt Lake City. The distance from Ogden to the City of the Saints is only thirty-seven miles. You will thus perceive that the question of reaching the heart of Mormondom is mainly a matter of mileage, and that—abating a good deal of dust in summer, and in winter a few "cold snaps," which, the elaborately heating appliances of the cars notwithstanding, occasionally freeze the apparatus for washing, and renders congestion of the lungs a far from remote contingency if you

open too frequently the ventilators in your state-room—the run from New York, on the one hand, and from San Francisco, on the other, to the Mormon Mecca, is “as easy as a glove,” and as “plain as a pike-staff.” Not the slightest honour or glory for endurance or resolution on the part of the traveller attaches to the successful accomplishment of the enterprise. In degree, you have no more trouble in getting to Salt Lake City than you have in getting to Tunbridge Wells. In the last-named case, a branch of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway lands you on the Pantiles. In the first case, you branch off at Ogden, and, an hour and a half afterwards you may be eating buckwheat-cakes with maple syrup at the “Walker House” in Main-street, Salt Lake City.

You approach Ogden through scenery really magnificent and nearly approaching the sublime; but the landscape is, on the whole, perhaps finer on the eastward than on the westward side. Nearing Ogden by the Weber and Ogden cañons you pass along a route winding through tortuous turns, reminding the European traveller of that famous railway over the Semmering, between Vienna and Trieste—the line which has been indifferently termed the “zigzag” and the “corkscrew” railway, and of which a tourist, somewhat given to the abuse of hyperbole, once observed that “it twisted and turned so that, more than once, he had been able to see the nape of his own neck.” As you reach Ogden the rock-ribbed mountains, bare of all foliage save a few stunted pines, and snow-capped, rise in awe-striking grandeur on either side. I say awe-striking for the reason that I am fain to admit—not, perhaps, for the first time in print—that mountains terrify me, and that I hate them. I have travelled less in Switzerland (in which, to my mind, Basle and Geneva are the only tolerable towns) than the ordinary run of tourists, with their detestable “Regular Swiss Round,” simply because I wholly lack the faculties of appreciation and admiration for mountainous scenery. I never could get up any admiration for Mont Blanc. There is not a stone in Pompeii that has not a sermon in it, for

me; but I have beheld Vesuvius unmoved, and the only interest awakened in my mind by the first sight of Stromboli was in connection with the fine old crusted ghost-story of "Old Booty," who, you will remember, was seen by several trustworthy mariners, running stark naked out of the frowning cavities of Stromboli at the precise moment of time when, as it afterwards appeared, he was giving up the ghost at his own house in Wapping.

Ogden itself is a flourishing "village"—I am not at all sure that it may not call itself a city—of some six thousand inhabitants. The town is situated on a lofty mountain plateau, and like all the new towns of the West is built with strict regularity of plan. The streets are very broad, with running streams of water in nearly all of them. There is an ugly but commodious brick court house, three churches, and a Mormon tabernacle, a sprinkling of handsome private residences, and two hotels, besides another and excellent one at the railway depôt. Here also are the machine and repair shops of both Pacific railroads. Of course Ogden has its daily newspapers. There were at least two in my time (March, 1880), one of them the *Daily Junction*, described as "a small seven by nine sheet," and edited by a Mormon Bishop, who is assisted in his journalistic duties by a Mormon poet. The *Ogden Freeman* was, and probably is, an Opposition or Gentile print. There is an immense quantity of fruit grown about Ogden, and, indeed, the Utah apples, peaches, and pears are said to be finer in size, colour, and flavour than any grown in the Eastern or Middle States.

As regards the hotel at the railroad depôt, I may hint that it boasts a refreshment buffet which, next to the one at Omaha, I hold to be the very best to be found in the whole United States. We had fortunately been, thanks to the kindness of our friends, at the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, so bountifully and tooth-somely provided in the way of "provand," that on returning to Chicago we had little need to trouble the railway refreshment buffet at all, save for hot bread, milk, hard boiled eggs, and coffee

(all good save the last, which was execrable) for breakfast. I preserve, nevertheless, a vivid remembrance of the refreshment buffet at Ogden, not only on account of a most savoury buffalo tongue which I there purchased, but also in connection with the fact that on the depôt platform there was a stall—the “installation” of which might slightly have astonished Messrs. W. H. Smith and Son—at which I bought first “Punch’s Almanack” for 1879, secondly a quantity of Indian “curios” worked in fine straw on cloth and embellished with wampum, and finally a copy, the first I had ever seen, of “The Book of Mormon,” an account, as the title page sets forth, “Written by the Hand of Mormon upon Plates taken from the Plates of Nephi, Translated by Joseph Smith, Junior, and divided into Chapters and Verses, with references by Orson Pratt, Sen.”

As the business of Mormon proselytism is systematic and continuous in London, and probably also in Liverpool, there are I should say, in England, more than a sufficiency of places at which the Lying Evangel, founded by Mr. Joe Smith, on the lines of a quasi-religious romance, written by one Sidney Rigdon, may be bought. There is thus no reason for giving any detailed account of the farrago of trash of which the Book of Mormon is composed, and which, even as a travesty of Biblical phraseology, is infinitely inferior to Archbishop Whately’s “Historic Doubts on the Existence of Napoleon Buonaparte,” (a parody written with the most pious of motives) and is not nearly up to the standard of the curiously humorous albeit irreverent political satire in scriptural language, called “The New Gospel of Peace,” which was published during the American Civil War. I will, however, just remark, that while travelling from Ogden to Salt Lake City, and turning over the bundle of blasphemous rubbish, called “The Book of Mormon,” I came, at Chap. iv. verse 6 of “The Book of Jacob,” on the following: “Behold the Lamanites, your brethren, whom ye hate because of their filthiness and the cursings which have come upon their skins, are more righteous than you, for they have not

forgotten the commandment of the Lord, which was given to their fathers, that they should have, *save it were one wife*, and concubines that they should have none." To this passage there is a reference to Chap. ii. verse 24 of the same book, whereat I find, "Behold, David and Solomon had many wives and concubines, *which thing was abominable before me, saith the Lord.*"

The Mormon casuists have been able, no doubt, to explain away, to the entire satisfaction of their dupes, if not of themselves, this direct prohibition of polygamy. I suppose too that modern doctors of Mormon theology (save the mark!) have long since accounted for another little inconsistency on the part of Joe Smith. On the twelfth of July, 1843, the "Prophet" received what he professed to be a new revelation. When it was first mentioned it caused great commotion among the Saints, and many rebelled against the newly revealed ordinances. A few Elders attempted to promulgate the "revelation;" but, so fierce was the opposition, that, at last, for the sake of peace, Joe Smith issued in his Church paper an official proclamation against his own decree. The edifying document ran as follows:—

"NOTICE.—Whereas we have lately been credibly informed that an Elder of the Church of Latter Day Saints, by the name of Hiram Brown, has been preaching polygamy, and other false and corrupt doctrines, in the county of Lapeer and State of Michigan. This is to notify him, and the Church in general, that he has been cut off from the Church for his iniquity; and he is further notified to appear at the Special Conference, to be held on the 6th of April next, to answer to these charges.

"JOSEPH SMITH, }
"HYRUM SMITH, } *Presidents of the Church.*"

In less than three years after the publication of this sanctionious ukase, the Mormon leaders were living in flagrant and undisguised polygamy. It has been cogently asked whether a Prophet who had received a True Revelation would afterwards repudiate it, denounce and punish his followers for observing it, and then practise its pseudo-commands for his own private use and benefit. But the Mormon system of ethics is, like Mormon theology, peculiar. Among the hymns used in their Church services are to be found such verses as the following:—

“The God that others worship is not the God for me,
A church without a Prophet is not the church for me,
The hope that Gentiles cherish is not the hope for me ;
It has no faith nor knowledge, far from it I would be.
The Heaven of sectarians is not the Heaven for me.”

As an agreeable alternative to such stuff as the above might be preferred the last verse of a prayer supposed to be uttered by a dying Israelite. Who wrote the poem, or where I first lighted upon it (it was many years ago), I have not the faintest notion ; but here it is—

“I know not if the Christian's Heaven
May be the same as mine ;
I only ask to be forgiven,
And taken home to Thine.”

I learned from a fellow-traveller on the cars that the Ogden central railroad is the “Pioneer railway” of Utah proper. Early in May, 1869, the Union Pacific and Central Pacific lines were completed, the junction by which the two extremities of the continent were brought in connection, being made at a point named Promontory, some fifty miles west of Ogden. One week afterwards work on the Utah Central began. A company had been organised in the March of the same year, with Brigham Young as President. An immense quantity of building materials had been left on hand at “Promontory” station when the Union Pacific was finished, and this was purchased by the Utah Central Company. Brigham Young had previously entered into a contract for “grading” the former road from the head of Echo Cañon to Ogden, and successfully accomplished the work. Brigham sublet his contract to John Sharp and Joseph A. Young, the latter a son of Brigham. The work was “crowded on” with all possible speed, and, I have heard it said, not without a vehement suspicion of task-mastership, of the fine old Egyptian Pyramid building pattern, being exercised by the sub-Prophet's overseers. At all events, in less than eight months from the first breaking of the ground for the new line, the last rail was

laid; and on the tenth day of January, 1870, the first through train from Ogden arrived in Salt Lake City.

The guide-books state that the cars on the Utah Central Line are "elegantly furnished." The one in which we bestowed ourselves was not "up to much" in the way of elegance; and the weather, although brilliantly sunny, being piercingly cold, the stove-heated atmosphere was slightly oppressive; but the carriage was scrupulously clean, which is not always the case in trains where there are no first-class cars. It chanced that our only fellow-traveller in addition to a commercial gentleman "doing" Utah for a Chicago firm, was a small girl-child, seemingly about ten years of age, who had come by herself all the way from St. Louis, whence she had travelled chiefly by "emigrant" trains (the cheapest mode of land conveyance) to Chicago, and so by Omaha across the Rockies to Ogden. She had an extraordinary assortment of chattels and other "needments" with her—bags and bundles and baskets, an old tin kettle, a three-legged stool, and a very shabby looking-glass, with half the quicksilver rubbed off the back. We spoke her fair; and she answered us with that entire self-possession and *aplomb* not at all uncommon among small children in the States.* She

*At the Ballard House, Richmond, Virginia, we met two little girls, one about thirteen, the other certainly not more than nine, who had travelled from very far down South, and were bound according to their showing to Washington to join their "mammy." The coloured head waiter at the Ballard House smilingly described them as "Wonders of de World." For my part they struck me as being two of the sauciest little minxes that I had ever seen. The elder girl played the pianoforte very cleverly, and the younger one had a clear fresh voice and sang hymns most pathetically; and for a few days they were the cynosure of admiration among the frequenters of the ladies' drawing room; but after a while it was more of a suspicious than of an affectionate interest that the ladies of the Ballard House began to take in these Infant Phenomena. They had arrived with very little luggage; the account which they gave of themselves was extremely vague; and altogether it appeared to be somewhat doubtful whether their "mammy" in Washington was a veritable maternal parent or a myth. It was delightful nevertheless to hear the youngest sister, who was always the first to come down in the morning (the elder occupied an inordinate time in "fixing herself before meals"), order her breakfast from the obsequious but grinning coloured waiter. "I would like some pork steak, scrambled eggs and fried sausages." "Yas, missy." "The hominy yesterday was burnt, and right mean. Let it be better." "Yas, missy." "I should like to have some milk

was going to join her "people," in Salt Lake City. Her parents? No; she was an orphan. She was only going "cousining." Expect she didn't know where she should settle down for good. But there were no traces of grief, no expression of loneliness in the girl's face. Had there been, I should have fancied that she was a very recently made orphan indeed; and that the tin pot and the kettle, the three-legged stool, and the looking-glass, with the rest of her poor little rattletaps, were the last remaining vestiges of a broken-up home. She told us that she had got through her journey without much trouble; only that at some station the Rockies, a gang of "road agents"—Western for roughs who are closely akin to highway-men—had boarded the cars and plundered the passengers right

toast; and mind you don't forget that I want English breakfast tea." "No, missy," and so on.

During the day they would play about like ordinary school-girls, on the covered wooden bridge connecting the Ballard House with its sister hotel, the Exchange House; and the eldest was a remarkably skilful adept in skipping; but between three and five o'clock in the afternoon they were wont mysteriously to disappear, and it was afterwards discovered that they used to make the rounds of the principal stores of the town, soliciting subscriptions for some newspaper, to be started at some period not named, by somebody, somewhere. The *abonnements* to this phantom journal were payable strictly in advance; and I was assured that they contrived to extract a considerable number of dollars from the merchants and store-keepers of Richmond. I have never concealed my opinion that the Americans are at once the shrewdest and the most simple-minded people to be found on the face of the earth. The Phenomena were even seen hanging about the State Capitol, button-holing the senators and representatives as they entered the halls of the legislature and seeking subscriptions to the shadowy paper which was to be published some day, somewhere, by somebody. At length the bubble burst. They had run up a very long bill at the Ballard House; no letters ever arrived for them; and the chief clerk peremptorily requested them to "settle." The eldest girl made a tender, quite coolly, of about a third of the amount due, adding that beyond the sum which she offered they had just enough money to pay their railway fare to Washington. The chief clerk was highly indignant at this financial statement which, as he put it, "didn't mean business, no how;" but Colonel Carrington, the generous and courteous proprietor of the Ballard and Exchange House, good-naturedly let the children off the remainder of their indebtedness, observing, with a laugh, that "he was glad they had had such a good time." So they departed quite calmly and cheerfully. A crowning act of impudence marked their disappearance. At the dépôt the elder girl took tickets, not for Washington but for Petersburg, saying that she had heard that at Washington the small pox was raging. But could she have had the heart to abandon her "mammy?" I wonder whence those children had come originally, and whither they were going:—possibly to the Penitentiary.

and left. From the little girl who was going "cousining" the rascals had stolen a couple of blankets. The conductor of the train between Ogden and Salt Lake City was very kind to this little "maiden all forlorn" and despoiled into the bargain, and had lent her a very ragged and mangy old buffalo robe, wrapped up in which, and looking at you with her blue wistful eyes (she was almost as pretty as the child in Mr. Millais' picture of "Cherry Ripe"), she presented a highly comical aspect,—so comical, indeed, that it behoved you to begin to laugh as soon as you possibly could lest you should feel yourself inclined to cry. I noted, too, that the commercial gentleman from time to time furtively supplied her with apples and molasses candy; I think that, had I known the article in which the commercial gentleman travelled, I would have given him an order on the spot, cash down.

It is just after crossing a short distance from Ogden by a light and graceful iron suspension bridge, the Weber river, that you first catch sight, to your right, of that which has been called the Dead Sea of America—the Great Salt Lake. Then the train rattles away due south, following the base of the "foot hills" or lowermost acclivities, which form the first line of the Wahsatch Range. These "foot hills" are always associated, in my mind, with an absurd Californian story of a mythical animal, called the "prox" which is said (*pour rire*) to possess the faculty of drawing up both legs on the near side, so as by the means of its fore and hinder off legs to be able to "spin it over the foothills" all the faster. As far as Kaysville the country seemed to me a very close imitation of the Great American Desert, which, not long since, we had traversed; but there was a good deal of snow about: not only on the distant mountain peaks, but on the ground; and that circumstance may have partially accounted for the desolate aspect of the locality. Desolation is indeed a conspicuous characteristic of all American scenery out of California, some parts of Pennsylvania, and one or two of the New England States. The generally unswept, ungarnished, and slatternly

look of the land may be due first to the substitution of wooden palings and fences (usually thickly besmeared with advertisements) for our own green and trimly kept hedges, next to the absence of any appreciable number of gentlemen's estates and parks, and finally to the huge extent of the *terrain*. For all her fifty millions of inhabitants who, in the course of another quarter of a century, will number, I suppose, a hundred millions, the most cursory glance at the map will be sufficient to show that the United States are yet, happily, a very thinly populated country. I say "happily," because if ever the two dreadful problems of how to extinguish pauperism in England, and how to pacify Ireland are to be solved, the blessed solution can only come by means of some vast *International* scheme of Emigration of the rural and labouring classes of the United Kingdom to the inexhaustibly fertile regions of the Great West.

A few farming settlements of the roughest and rudest kinds, gladden the eye about Kaysville, which is sixteen miles from Ogden. Kaysville is becoming "quite a place." It has a telegraph station, whence I wired to my dear friend W. H. Hurlbert, Editor in chief of the *New York World*, to tell him that thus far into the bowels of the Mormon Land of Goshen we had advanced, and were getting on very nicely; and I was told that Kaysville also possessed three blacksmiths' forges and a "Zion's Cö-Op." store. The next station was Farmington, which is the "county seat" of Davis County, and boasts, not only smithies and stores, but also a court-house for the administration of justice and the transaction of general county business. The country round Farmington seemed to be very well cultivated. The land slopes gently down towards the Great Salt Lake; and the soil is said to be warm and rich, producing, when properly irrigated, luxuriant crops of grain, fruit, and vegetables of abnormal size. The Farmington water melons are in particular reputed to be "powerful sized." After leaving Farmington the road draws close to the Lake shore; and you reach Centerville, twenty-five miles from Ogden and

situated in the midst of very pretty orchards. Wood's Cross is in a most fertile district, although here and there towards the shore are patches of "sand drift," that is to say desert, spotted with the wearisome sage brush. It is not so intolerably wearisome, however, as the eternal cactus and prickly pear, the "maguey" and the "nopal" of the Mexican desert. There are plenty of cosy farmhouses in the neighbourhood of Wood's Cross; the landscape in summer must verge upon loveliness, and the farm-building and ricks speak of a thrifty and thriving community. In a few minutes after leaving Wood's Cross the southern terminus of the road, thirty six miles from Ogden, was reached, and the train drew up at the platform of the depôt of Salt Lake City.



A PARTY OF MORMONS AT OGDEN CAÑON.



MORMON EMIGRANTS AT CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

XXI.

DOWN AMONG THE MORMONS.

It was on the twenty-second day of July, 1847, I believe, that Orson Pratt having gone on ahead to "spy out the land" in the interest of the advancing host of Mormon emigrants, rode with a few followers over the Salt Lake Valley, and returning to the main body, gave an account of his "prospecting." On the morning of the twenty-fourth, the Mormons arrived at the summit of the hill, overlooking the site of the present City, and

the valley beyond, and were enchanted by the scene. They gave vent to their feelings in ejaculations of joyful praise and thanksgiving, firmly believing that they had found the Land of Promise, which for them would soon flow with milk and honey, and the "Zion of the Mountains" predicted by the ancient prophets. It is certain that the view of the Salt Lake Valley, as we subsequently saw it from the heights of Camp Douglas, is a very enchanting one. The Great Salt Lake glitters like an immense sheet of silver in the sun; and the towering peaks of the mountain ranges would satisfy, in their steepness and their snowiness,



VIEW OF THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

the most aspiring member of the Alpine Club. It happened, nevertheless, that on the forenoon of our entering the City of the Saints, the weather, for all its sunniness, was so bitterly cold; and I was so exceedingly hungry, that the towering peaks, snow-caps, and all towered in vain, so far as making any impression on my imagination was concerned. So we made the best of our way to the principal hotel of the place, the Walker House, on Main Street.

The Walker (a name to which I shall hereafter have occasion to recur, in connection with the Saints, is a four-storeyed structure of brick with over a hundred and thirty bed-rooms. It is, I believe, a Mormon house. Another first-class hotel is



SALT LAKE CITY FROM THE WAHSATCH RANGE.

the Townsend House, at the corner of West Temple and South Second-street, and its façade is embellished with a comfortable shady piazza. The Townsend is, I am given to understand, a Gentile establishment. I went, by preference, to the Walker, because I was told that it belonged to a Mormon proprietor; but I failed to discover any copies of the Book of Mormon lying about the ladies' drawing-room, or the bed-rooms, or the bar. Perhaps, after all, I went to the wrong house; but, be that as it may, I found the Walker House a very comfortable caravanserai indeed. Abating the circumstance that, the house being full to repletion, they were compelled (with many apologies) to put us into a bed-room resembling nothing so much as a violoncello case of exaggerated proportions, I can remember but few hotels out of the great American cities where so much comfort, not unattended by elegance, could be enjoyed by the traveller. I don't think the tariff for board and lodging exceeded two dollars a day; and for a small sitting-room which was placed at our disposal as an annexe to the exaggerated violoncello no additional charge whatever was made. The whole house was handsomely furnished and the restaurant luxuriously so. Immaculate cleanliness reigned throughout the establishment; and the bar was altogether free from "loafers," "shysters," and "beats." Indeed Salt Lake City as a whole seems singularly and happily destitute of the "hoodlum" element. The Mormons are apt proudly to boast that no such curse as the Social Evil exists among them. Bar-rooms and drinking-saloons are also very rare in the city; and an almost prohibitive tax is levied in the shape of onerous licence duties on these places.

That there were people in the city who know something about the Mammon of Unrighteousness was only faintly suggested to me on one occasion when, in a quest after some really enjoyable cigar—the cheap cigars vended throughout the States as "domestics," are terrible weeds—I came upon a store in one of the main thoroughfares, the proprietor of which emporium asseverated in several staring chromolithographic placards that he vended the

very finest brands of Cabaña, Guttierrez, Muria, Villar y Villar, and Alvarez, to say nothing of the "Figaro," the "Opera," and the "Henry Clay" brands. As it turned out, the tobacconist, who was as genial a German Jew as you would wish to meet any day at Frankfort or Hamburg, sold me for twenty cents apiece—rather a stiff price—some fairly smokable "planters." He was very proud of his chromo-lithographic display which comprised an effigy of Pocahontas, Princess of Virginia, smoking the calumet of peace; and a portrait of Miss Ada Cavendish of "the Royal Theatre, England," displaying with energy suggestive of the patriotic enthusiasm of Joan of Arc, a snow-white banner emblazoned with an advertisement of Somebody's short-cut chewing Tobacco.* One polychromatic placard, however, the genial tobacconist did not show me. I "saw it for myself," as the saying goes, and inspected it uninvited. It was merely the framed and glazed announcement in highly ornate tinselled letters that "cards, dice, faro-decks, croupes, roulette wheels and all kinds of sporting tools," were always on sale within. But of course it is the wicked Gentiles, and not the pure-minded Mormons of Salt Lake City, who buy the dice and the faro-decks, the roulette wheels, and the other sporting tools.

The Far Western *cuisine* (at the hotels, I mean), is sometimes rather rough, but, as a rule, it is fully equal and very often superior to the cooking in the Northern and Middle States, while it is infinitely preferable to the detestable culinary outrages of

* Lithography which with us is virtually a dead art, flourishes exceedingly in the States, where the art of pictorial advertising is carried on with thrice more boldness and ingenuity than is the case in this country. Every popular actor or actress in making a tour in America is bound,—or rather his or her "agent in advance" is bound—to scatter lithographed portraits or representations of striking scenes in the performance, broadcast. These lithographs are as a rule the productions of German Americans, surprisingly industrious and dexterous craftsmen, who keep alive the best traditions of the beautiful process discovered by the German Aloys Senefelder. In England wood-engraving on the one hand and photography on the other—together with the innumerable pen and ink or imitation etching processes have left lithography scarcely a leg to stand upon; but in America "stone pictures" yet hold their own.

which the traveller is the victim everywhere in the South, save at two or three restaurants in New Orleans.* The general goodness of Western cookery is perhaps to be attributed to the preponderance of Germans among the cooks. In the Eastern States nine-tenths of the cooks are raw young Irishwomen, who can boil a potato, make tolerable oyster soup, and perhaps concoct a tolerable clam chowder; but who roast badly and fry abominably. A model of a beef-steak fried (she rarely attempts broiling) by Biddy, with its black fat embellished with cinders by way of gravy, ought to be a permanent exhibit in a Museum of Wretched Cookery. I suppose the poor dear soul is too much absorbed in her duties of going to mass and confession, subscribing to the Ladies' Land League, and bedizening herself in cheap finery, to bestow much time on the study of the culinary art.

I have spoken of the Germans as good cooks in the United States; but I likewise venture to express my belief that even in Europe the Teuton very often excels the lively Gaul as an *archimageiros*. The quality of French cookery has, to my mind, been steadily deteriorating ever since the fall of the Second Empire (some authorities hold that it has been so deteriorating ever since the collapse of Louis Philippe and the Orleans dynasty), and abating one or two clubs, the Café Anglais, the Maison Dorée, Durand's, and Bignon's, I think that, on the whole, as a traveller without letters of introduction I could dine much better (I could certainly dine more cheaply) in Berlin, Frankfort, Munich, or Vienna, than in Paris. The Germans are better roasters than the French; they dress their vegetables quite as well *au beurre*, as the French do; they beat them hollow in the way of puddings and sweet sauces; and they have a number of original Teutonic dishes which the Latins are wholly incapable of preparing. And,

* The Creole cookery in private houses is, on the other hand, exquisite. The question whether Life be worth Living for can be immediately answered in the affirmative after you have partaken of white mulligatawny pepper-pot and turkey with plantain sauce; and the New Orleans "drip" coffee is the most aromatic and most succulent preparation of the beverage that I know.

finally, please to remember that "La Cuisine Française," properly so called, is not more than three hundred years old, and that its introduction into France was due to the German, Gunther von Andernach, Physician-in-Chief to Francis the First.*

One had an opportunity of criticising the German style of cookery, side by side with that of France, at the Walker House, Salt Lake City; and the culinary mode of many other nations, to boot. I have rarely seen a more cosmopolitan *carte*; nor, for the matter of that, a more cosmopolitan hotel. The baker in the basement was German; the bar-keeper was a Scandinavian—whether a Swede, a Norwegian, a Dane, or an Iclander, I could not well make out. The head waiter was a Dutchman, and the "baggage-smasher," or luggage-porter, an Italian. Only, in the entrance hall, the clerks behind the counters looked the very keenest of Down East Yankees, or the hardest of Western men. The nationality of the chambermaids I did not ascertain; but I was given to understand on good authority that the young lady in a printed calico frock, and with a most monstrous chignon, and amber-coloured hair—or jute—who made our bed, was a Welshwoman. The confusion of nations in Utah gives by no means an imperfect suggestion of the manner in which the Mormon Theocracy is worked. The great body of the community are a "scratch lot" of various nationalities: people from Scandinavia, from Wales, from Lancashire and the Midlands, and from suburban London (principally South-Eastern London) predominating among them. The bulk of these people are poor and ignorant, and they work cheerfully and unremittingly. On the other hand the Theocrats who "boss" them—the Elders and Bishops and what not—are, with scarcely an exception, native born Americans. It is the poor and ignorant Cosmopolitans who have converted the valley of the Great Salt Lake into a land of milk and honey. It is the Mormon

* "C'est vers le milieu du seizième siècle que la Cuisine et la Chimie ont pris naissance chez nous; c'est à Gonthier d'Andernach, premier médecin de François Premier, que nous sommes redevables de leur renaissance, comme notre chirurgie lui doit aussi la sienne."—Beauvilliers, *Art du Cuisinier*, Paris, 1816.



GERMAN EMIGRANTS TO SALT LAKE CITY, AT CASTLE GARDEN, NEW YORK.

Bishops and Elders who "boss" the Mormon rank and file and who live on the milk and honey, and flourish thereon, exceedingly.

The architectural lions of Salt Lake City are not numerous; nor, architecturally, are they very interesting. On the south side of South Temple-street is the Museum the curator of which is Professor Barfoot; and here are arranged specimens of ore from the mines of Utah; precious stones from the desert; pottery ware, wampum and obsidian from the ruins of ancient Indian villages; the first boat ever launched by white men on the Great Salt Lake; home-spun cloths and silks, indigenous birds (so called) of the territory; a scalp from the head of an Indian brave; Indian blankets, hatchets, and mocassins. There are some odds and ends, too, from the Sandwich Islands. Formerly there was a menagerie of living animals; but some anonymous scoundrel (possibly a too zealous Gentile, or else an unscrupulous man of business connected with the wild beast show interest) poisoned most of the specimens. At present the only living occupants of the menagerie are a prairie dog (which is not by any means a dog) and some small owls which burrow with him; a large horned owl, and a few other birds and reptiles.*

* The so-called "Prairie dogs" are conspicuous among the "little goaks," as Artemus Ward might have called them, of the Great West. Their "villages" may often be seen by the side of the railway tracks: and ladies clap their hands, while children shout with glee at the sight of the antics of these merry and cunning little creatures. The ostensible Prairie dog is a pretty little animal, graceful in shape, generally very plump, and about sixteen inches in length. The colour of the creature is a greyish red. It has a short, sharp, yelping cry, somewhat resembling the bark of a fractious puppy. The mounds or burrows in which the animals dwell are dug in a sloping direction at an angle of forty-five degrees to the ground surface. In the same hole with the Prairie dog is frequently found the burrowing owl. In some of the holes rattlesnakes have been found. Some authorities hold that these oddly dissimilar creatures dwell together in perfect harmony—what a "Society" Journal they might get up between them could they only write!—while others maintain that the owls and the serpents are uninvited guests, and repay the hospitality reluctantly extended to them by devouring the young of their hosts. As for the adult Prairie dog, he seems to be quite able to hold his own, and is remarkably tenacious of life. He gives the hunters great trouble, and, unless shot through the head, generally succeeds in scampering away into his hole. Attempts have been made to tame the "dogs," when caught into pits; but they rarely live long in captivity, and have a troublesome penchant for biting people's fingers: their teeth being very

On the other side of Temple-street, behind a high wall, is the far-famed Tabernacle. It is a monstrous structure built of timber, with the exception of the twelve huge ugly pillars of sandstone which support the immense dish-cover-shaped roof. In form it is a long oval, inside and out; and the interior will seat, the janitor told us, fifteen thousand persons. It was used, he added, for worship, sermons, and debates. In the church service, I was informed, no one knows until the speaker of the day arrives, who is to preach from the pulpit, or what may be the subject of the discourse. The texts for the sermons, exhortations, and homilies, are of an astonishingly miscellaneous character. Sometimes the sermons are on bee-culture, or on the manufacture of "sorgham" molasses; then will come addresses on infant baptism, and on the best manure for cabbages; upon the pious perseverance of the Saints; upon the wickedness of skimming milk before bringing it to market; upon the best method of cleansing water ditches; upon the prices of town lots; upon the bathing of children; upon the most efficacious poison for "chintzes" or bed-bugs; upon the martyrdoms and persecution of the Mormon Church; upon olive oil as a remedy for the measles; upon the ordination of the priesthood, and the character of Melchisedek; upon worms in dried peaches; upon abstinence from tobacco; upon chignons, twenty-five yard dresses, and plural marriages: all these being mingled with fierce denunciations, comminations, and invocations of wrath on the heads of Gentile enemies of the Mormons. As a matter of fact every subject is sacerdotally discussed which the president deems it expedient to dilate upon for the material, as well as the spiritual benefit of his flock. Here is the "Pulpit in the Household," with a vengeance. The Mormon preachers had need, as

sharp. They are strict vegetarians, and live only on the roots of grasses. The Indians call the Prairie dog the "Wish-ton-wish;" and they and the trappers eat the flesh, and declare it to be very good eating. Of course, he is not canine at all, but a kind of marmot. In addition to the owls and the rattlesnakes, tortoises and horned frogs are sometimes found in the burrows.

will presently be hinted, to have something cogent to say touching "chignons," and "twenty-five yard dresses," for the "fashions," with all their pomps and vanities, their follies and frivolities, seem to be making steady way in Salt Lake City, and threaten, ere long, to undermine feminine Mormonism altogether.

The organ of the Tabernacle is one of the largest in America. Some kind of musical box may be reckoned upon with tolerable certainty as an accompaniment to sectarianism of the holloaing and shouting kind; and the huge musical box of Salt Lake City plays, I have no doubt, an important part in the devotional exercises of the Saints. At the Sunday school celebrations which periodically take place within the Tabernacle walls, "voluntaries" on the organ, I was told, are sometimes varied by spirited recitations of "Marco Bozzaris," and the singing of "Home, Sweet Home!" On these festive occasions the gallery fronts are decorated with gay mottoes, among which the following is conspicuous: "Utah's best Crop:—Children." The organ itself is, like the majority of things structural among the Mormons, intensely ugly—indeed, if anything of an artistic or æsthetic nature entered into their religious culture, Mormonism, I take it, would very soon become as harmlessly effete as Johanna Southcotianism or Walker-separatism has become in London. For a couple of thousand dollars or so, the organ pipes might have been placed in a tasteful case; but the tasteless designer has reared at the angles of his instrument monstrous fascies of pipes surmounted by squat cupolas: so that they resemble nothing half so much as hundred ton guns "sot on cend," as a Down-Easter would say.

At the opposite extremity of the Tabernacle there is a succession of wooden benches and enclosed stalls, disposed in semi-amphitheatrical fashion, reminding me of a very big Dissenting chapel, somewhere in Moorfields, which I remember to have visited nearly forty years ago, on the occasion of a public meeting being held to protest against the Maynooth Grant. How the speakers thundered against the Pope of Rome, to be sure! On the whole I

think a platform with benches upon it is a better place to thunder from than a pulpit. If you stamp your foot, or, suiting the action to the word, trample down the Pope, or the College of Cardinals, or the Scarlet Woman in a pulpit, nobody can see the action of your lower limbs; and action in oratory is everything. But of all rhetorical points of vantage, the Tub, I should say, must be the finest. In fact, unless I am mistaken, the original theological rostrum in Wesley and Whitfield's Moorfields days was a tub.

The acoustic properties of the Tabernacle are remarkable. If, when in the organ loft, you utter a few words in the lowest of tones, but very slowly, they will be distinctly audible to a person standing in the graded amphitheatre at the other end of the building. It is in this amphitheatre that sit, higher or lower, according to their hierarchical degree, the President, the Bishops, and the Elders of the Church. These acoustic properties are not however more extraordinary than those possessed by the amphitheatre at Pompeii, and by the whispering gallery at St. Paul's, and which were possessed by the alcoves of old Westminster Bridge of which it has been remarked: "So just were their proportions, and so complete and uniform their symmetry, that if a person whispers against the wall of the alcove on one side of the bridge he would be plainly heard on the other side; and parties might thus converse (fancy the wrath of lovers and the redintegration of love being carried on in opposite alcoves), without being prevented by the interruption of the street or the noise of carriages." From the roof of the Tabernacle hang a multitude of ingeniously interlaced festoons, whether of natural dried flowers or of imitation paper ones I am unable to say; but the effect was certainly curious and almost pretty. Of other attempts at decoration nothing was visible; and these faded, dusty festoons make the one oasis in a Desert of Ugliness more appalling than the Sage Bush Desert, and the Dried Mud Desert, and the Desert of Deliquescent Salt, with which I had lately been made familiar.

A little to the east of the immense and intolerably unsightly

Tabernacle, and within the same high boundary wall of stone, you see the still unfinished (the American Gentiles confidently predict that it never will be finished) Temple, by which the Mormons, with equal confidence, intend to replace the timber tabernacle: if all things go well, and Mormonism, lock, stock, and barrel, be not, ere long, happily "bust up" by the joint action of the government and legislature of the United States. So much as can be seen to have risen from the foundations of the new Temple is of grey granite, brought, I was told, from far off New England; and the cost of the completed edifice is estimated at not less than ten millions of dollars. I bought an engraving of the architect's design. Its colossal proportions and the solemn and Titanic-looking material of which it was composed—marble fascinates, but granite positively awes you—would of necessity, were the Temple brought to consummation, be, to a certain extent, imposing; but the outline of the building, with its gawky turrets surmounted by spiky pinnacles, is simply hideous.

It is sham Gothic "perpendicular" run, not mad, but mean, squalid, and bare; and, indeed, in all my wanderings in this vast continent I have seen but very few examples of really grandiose and tasteful architecture. The mansions of Fifth Avenue at New York, of "Thieves' Row" at Philadelphia (the epithet is not mine: it is a local and graceful reference to certain "financeering" operations, by means of which some of the capitalists in the Quaker City made their fortunes), of the Lake Shore at Chicago, and of "Nob Hill" at San Francisco, are large enough and grand enough, in all conscience. In every American city there are "First Methodist," Presbyterian and Baptist Churches—the Americans utterly scorn our modest word "chapel"—which put our poor "brick barns of dissent" to shame; they beat us, on the whole, in the bigness and redundant Corinthian or renaissance "fixings" of their hotels, their banks, their dry good stores, their militia armouries, their masonic halls, and their Young Men's Christian Association

buildings. They have a plenitude of marble, of granite, of sandstone, and of brown stone. Their stonemasons are excellent carvers; and the business of an architect is, I should say, a highly prosperous and profitable one in the States. With all this I am unable to see that elegance, harmony, and good taste—to say nothing of absolute beauty—are at all characteristic of architecture, either civil or ecclesiastic, in America. The Capitol and the Patent office at Washington are perhaps the handsomest public edifices in the United States, but neither of them surpasses the new Palace of Justice (no, not the building on the Carey-street site, London, W.C.) at Brussels, or the new Ministry of Finance at Rome.

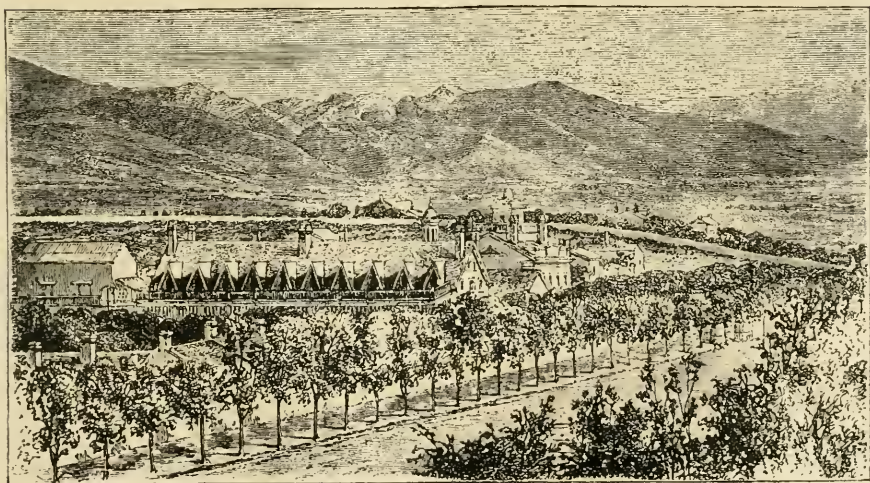
Likewise within the wall which circumscribes the Tabernacle that is and the Temple that is to be—or may be—is the mysterious Endowment House into which no Gentile is permitted to set foot; where the chief business of the Mormon theocracy is transacted, and where the marriages, either monogamous or polygamous, of the community are celebrated. I have heard a great many more or less extravagant stories about these nuptial rites, but seeing that there is a lady living who is intimately acquainted with all the mysteries of the Mormon Mecca and this Latter Day Saints' Mosque of Eyoub I had much better refer my readers to Mrs. Stenhouse's book* if they wish to attain any trustworthy information concerning the inner secrets of the Endowment House. The structure itself is a lowering, forbidding-looking building of "adobe" or sun-dried brick. On South Temple-street, east of Temple Block, is what the old Roman builders would have termed an "insula," but dubbed by the practical Saints "Brigham's Block." A high stone wall surrounds it. Here is first the Titling House, into the yard of which we were permitted to drive, and in which I discerned several barns full, I was told, of corn, and potatoes, and apples, and nuts and molasses, and beans and salt. The enclosure of Brigham's Block also contains

* An Englishwoman in Utah: The story of a life experience in Mormonism. An autobiography by Mrs. T. B. H. Stenhouse.

the Beehive House, and the Lion House, and the offices of the *Deseret News*. Brigham himself lived in the Beehive and the Lion House; for, notwithstanding Sir Boyle Roche's dictum in the matter of the bird, it is practically possible for a polygamous Mormon to be, matrimonially at least, in two places at once. At the sign of the Lion, and at the sign of the Beehive resided a good many of Brigham's wives: some people say twenty; but, according to the "Englishwoman in Utah" the Prophet never had, at one time, more than nineteen duly Endowment House married spouses. Nearly opposite the block—the peaked gable-ends



BRIGHAM YOUNG.



RESIDENCE OF BRIGHAM YOUNG, SALT LAKE CITY.

of the wives' houses peep curiously above the stone wall—is a spacious and highly ornate stone edifice surrounded by an iron railing. It is three storeys high, with a stately portico and verandah and a high-pitched mansard roof. You may see plenty of such expensive-looking villa residences on the largest scale above the Central Park at New York, and especially along the Lake Shore at Chicago; but to the simple-minded Mormons the highly ornate pile which is perhaps the least hideous among the architectural features of Salt Lake City is a great deal more than a villa. It is popularly known as “Amelia Palace,” as having been the residence of Brigham’s favourite wife, Mrs. Amelia Folsom Young, who stands number Thirteen in the Prophet’s list of wives.

Once for all it may be noted that there is no certain test by which a stranger can ascertain the extent to which polygamy actually prevails in Salt Lake City. Mrs. Stenhouse’s book (I met her husband at San Francisco) is regarded by the opponents of the Mormons as a work of unimpeachable authority, and as absolutely damning to any claims which the Saints might put forth to be considered a community given to the practice of morality and virtue; but it is not unlikely that were Mr. George Q. Cannon, the Delegate for Utah in the United States Congress, “interviewed,”* he might (did he choose to enter into detailed explanations) give a very different account of Mormon institutions from that furnished by Mrs. Stenhouse. Even as regards the precise number of the recent Brigham’s wives, it seems difficult to arrive at an exact conclusion; for while the “Englishwoman in Utah” repeatedly states that the

* Mr. George Q. Cannon of Salt Lake City is an Englishman from Liverpool, and is about fifty-five years old. At an early age he emigrated with his parents to the United States; received a good common-school education; learned the art of printing, and subsequently adopted the profession of journalism. He was one of the earliest settlers in Utah, and in 1862 was a leader in the movement the aim of which was to bring about the admission of Utah into the Union as the State of Deseret. Mr. Cannon has been frequently a member of the Legislative Council of Utah, and is Chancellor of the Deseret University. He is, I am told, a very accomplished and intelligent gentleman.

aggregate was nineteen, at least half-a-dozen ostensibly credible persons in Salt Lake City told me that the real total of the Prophet's wives, inclusive of Mrs. Eliza-Ann-Webb Dee Young, (number Fifteen) and generally known as "the Runaway," was twenty-nine. A catchpenny pamphlet circulated some twenty years ago used to credit the Prophet with ninety wives; and really, *à la longue*, I don't think that it matters much whether, what with "spiritual" wives, wives "sealed" to him "for eternity" (the old rascal!), and "proxy" wives, the man had nine or ninety, or as many wives, in fine, as King Solomon.

For the rest, I was told in Salt Lake City that it was always feasible to estimate the numerical strength of the seraglio of a Mormon Elder by the number of front doors, with

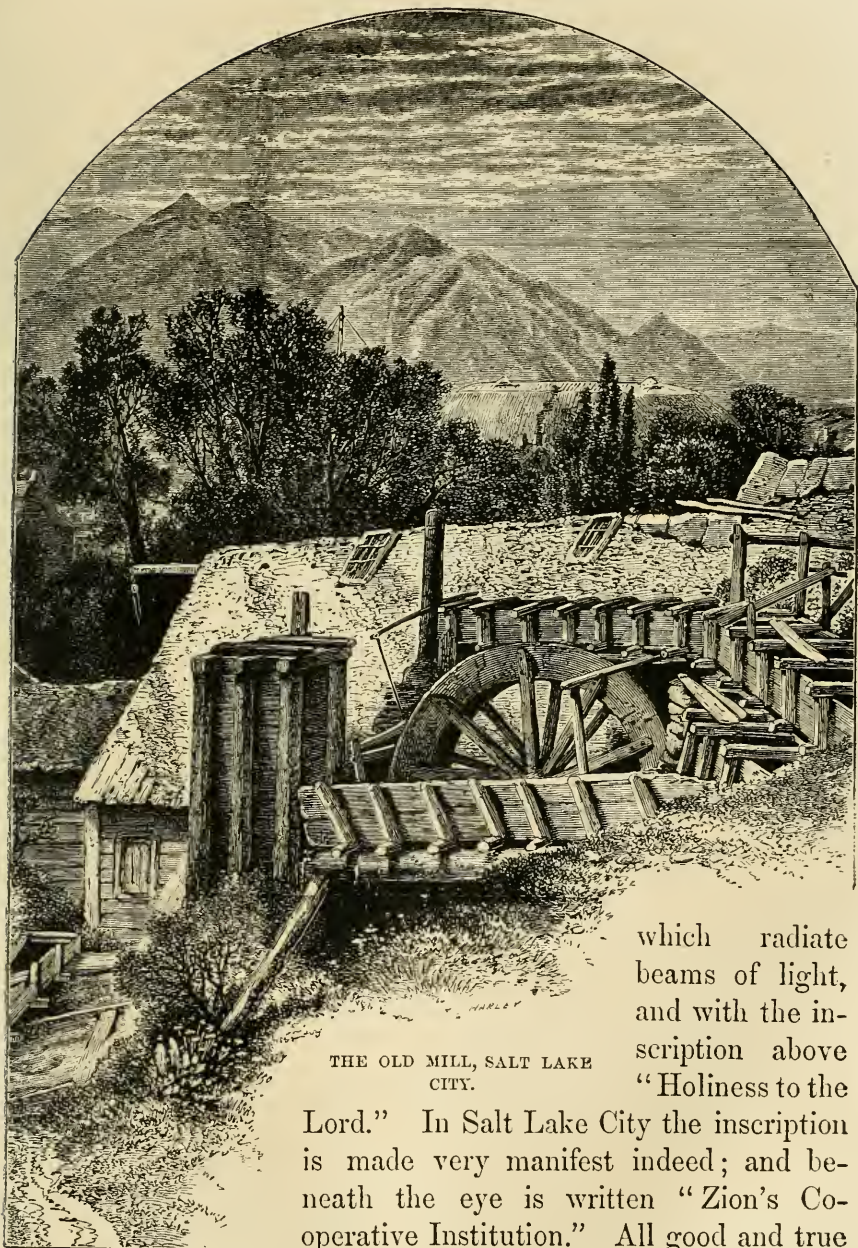


A MORMON FAMILY OF THE POORER CLASS.

windows to correspond, of his house. The largest number of doors with windows to match which I counted on the façade of a single dwelling was thirteen; but it would be of course imprudent to accept this as a sure test. In some cases there may not be a wife for every front door: in others there may not be

a front door for every wife. Many of the Mormon harems are associated ones, and the inmates are said to live in tolerable peace and harmony together. When the poorer class of Mormons are polygamists (which is not very often), they keep their two or three wives under one roof. But the great pluralists in the way of spouses are the Mormon Bishops and Elders, many of whom are very wealthy. I do not think that I am wandering very far from the truth in making the general statement that the rank and file of the Mormons are a most laborious, peaceable, law-abiding, and deservedly thriving community, and that they are kept in a state of spiritual subjection by a select ring of "nasty" old men who, by the aid of a cunningly-devised theocracy and a preposterous theological humbug, are enabled to fill their purses, and to gratify with impunity their libidinous propensities. The Elders who molested Susanna live again in the governing Saints of Salt Lake City.

Captain Burton, in his description of Salt Lake City in 1862, remarks of Main-street that "it is the centre of population and business, where the houses of the principal Mormon dignitaries, and the stores of the Gentile merchants combine to form the city's only street which can be properly so-called. It is, indeed," he adds, "both street and market; for, curious to say, New Zion has not yet built for herself a bazaar or market-place." This deficiency has long since been made good. Main-street and Temple-street at present abound with lofty and showy-looking edifices, either of sandstone or brick. There is a City Hall, which cost sixty thousand dollars, and in the rear of this structure is the city gaol. Another big and highly decorative building is the Deseret National Bank at the corner of East Temple and South First-streets; and in East Temple-street itself stands an immense dry-goods store of an essentially theocratic character. Throughout the territory of Utah the traveller is enabled to discriminate between the Mormon and the Gentile stores by the presence over the doorways of the former of an *affiche* or signboard, bearing the counterfeit presentment of a Human Eye from



THE OLD MILL, SALT LAKE
CITY.

which radiate beams of light, and with the inscription above "Holiness to the Lord." In Salt Lake City the inscription is made very manifest indeed; and beneath the eye is written "Zion's Co-operative Institution." All good and true Mormons are expected to deal at this establishment; and in insisting that the followers of the church

shall traffic only with church store-keepers, the Mormon hierarchs are doing only what has been done in England by the Rochdale Pioneers, and by other trading organisations who have adopted the co-operative principle, not as a sham but as a reality. Combined with the co-operative principle, when it is rigidly carried out, there must always be, so it would seem, an amount, greater or smaller, of "Boycotting;" and although, when I visited Salt Lake City, the name of Captain Boycott was wholly unfamiliar to the English-speaking public, the scope and purport of the extremely ancient practice, to which the new-fangled name of Boycotting has been given, were perfectly understood by those who ruled the roast in Mormondom. The Gentiles dealing at Gentile stores are not molested; nor, I suppose, would their money be refused if they tendered it in exchange for merchandise at a Mormon establishment; but woe betide the Saints who give their custom to an unsanctified trader, or who especially dare to deal with apostate Mormons. For example, a very wealthy firm of dealers in dry goods, the Messrs. Walker, who for many years had been shining lights of the Mormon Church, had, for reasons best known to themselves, seceded from communion with the Saints; and for this they were severely "Boycotted." The ostracism to which they were doomed was amusingly illustrated by a rhymed dialogue, in which two young ladies were supposed to be asking their mamma for permission to indulge in the "business of pleasure" or "pleasure of business," call it which you please, which is the delight of ladies, young, middle-aged, and old the whole world over. I only remember the first few lines of this dialogue which had been set to a lively tune, equally suggestive of old "Rosin the Beau," and "What will Your Majesty please to wear?" from "Bombastes Furioso."*

* The fondness of the Mormons for lively airs was noticed by the late Mr. E. P. Hingston, "the Genial Showman" who has left on record a graphic account of his setting forth one morning in the stage-coach in the company of three Mormon bishops, who made the rocky cañons re-echo with the vivacious strains of "Rip, Slap, Here we are again!" We have corrupted "Rip, Slap!" into "Slap,

THEY. Oh, please, mamma, may we go to shop ?
 SHE. Yes, you may go, my daughters ;
 But be sure you go to Zion's Co-öp.,
And not to the wicked Walker's.

"Walker's," as a rhyme to "daughters," is risky ; but, after the acceptance of "if he knows it," as a rhyme for "not for Joseph," to object to the want of precision in Mormon poetry would be hyper-criticism.

"Zion's Co-öp.," is in full bloom about three o'clock in the afternoon, at which hour, indeed both Main-street and Temple-street present a very animated appearance. There are "first families," Gentile as well as Mormon in this out-of-the-way place, as, indeed, everywhere else in the States ; and the rank and fashion of Salt Lake City were pleasantly conspicuous in the guise of troops of well-dressed ladies in the spacious side walks. There was not much crossing the street, save at stated points, where a kind of "corduroy" causeway of logs had been laid from *trottoir* to *trottoir* ; for the roadway, properly so called, was little better than a sea of thick mud. We were just, we were told, at the "extreme tail end" of the winter, and the thawing snow had reduced the thoroughfares to a condition of "pretty powerful muss ;" yet, were we bidden to observe that our lot was infinitely better than it would be if we visited New Zion during the summer, when the dust in the streets would be all but blinding. For the rest, the sun shone throughout the day so very brightly that even while driving on the heights above the city we needed no furred garments.*

Bang ! " Just as it is the case in English music halls, so in the public assemblages of the Mormons it is not considered necessary that the smallest amount of sense should be contained in the words of a popular refrain. The most imbecile balderdash will do. Thus, a visitor in 1869 to the theatre in Salt Lake City noticed that the most striking event of the evening was when one of the male performers sang

If Jim Fish's rat-and-tan should have a bull-dog pup,
 Do you think Louis Napoleon would try to bring him up ?

These choice "sentiments" elicited tremendous applause ; and the performers, much to their own astonishment, had to repeat the senseless jingle.

* Throughout the entire winter of 1879—80, when we were traversing the con-

I had been repeatedly told by Mormon-haters in the west out of Salt Lake City, that I should be immediately able to tell the Mormon from the Gentile women from the excessive ugliness of the former. I am not so ungallant, I hope, as to repeat in detail, the result of my ocular experiences, beyond just hinting that among the middle-aged members of the gentler sex, who were clustering about the portals of "Zion's Co-öp.," "homely" types of femininity were not uncommon. The young ladies, both Mormon and Gentile, struck me as being sturdier in build and ruddier of complexion—more like English or Canadian girls in fact—than the slender and sylphlike damsels of the Eastern States, and the languid, vaporous beauties of the Sunny South. As regards California, the type of female beauty on the Pacific Slope is, as it is in London, entirely cosmopolitan. A purely English type is no more predominant in the British metropolis than a purely transatlantic type is predominant in San Francisco.

Since I have returned home and have read Mrs. Stenhouse's book, I have often wondered whether it is at "Zion's Co-operative Institution," that the Mormon sisterhood purchase the curious garments which appear to be known as "Temple Clothes," and which they don during the celebration of the mysteries in the Endowment House. "I was then given," writes Mrs. Stenhouse in describing certain rites, the details of which (respecting as I do an author's personal copyright) I have no desire textually to borrow from her, "a certain garment to put on." The lady goes on to tell us that this garment is one peculiar to the Mormon people, that it is made to envelope the whole body, and that it is worn night and day. Elsewhere Mrs. Stenhouse remarks

tinient—journeying from the Atlantic to the Gulf of Mexico, and thence to Chicago and across the Rockies to the Pacific, and thence, taking Salt Lake City by the way, to New York again—I never once felt the want of a fur coat; and the only additional precaution taken (under skilled feminine advice) by my companion before crossing the Rockies was to anoint her face very thickly with cold cream, and keep her veil down. Yet, for the want of a fur coat, during the first three days of my sojourn in St. Petersburg in March, 1881, I was crippled by an atrocious attack of lumbago.

that the male Mormons are all dressed in the same kind of undermost garment as that worn by the women—drawers and shirt all in one—and over that an ordinary white shirt such as men always wear.

I am not given to prying into the mysteries of the feminine toilette; but since Mrs. Stenhouse has so candidly entered into particulars touching the underclothing of the Saints of New Zion, I may perhaps be permitted to ask a question, and to make a brief comment thereupon. Is the "certain garment," of which she speaks really "peculiar to the Mormon people?" It so happens that for artistic and sociological reasons I procure once a month from my newsvendor all the magazines and periodicals devoted to the fashions:—"Myra," "Sylvia," the "Journal des Modes," "L'Art de la Mode," "Le Follet," "La Saison," "The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion," "Le Monde Élégant," the "Revue de la Mode,"—"tutta la baracca." Does my memory play me false when I say that during the past year or two I have frequently noticed in the periodicals in question, elaborate wood engravings of a "certain garment" called the "Combined," which appears to be fashioned on precisely the same lines, and to serve precisely the same purposes as those of "the arrangement" in linen which the excellent Mrs. Stenhouse thinks to be "peculiar to the Mormon people?"

But there is nothing new under the sun. If you will look through the plates to Henry Siddons' "Rhetorical Illustrations of Gesture and Action," a work published so long since as 1822, you will find a plate representing a young lady of the ballet dancing a *pas seul* in an unmistakeable "Combined;" while if you will take the trouble to go so far back as the twelfth century, and study the correspondence of Abelard and Héloïse, you will find that the devout abbess, first of the monastery of Argenteuil, and afterwards of the Paraclete, was much exercised in her mind touching the garments of a "combined" nature which her refractory nuns persisted in wearing.

"Zion's Co-öp.:" would appear to be the chief gossiping

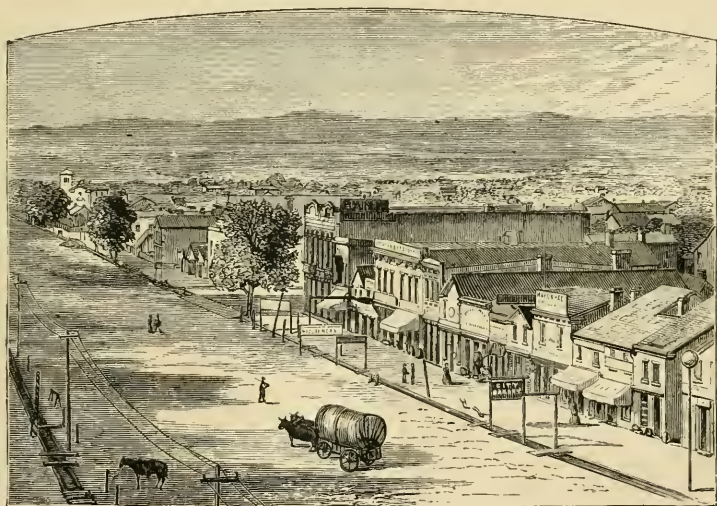
centre of Salt Lake City. For the rest, the extraordinary theological tenets of the people, and their more extraordinary system of polygamy have not apparently had any tendency to render them gloomily or sourly sectarian. Indeed, there is good evidence to show that one of their implied, if not their avowed doctrines is that it is a capital thing to make the best of both worlds. The city Mormons are fond both of theatrical entertainments and of dancing. The theatre, a huge ugly building, was closed at the time of my visit; but poor dear Edward Sothern, whom I met at San Francisco, told me that he had played to crowded houses at Salt Lake City, and that he had rarely known the humours of Lord Dundreary to be so enthusiastically appreciated as they were among the Saints. He added characteristically that "a loose box" was reserved in the middle of the house for Brigham Young and his multitudinous wives and children. There were excellent reasons why the Prophet should patronise the theatre: for he was the owner of the premises.

Dancing parties are also common during the winter months; and in justification of their indulging in such amusements, a high Mormon authority has laid down the following dicta, certainly not deficient in common sense. "Dancing is a diversion for which all men and women have a natural fondness. . . . As all people have a fondness for dramatic representations, it is well so to regulate and govern such exhibitions that they may be instructive and purifying in their tendencies. If the best people absent themselves, the worst will dictate the character of the exercises."

Before I close this hasty and imperfect account of Salt Lake City, I cannot help alluding to one feature of its internal economy, in which it has a curious resemblance both to the extinct city of Tezcucó, the ancient capital of Mexico,* and the

* Tezcucó stood on the lake of that name; but the waters have receded to a great distance from the site of the ancient city, in consequence of the Spaniards having diverted the course of some of the streams which supplied it. *The Lake of Tezcucó is salt*, and contains both the muriate of soda (common salt) and carbonate of soda (kelp), but not any sulphate; although sulphuretted hydrogen gas is constantly emitted from its surface.

city of Mexico itself as it existed in the time of Cortes. When the Conquistador entered the capital of Montezuma, he found it seated on a lake approached by spacious causeways and intersected in every direction by shallow canals, which were of inestimable value in irrigating the innumerable gardens and orchards of "Tenostitlan."* Very possibly Cortes may have been reminded of the somewhat similar system of irrigation introduced by the Moors into the Kingdom of Valencia, in old Spain. With regard to Salt Lake City, it was originally laid out in square lots and blocks, which in process of time were subdivided into house-lots; and as the spaces surrounding these have been liberally planted with fruit trees, the city (like old "Tenostitlan") has become one



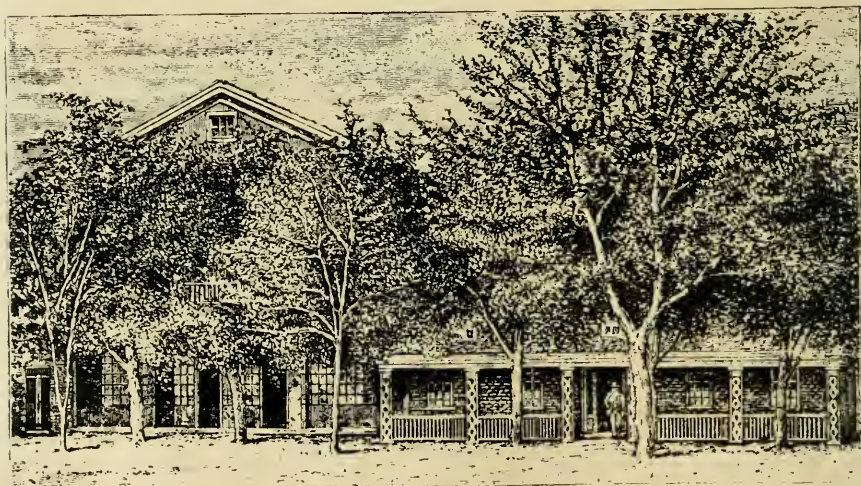
A STREET IN SALT LAKE CITY.

vast orchard and flower garden. Through all the streets run the little irrigating streams or "water-ditches" (on the proper means for keeping which in order, sermons, as I have already hinted, are sometimes preached in the Tabernacle); and every part of the city has the opportunity, once or twice a week, of obtaining an ample supply of pure water both for household purposes

* The Aztec name for the City of Mexico.

and for moistening the soil and quickening the vegetation. The city is divided into wards, each presided over by a Bishop, who, in this case, may be considered as a kind of Episcopal Alderman. The inhabitants of each ward are, as occasion requires, called upon to turn out and labour on public improvements. No shirking is permitted; and every one is bound to take his share in the common responsibility. This rule is most strictly enforced with respect to the "water-ditches"; and the different wards of Salt Lake City are consequently models of neatness and prosperity.

The mud in early spring and the dust in summer the citizens, of course, cannot help; but a good deal has been done as a palliative to the ardour of the summer heats, by promoting a profuse and luxuriant growth of shade-trees in all the thoroughfares.

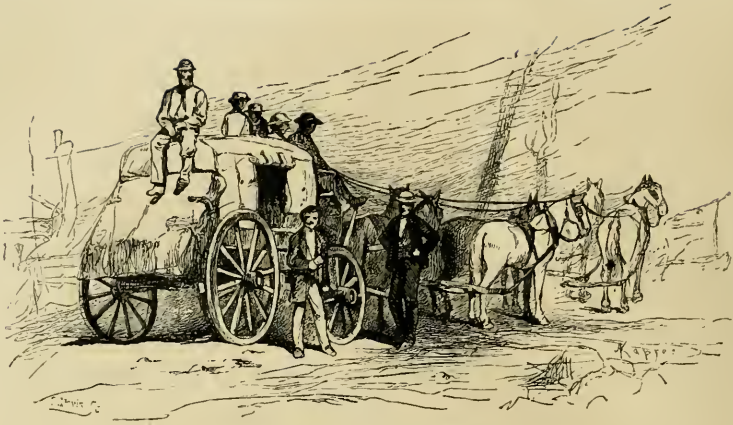


A SHADY THOROUGHFARE IN SALT LAKE CITY.

These trees, it has been found, grow with amazing rapidity. The locust-tree seems to be the favourite tree for planting, and after it come the maple and the box-elder. One curious peculiarity in the hue of the foliage is noticeable, I was told, in early summer. In many cases the roots of the trees have struck alkaline soils containing an excess of soda and potash; and the result has

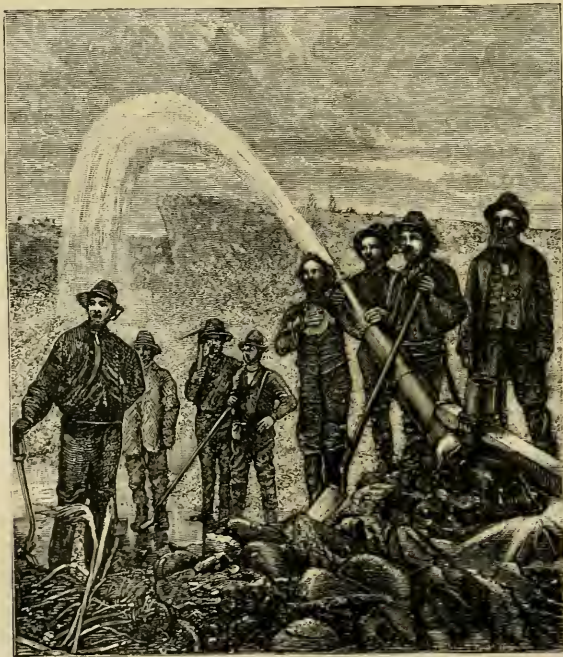
been that the leaves have turned from bright or dark green to a sickly yellow. In many cases trees may be noticed of a "half-and-half" tint, that is to say, partially green and partially yellow. It is satisfactory, however, for the sake of the landscape-painting interest, to learn that the alkali is being gradually washed out of the soil by irrigation, and that "piebaldism" in the trees grows less positive every year. On the other hand, the soda in the soil does not seem to have affected the tints of the apples, pears, plums, and apricots, which are described as being as blushing in colour as they are splendid in quality. Apricots, which in the Eastern States are comparatively unknown, have been so abundant in Salt Lake City as to warrant their sale at a dollar a bushel, and they have been seen as large as the biggest Eastern peaches, that is to say, from four to six and even eight inches round. Flowers and vegetables are also wonderfully prolific—(are not the hugest cauliflowers and tomatoes in Europe still grown about well-irrigated Valencia?). Vast quantities of Black Hambro, Golden Chasselas and Mission grapes—varieties which are only raised in hot-houses east of the Rockies—grow plentifully on trellises out of doors in New Zion; and of raspberries, gooseberries and currants there is, at the proper season, like to the making of books, no end.

I wonder what will be the aspect and the condition of this curious city not fifty but say five-and-twenty years hence. By that time San Francisco may contain three-quarters of a million of inhabitants, Sacramento a hundred thousand, and Ogden fifty thousand. It is, in the nature of things, next to the impossible that the population of Salt Lake City will remain stationary; and bearing in mind the wealth which the community are rapidly accumulating, and the continued influx of Gentiles drawn hither by the vast mining operations of which the city is the centre, there cannot be any very extreme optimism in anticipating that by the year 1900 Salt Lake City will have a population of from seventy to eighty thousand souls. The extension of the Utah Southern Railway to the Pacific coast must tend to add largely



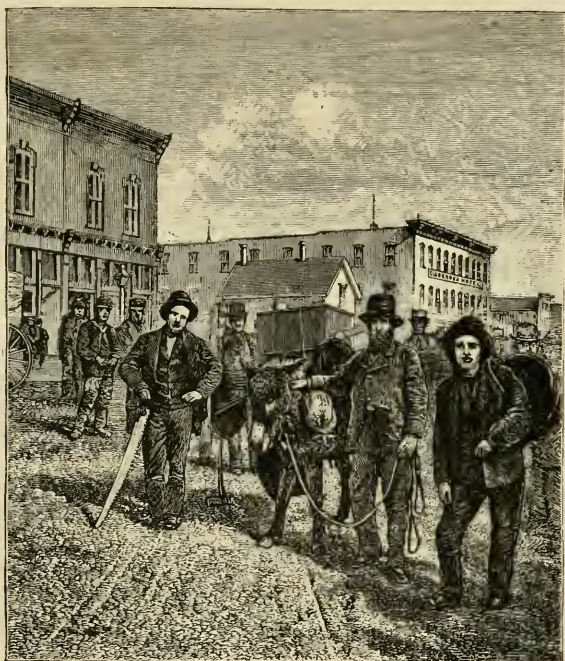
OFF TO THE SILVER MINES.

to the wealth, power, and influence of the City of the Saints ; and, indeed, in the opinion of the most experienced and unprejudiced students of the phenomena of Mormonism the future of Salt Lake City depends almost entirely on the mines and the



UTAH MINERS WORKING WITH A HYDRAULIC JET.

railroads. If the mines are energetically developed and capital is correspondingly enlarged there will be an immense increase of building operations in the city which will become the residence of large numbers of Gentile merchants, traders, mining



A PARTY OF "PROSPECTORS" STARTING FOR THE HILLS.

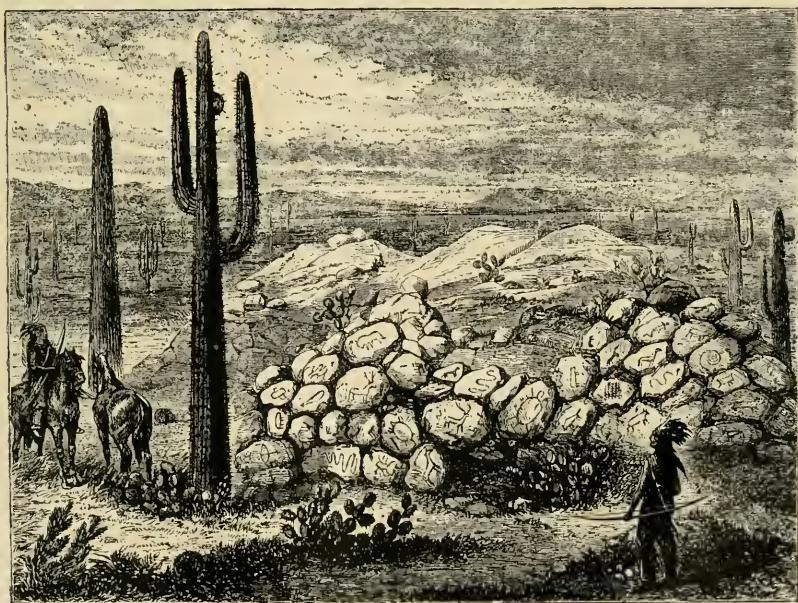
engineers, geologists, chemists, machine-tool makers, bank managers, cashiers and clerks, brokers and "operators" of all kinds, many of whom will bring their wives and families with them, and whose presence can scarcely fail to do something towards negating the influence of Mormonism. And in process of time the Gentile vote may become strong enough to oust the Mormon officials, and to give practical effect to the Federal laws against polygamy. How things may be going on in Utah, at present, I do not know; but when I was in Salt Lake City in March 1880 legislation from Washington had had no more substantial results among the Saints than had the "Pope's Bull

against the Comet" quoted on a memorable occasion by the late Abraham Lincoln.*

There was one individual indeed, attached to a livery stable at Salt Lake City and who was so good as to drive us (at the moderate charge of three dollars or twelve shillings an hour) to the heights of Camp Douglas, who appeared to regard the proximate decay of polygamous Mormonism as a far from improbable contingency. He was an Englishman, he told us, and had been coachman to a physician at Camberwell or Denmark Hill, I forget which; and it was quite refreshing to listen to his unalloyed Cockney parlance. He was a Mormon, but was blessed with only one wife. He had come out in the old Pioneer days when the journey across the Plains and the Rockies had to be performed in waggons. His deliverances (from the box of an open barouche) were terse and fragmentary; but they were full of pith. "I thought," he remarked, jerking his head downwards towards us, "that this city was a moral place until I druv a 'ack." This was a somewhat mysterious generalisation, but he subsequently vouchsafed some kind of explanation. "There's

* I gather from the Report of the Utah Board of Trade for 1880 that at the most recent conference of the Mormons they claimed to have 108,907 souls belonging to their church, including infants; leaving about 20,000 souls to be divided among other sects and "non-professors" of religion. The Saints were thus, it will be seen, in a tremendous majority two years ago. The Mormons had 167 buildings for public worship, one in each ecclesiastical ward. They have completed temples at Salt Lake City, St. George, Manti, and Logan. On the other hand, about ten years ago the prominent Christian sects in the Territory of Utah began to construct churches; and the Gentiles have at present twenty-two church edifices in the Territory, and twenty-eight regular pastors, maintaining as a part of their work twenty-five mission schools in twenty towns. In Salt Lake City the Roman Catholics, Methodists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians, and Congregationalists have places of worship which have cost on the average (including the sites) some 125,000 dollars. There are about eight thousand Indians in Utah, Shoshones, Goship Shoshones, Pah-Vents, Píedes, Pi-Utes, Sebezetches, Red Lake and Elk Mountain Utes. A large number of these Indians belong to the Mormon church. As regards education, sixty-four per cent. of the Mormon children go to the free schools, of which there are three hundred and twenty-seven in the Territory, with two hundred and thirty-two male and two hundred and thirty-eight female teachers. In addition to the district schools there are the Deseret University, the Brigham Young Academy, and from twenty-five to thirty private and select schools.

a deal of drivin' out and carryin' on by moonlight here," he observed. He was then silent for about twenty minutes, when he favoured us with the opinion that "violet powder u'd do it." "Why violet powder?" I asked. "They slaps it on, sir," he explained, "they do, the gals; they powders and paints themselves, and they don't mind what their pa's and their ma's say, and they aint whacked 'arf enough; and then they camels up, just as the gals from 'Frisco does, and goes to 'ops and finishes hup by heloping with the Gentiles." But what was "camelling up"? I subsequently discovered, by the aid of a comic illustrated paper, that a "camel" was the popular name for that addendum to the feminine toilette which in England is known as a "dress improver," and which in the days of the Hottentot Venus used to be called a "bustle." Whether "camels" and cosmetics are destined to be prominent factors in the ultimate overthrow of Mormonism time will show.



THE PAINTED ROCKS OF ARIZONA, SOUTH OF UTAH TERRITORY.
Relics of the Pre-Historic Inhabitants of the Locality



A CHICAGO OMNIBUS.

XXII.

THE STOCKYARDS OF CHICAGO.

“DID you have a good time?” meaning, “did you enjoy yourself?” is an enquiry commonly and affectionately made by American friends when you have returned from a long journey and would fain narrate the experiences of your wanderings. But if you only assure your friends that you have had “a good time” they will absolve you from the narrative part of the business. Which is by far the best, for all parties. I hasten, ere the curtain drops on “America Revisited” and I make my bow and retire into the Infinities of the side-scenes, to declare that we had the very best of good times in Chicago, and that we enjoyed ourselves thoroughly. We returned to the Phoenix City and remained there a week on our way home from California to New York; and although there was a good deal of halloaing and shouting and brass-band braying every evening, owing to the presence of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P. in the Grand

Pacific Hotel, and the consequent necessity for that Hero and Patriot making his appearance in a balcony about every quarter of an hour or so between nine p. m. and midnight to address an enthusiastic mob of Irish American admirers; the Grand Pacific is such a vast caravanserai, full of every comfort and luxury:—the negro waiters were so cheerful and handy, and the gentlemen in the clerks' office (although given to "chaffing" me about what I had said concerning their diamond pins and generally "swellish" appearance) were so courteous and so kind—that I could willingly have remained on the shore of Lake Michigan for full another fortnight; even though Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P. had addressed enthusiastic mobs of American Irishmen all day and all night to boot. But we had secured our berths in the Cunard steamship *Hecla* which was to leave New York on a given day. A general election in the United Kingdom was imminent; and for many good and substantial reasons I was anxious to get home.

Of course we saw all the lions of Chicago. Of course I got dusty as a miller among the grain-elevators, and parcel deaf from the roaring of the brokers and speculators at the Produce Exchange in the rooms of the Board of Trade. Of course I went through a severe course of luncheons at the handsome Chicago Club in Monroe-street, where I found many old friends and made a multitude of new ones; and equally of course I was "interviewed" by the representatives of the various Chicago newspapers. I talked the usual nonsense; and the reporters were good enough to turn it into some kind of sense. These interviewers are really clever gentlemen; and I firmly believe that if I had asked the reporter of the *Tribune* why his hair curled so, or casually remarked that the reason why they killed the pig was that he had so much cheek, the ingenious purveyor of intelligence would have found some means, while preserving my genuine utterances intact, to connect them with a skilfully interpolated disquisition on the heroism and patriotism of Mr. Charles Stewart Parnell, M.P., and a collateral allusion to the threatened

hanging by the Vigilance Committee of Mr. Dennis Kearney and the other heroic and patriotic "Sand Lot" agitators at San Francisco.

That incidental mention of killing the pig reminds me of one of the last sights which I saw in Chicago; and the remembrance of having seen it has made me, in an intermittent manner, un-

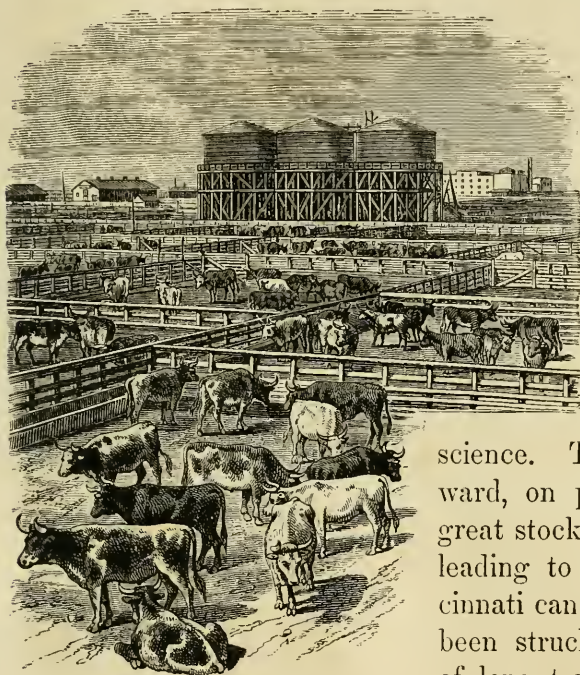
comfortable for full eighteen months. I went, at the pressing invitation of some friends, one of whom was an extensive "operator" in pork, and another an equally extensive curer of hams, to view the far-famed Union Stockyards of Chicago. I mean to say that I spent an entire day in the most amazing shambles to be found in the whole world. The guide books tell you that no visitor to Chi-



A MOUNTAIN CATTLE DROVE.

cago should fail to inspect these stockyards; and pains are taken to inform you that the "yards" comprise an area of three hundred and forty-five acres, of which one hundred and forty-six are in pens: the drainage extending over a length of no less than thirty-two miles. There are eight miles of streets and alleys in the "yards;" there are two thousand three hundred gates; and the cost of the entire "installation" exceeded one

million six hundred thousand dollars. The "yards" can accommodate twenty-five thousand cattle, twenty-two thousand sheep, five hundred horses, and no less than one hundred thousand



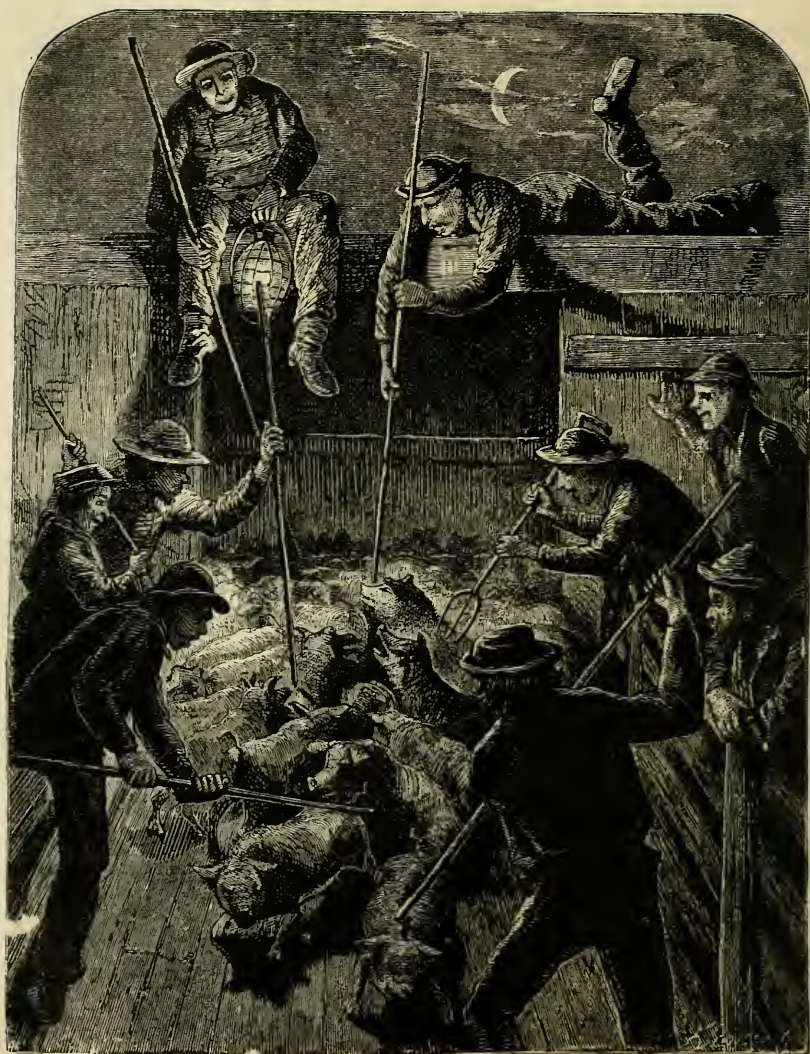
CHICAGO STOCK-YARDS.

pigs.

The mode in which these last-named animals journey to the bourse from which no piggy, save in a packed, pickled, or perfectly cured state, returns, has been reduced to a

science. The traveller westward, on passing any of the great stock-yards on the lines leading to Chicago or to Cincinnati can hardly fail to have been struck by the spectacle of long trains of freight cars receiving their bellowing and

squealing freight. An inclined plane runs from the "yards" to the car. Along the outer edge of the fence inclosing the plane stand a contingent of brawny stock-drivers armed with pitchforks and long poles; and the wielders of these implements "persuade" thereby the struggling mass of porkers to rush down the inclined plane into the cars. The stock-drivers keep at a judicious distance from the pigs which they are "persuading;" for occasionally some exceptionally determined hog will show fight and savagely bite his human oppressor. The creatures are not, it must be remembered, *habitués* of civilized styes, but "rooters in the open," born and bred on far out-lying prairies. Many a drover, I have been told, has carried to his



DRIVING PIGS INTO RAILWAY-CAR.

grave the ugly scars of wounds which he has received from the teeth of infuriated Texan steers or exasperated Missouri swine. You may see numbers of drovers careering about the Chicago Stockyards, mounted on weedy half-Mexican ponies and looking very nearly as wild as the cattle which they drive. They are,

it must be admitted, so very Mexican in outward guise, that (only you must not be misled by appearances, for they are doubtless all—all honourable men) it is difficult to avoid secretly asking yourself where the cattle-drover ends and where the *guerrillero* or highwayman begins.

Pork "packing" as well as pig-slaughtering is performed on an almost incredibly vast scale every working day at the stockyards. The swine are driven, not down, but up an inclined plane in the upper floor of the packing house. A chain or cord attached to a pulley in a sliding frame near the ceiling is slipped over one of the animal's legs; the pig is jerked up, his throat is dexterously cut; the carcase is lowered into a long trough or vat of boiling water; lifted out, scraped, eviscerated, and hung up to cool. When cooled, the pork is cut up into joints or "meats," salted, and packed in barrels. All the processes of salting and packing I watched with very great interest; but the absolute killing of the pigs I resolutely refused, for a reason sufficient to myself, to see. This was the reason. You know how cruel, as a rule, boys are. Not idly did La Fontaine say of them, "*Cet âge est sans pitié.*" Well; about forty years ago, I was for a short time at a once celebrated Pestalozzian school at Turnham Green. My studies were chiefly confined to acquiring some slight knowledge of the English language; for I had been taken to the Continent and placed in foreign schools when I was a mere child; and when I returned home I was speaking a "Babylonish dialect," the mental use of which, when I am alone and thinking, I have not, to this day, by any means relinquished. The richest boy in our Pestalozzian school was the son of a well-known London butcher. At first he used to be called "Chopper" and "Suetty"; but he had such a plenitude of pocket-money—he would always show a sovereign to any other boy's half-crown—and was besides such a capital fellow, that, before the "first half" of his stay among us was over, he had become very popular. He had his favourites; and on half-holidays he was accustomed to convey his intimate cronies, among whom I was

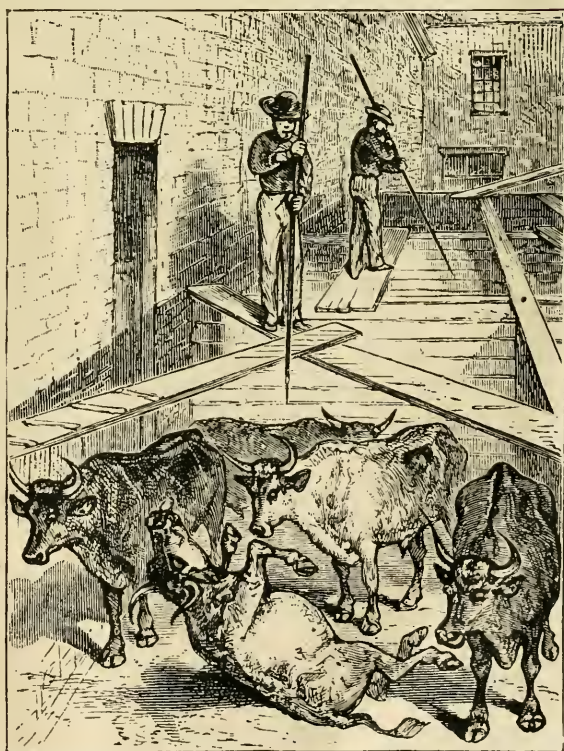
one, to his father's house, not far from High-street, Kensington, where we used to be royally regaled with currant and orange wine, bath-buns, plum-cake, and, in summer-time, with veritably "enormous" gooseberries. When feasting was at an end, *we adjourned to the slaughter-house to see the killing*. The massacre of sheep seemed, after a while, rather a mild and tame performance. There was more excitement in the doing of a pig to death; but the *bonne bouche* was the felling of a bullock; and we used to club among ourselves to present the slaughterman with sufficient *backshish* to incite him to accelerate his performance with the pole-axe.

"Cruel brute!" I fancy that I hear many ladies exclaim when they read this deliberate avowal of mine. I suppose, in reality, that I was no more cruel than the average of other boys were forty years ago, or than they are at this present writing. So far as I am concerned those scenes in the Kensington slaughter-house have certainly not, since I have been a reasonable being, hardened my heart towards either the human or the brute creation. I have seen a good deal of War, compulsorily, in the pursuit of my vocation; but I have never ceased to loathe and to denounce war in every possible way which was open to me. Pray do not think that this is a digression. If it be one, it is the very last with which you will be wearied in this book. As I am writing, the Vision of Gore which I beheld at the Chicago Stockyards rises up before me. It haunts me, as the terrific Vision of the Sword in Ezekiel has done, this many a year. Although I did not behold the decollation of the swine, I abode from morning to afternoon among bones and blood. The wooden floors were slippery with blood; and that which perhaps made me feel more nervous and uncomfortable was the astonishing and ghastly variety of expression on the countenances of the slaughtered pigs. Utter amazement, mild remonstrance, indignant expostulation, profound dejection, dogged stolidity, profound and contemptuous indifference, placid tranquillity, abject terror, and imbecile hilarity, were pictured in these



SLAUGHTERING AND SKINNING CATTLE.

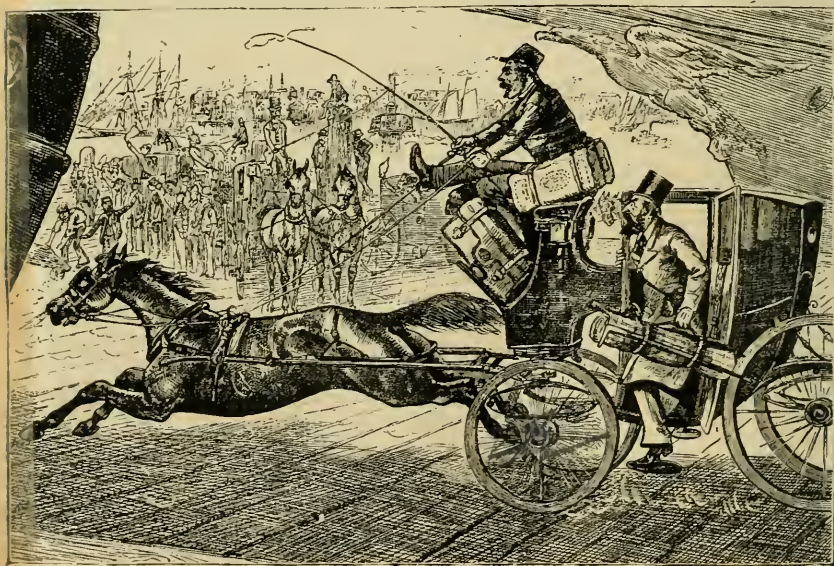
upturned snouts and half closed eyes. The scene reminded you, with the ugliest possible closeness, of going over a field of battle after the fray, and when the plunderers of the dead have done their work. It was, in two words, horribly human; and when I heard some person, high in authority among the slaughterers, shout, *"Bring me a Pan of Blood, and tell Mr. Smith that I shall Kill all day!"*



SPEARING CATTLE AT CHICAGO.

I fancied for a moment that the worthy *attaché* of the Chicago Stockyards, whose great appetite had stomach for a whole day's slaughter, must be Alexander, or Attila, or Napoleon the Great, come to life again.

The extensive "operator" in pork was not in the least agitated by what to me was an extremely appalling spectacle; and as he took me back in his carriage to Chicago, imparted to me the information that he had just given an order for "Twenty-Five Thousand Shoulders." Twenty-Five Thousand Shoulders! A wonderful country, and a wonderful people!



THE RUSH FOR THE HOMEWARD-BOUND STEAMER.

THE END.

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